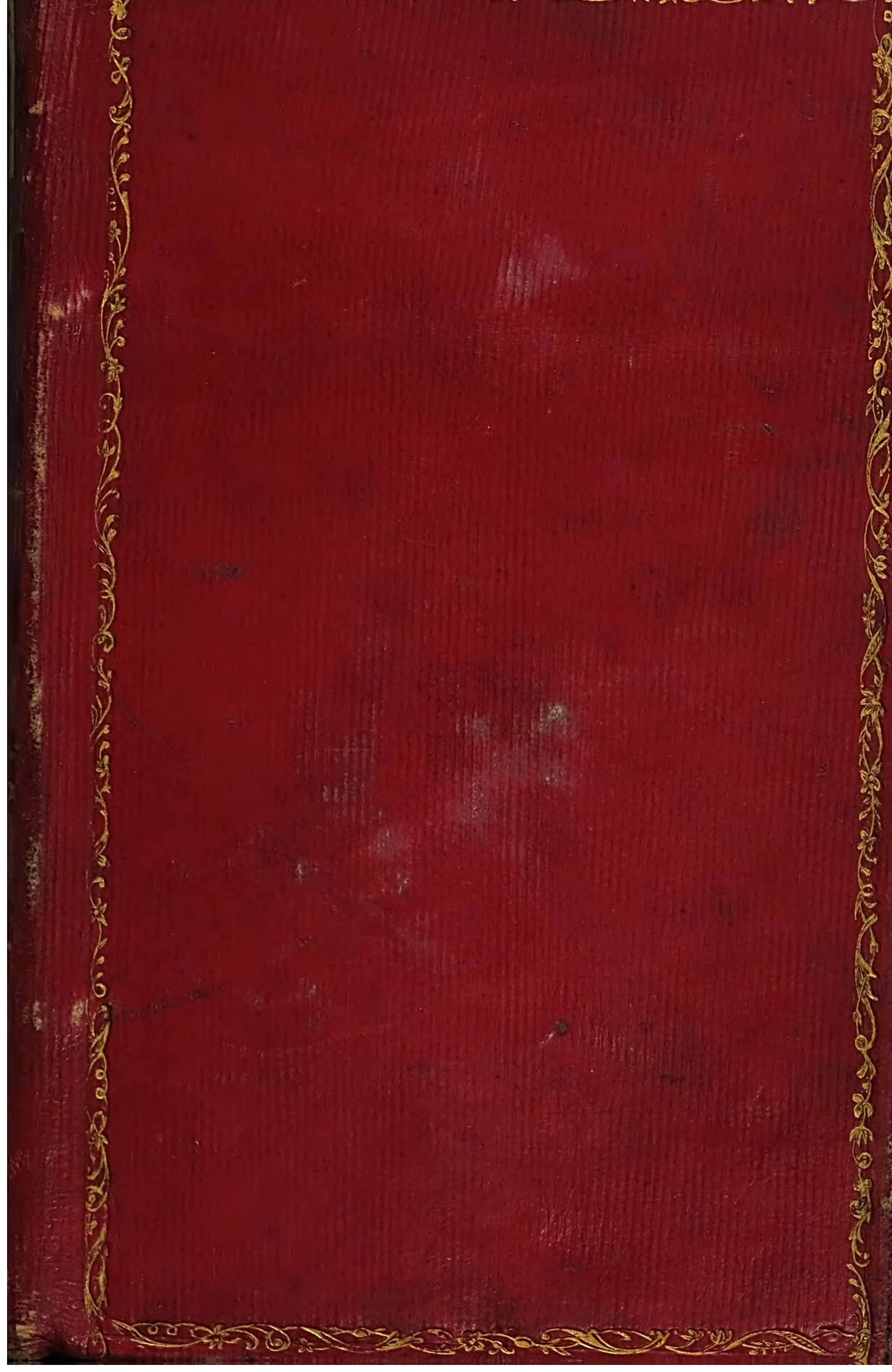
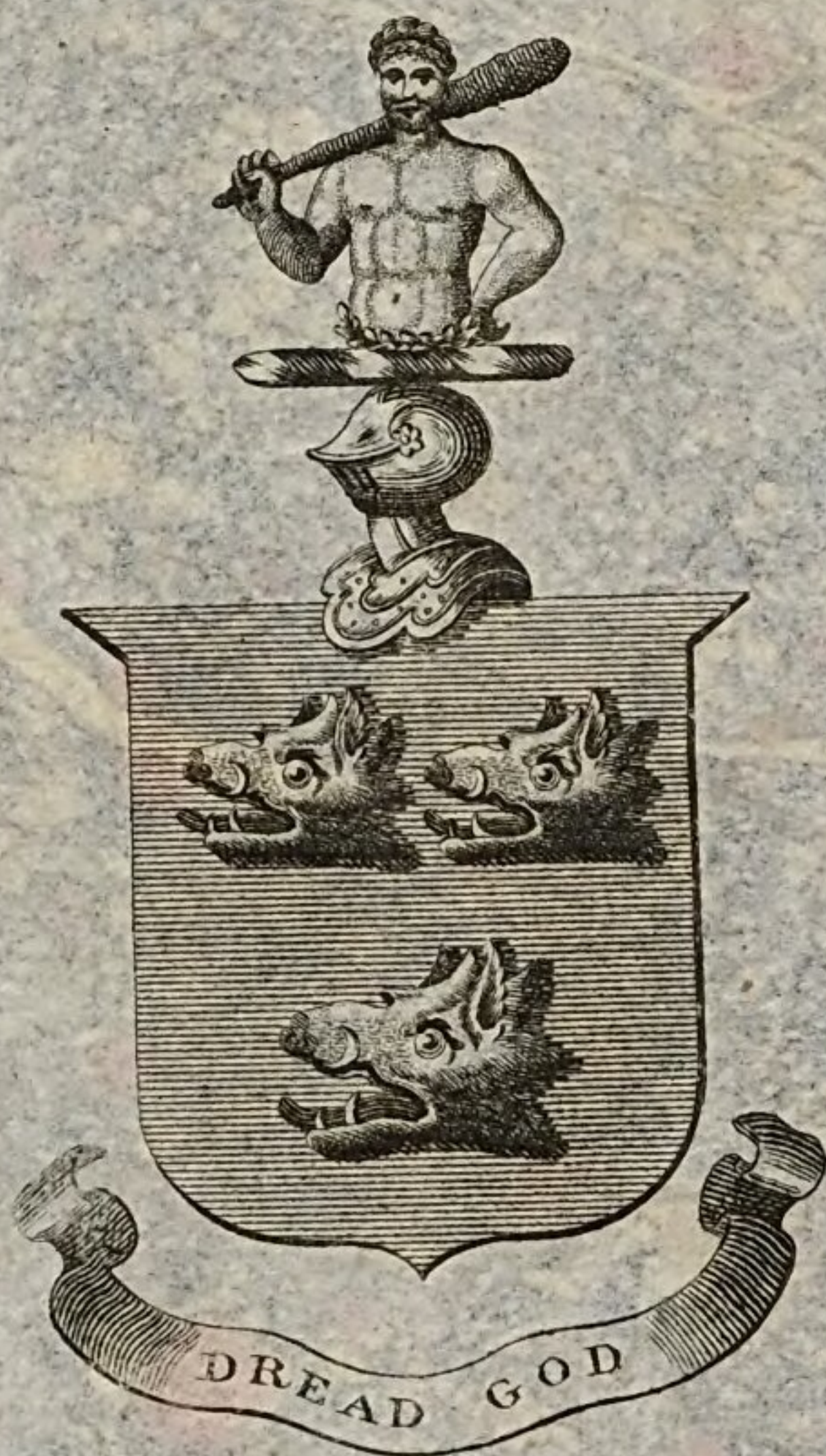
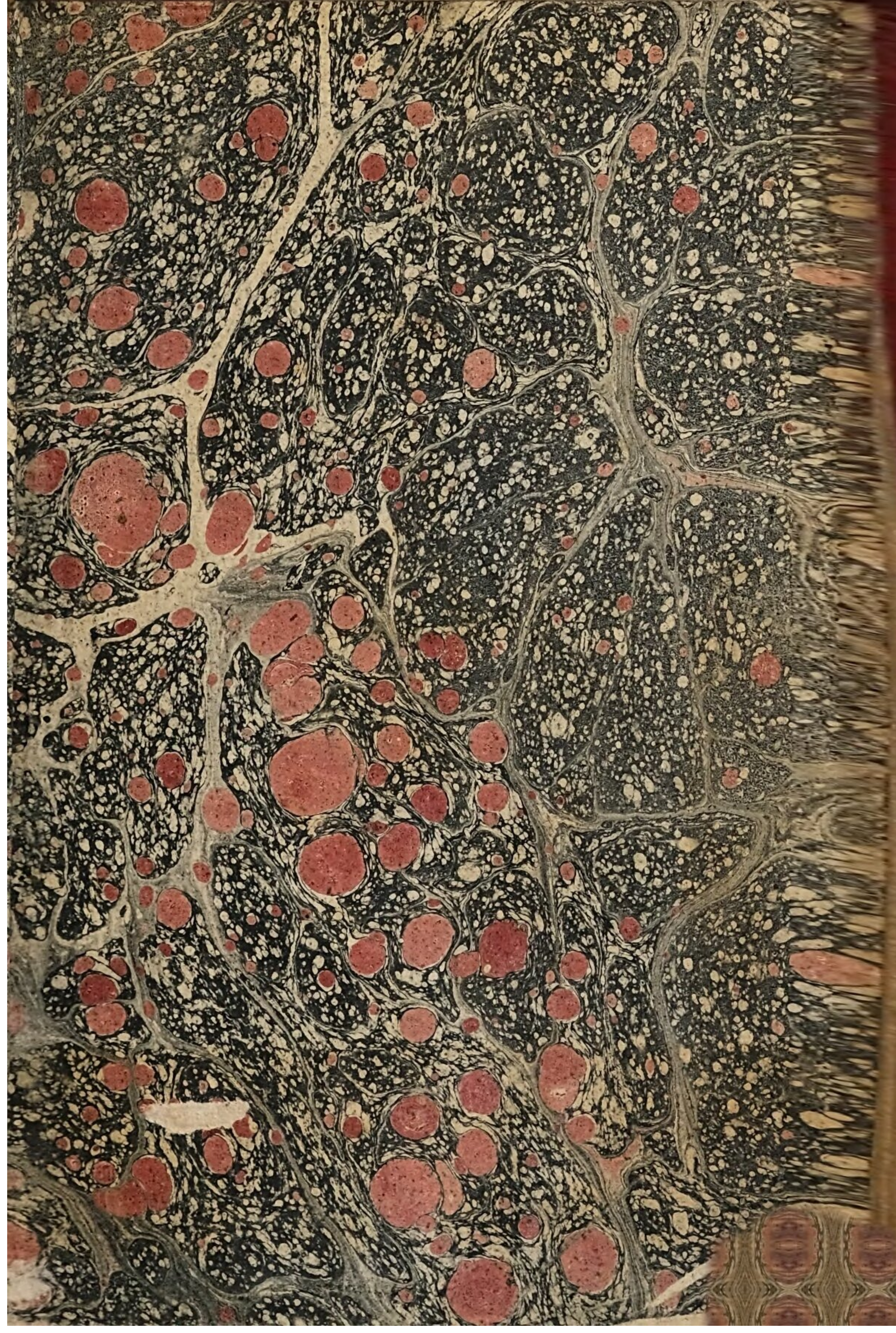






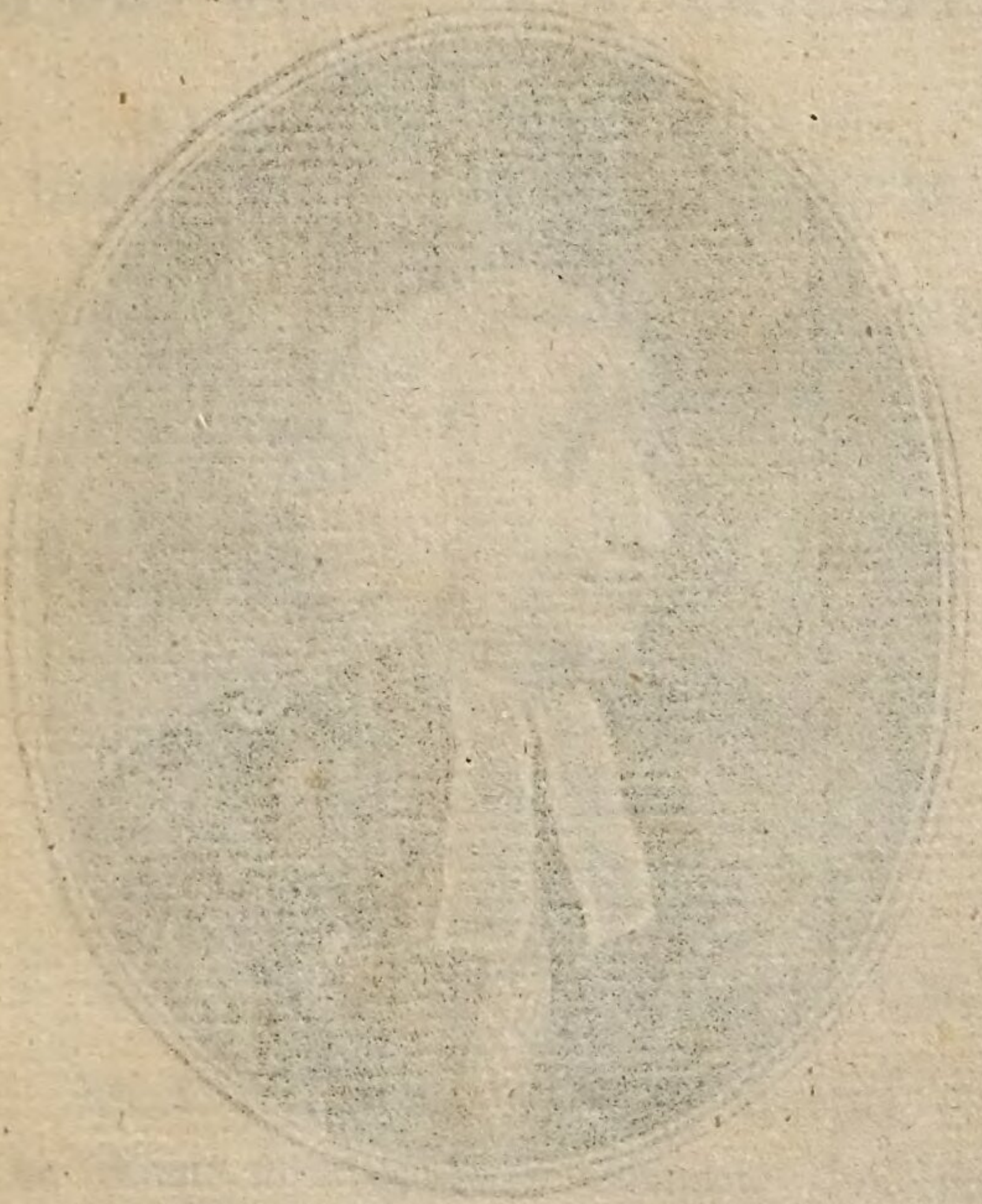
CAPT.^N GORDON,
Royal Navy.

Geschenk des k. Forstrathes G. Dürig
an die k. Bibliothek.



Misc. hist.

$$\begin{array}{r} 0. \\ 28.9 \\ \hline 4 \end{array}$$





MR. SERJEANT GLYNN.

T H E
N O R T H B R I T O N,

XLVI. Numbers complete.

By JOHN WILKES, Esq. C. CHURCHILL,
A N D O T H E R S.

I L L U S T R A T E D W I T H
U S E F U L A N D E X P L A N A T O R Y N O T E S,
A N D A
C O L L E C T I O N O F A L L T H E P R O C E E D I N G S
I N T H E
H O U S E O F C O M M O N S,
A N D
C O U R T S O F W E S T M I N S T E R,
A G A I N S T
M r . W I L K E S.

W I T H A L L T H E
T R A C T S A N D P A P E R S
R e l a t i n g t o t h e
N O R T H B R I T O N,
E S S A Y O N W O M A N,
E L E C T I O N F O R
M I D D L E S E X, &c.

The Whole forming a more Complete Collection
than has hitherto been published.

I N F O U R V O L U M E S.

V O L U M E I V.

L O N D O N:
P R I N T E D I N T H E Y E A R M . D C C . L X X I I .



C O N T E N T S

T O T H E

S E C O N D V O L U M E

O F T H E

A P P E N D I X.

- O**bservations on the papers relative to the rupture with Spain, laid before both houses of parliament, on Friday the 29th day of January 1762, by his majesty's command, in a letter from John Wilkes, Esq. late Member for Aylesbury, to a friend in the country - - - Page 1
- Letters to and from Mr. Wilkes - - - 39
- A letter to the earl of Bute - - - 57
- Animadversions on Sir John Cust's speech to the ten Oxford gentlemen for bribery - - - 74
- The speech of the speaker of the house of commons, when he reprimanded Philip Ward, late mayor of the city of Oxford; John Treacher, Sir Thomas Munday, Thomas Wise, John Nicholes, John Philips, Isaac Lawrence, Richard Tawney, all of the said city; Thomas Robinson and John Brown, late bailiffs of the said city; upon their knees at the bar of the said house, upon Wednesday the 10th day of February 1768 - - - 87
- Paper relative to a most horrid massacre committed in St. George's Fields, on the 10th of May 1768 - - - 91

C O N T E N T S.

<i>A monumental inscription erected over the grave of Mr. Allen, junior, in the church-yard of St. Mary Newington, Surry</i>	101
<i>A collection of fugitive pieces printed in the news-papers, relative to the Essay on Woman, and the North Briton</i>	104
<i>Copies of the two sentences against Mr. Wilkes</i>	131
<i>Extracts from the remonstrances of the various parliaments of France in the year 1763</i>	149
<i>An exact copy of the speech made by John Wilkes, Esq. to the guild of Berwick, on the 16th of April 1754, when he stood candidate for that borough</i>	155
<i>Authentic papers relating to the election of an alderman for the ward of Farringdon Without, in the room of Sir Francis Gosling, Knt. deceased</i>	156
<i>A letter from Mr. Wilkes to John Churchill, brother of the celebrated Mr. Charles Churchill</i>	163
<i>A letter from the Hon. Henry Bilson Legge to Mr. Wilkes</i>	172
<i>—— from Mr. Andrew Baxter, author of Matho, &c. to Mr. Wilkes</i>	193
<i>Letters of Dr. Brewster, author of an excellent translation of Persius</i>	198
<i>A letter of the Rev. Dr. Douglas, author of several pamphlets, relative to the imposture of Archibald Bower, and of other pieces</i>	203
<i>—— to the Right Hon. George Grenville, occasioned by his publication of the speech he made in the house of commons on the motion for expelling Mr. Wilkes, February 3, 1769</i>	206
<i>An answer to a letter signed Pro Lege & Rege</i>	252
<i>Resolutions of the house of commons in the Marquis of Rockingham's administration</i>	256
<i>Notes on a few passages of Mr. Churchill's works</i>	258

M I S C E L

MISCELLANIES

FROM THE

PUBLIC PRINTS, etc.

Observations on the Papers relative to the Rupture with Spain, laid before both Houses of Parliament, on Friday the 29th Day of January 1762, by his Majesty's Command, in a Letter from John Wilkes, Esq; late Member for Aylesbury, to a Friend in the Country.

*Quis ferae
Bellum curet Iberiae?* HOR.

DEAR SIR, March 9, 1762.
I MUCH regret that it is not yet in my power fully to gratify the curiosity you express of seeing all the papers relative to the rupture
Append. VOL. II. A ture

ture with Spain. The subject is so very interesting, that I am not surprized at your impatience. My concern is, that so much is withheld from the public, and that a person, uninformed as I am, cannot pretend with clearness to unravel the thread of a negotiation, designedly kept intricate and embarrassed. I fear you will find some things rather obscure; but I will endeavour to pour all the light I can on the subject, and to dissipate every cloud of obscurity which is meant to cover it. Had the public been gratified with the sight of the memorials and papers relating to the demand of liberty to the *Spanish* nation to fish on the banks of *Newfoundland* (*a matter held sacred* *) and
to

* You will again on this occasion, let M. Wall clearly understand, That this is a matter held sacred; and that no concession on the part of his Majesty, so destructive to this true and capital interest of Great Britain, will be yielded to Spain, however abetted and supported. Mr. Pitt's letter. With regard to the Newfoundland fishery, M. Wall urged, What had principally given offence here as to that article, was my being so frequently ordered to declare, and the Conde de Fuentes having been as often told, that England would never bear of that inadmissible pretension. Lord Bristol's letter to the earl of Egremont.

The declaration of the Count de Fuentes, that Mr. Pitt's ordinary and last answer was, "That he would not relax in any thing, till the Tower of London was taken sword in hand," is undoubtedly a gross misrepresentation. That expression must have been confined to the Spanish claim of fishing on the banks of *Newfoundland*; for it is apparent from these papers, that Mr. Pitt was ready to make greater concessions to preserve the friendship of *Spain*, than any former minister had ventured to offer; witness the paragraph in lord Bristol's letter, of August 31.
Lastly,

to the other claims, equally unjust, made by the Count *de Fuentes*, which were moved for in the House of Commons on the 11th of *December* last, we might, with a tolerable degree of accuracy, have known something more of the merits of the present quarrel with *Spain*. Not one of these papers, nor have we any paper or memorial from *Spain*, (not even that delivered to lord *Bristol* in *January* last *) nor any answer of the court of *England*, since the accession of his present Catholic Majesty, (important as that period must naturally seem to be) to the last autumn. In vain have I wished for the famous memorial which the court of *Spain* returned as inadmissible, that I might have compared it with M. *de Buffy's*; since the late minister publicly declared *that* was the precedent he followed with respect to the memo-

Lastly, concerning the disputes about the coast of Honduras, I could add nothing to the repeated declarations I had made in the King's name, of the satisfaction with which his Majesty would receive any just overture from Spain, (upon condition that France was not to be the channel of that conveyance) for terminating amicably, and to mutual satisfaction, every reasonable complaint on this matter, by proposing some equitable regulation for securing to us the long enjoyed privilege of cutting logwood (an indulgence confirmed by treaty, and of course authorized in the most sacred manner;) nor could I give stronger assurances than the past, of his Majesty's steady purpose to cause all establishments on the logwood coast, contrary to the territorial jurisdiction of Spain, to be removed.

* Yet when the style of General Wall's enclosed paper is compared with that which was given to me last *January*, I hope it will appear there is less peevishness at present here than what was so strongly exhibited some months ago.

4 *Observations on the Spanish Papers.*

rial of *Spanish* affairs given in by *France*. It is undoubtedly of much consequence to know both the *ma'ter* and *expressions* of that memorial returned by *Spain*, as it might probably relate to one of the three points in negociation, *prizes*, *logwood*, or the *fishery*. In the present collection, (which was laid before both houses of parliament on the 29th of *January*, but not printed and delivered to the members till the 12th of *February*) there is not a line previous to the memorial delivered to Mr. Secretary *Pitt* by M. *de Bussy*, *July* 23, 1761; nor is there any intelligence from *Paris*, where the *Family Compact* of the house of *Bourbon* was negociated and signed by *Grimaldi*, and where it is said the measures to be taken against *Portugal*, were concerted. An EXTRACT of one letter only of Mr. *Pitt*'s is inserted, which is dated *July* 28, the answer to which is received *September* 11. Not a syllable after that period from this court to lord *Bristol*, till the 28th of *October*, when lord *Egremont* declares, he *opens his correspondence* *. It is indeed very astonishing,

* How can this be the truth, when lord *Bristol* writes, *November* 16, 1761. *The messenger Ardouin, delivered to me on the 10th instant, at the Escorial, the honour of your lordship's dispatches of the 28th past, with the several inclosures therein referred to; and by the last post I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER OF THE 20th OF THE SAME MONTH, in which your lordship informed me, that all mine to the 21st of September, had been regularly laid before his Majesty? I suppose the public could not be trusted with all that letter.*

and gives no great idea of the vigilance or attention of administration, that while affairs were so critical between the two nations, no directions for the conduct of lord *Bristol* were sent to *Madrid* during so long a period *. But can it be imagined that so acute, so well-informed a minister as Mr. *Stanley* certainly was, should not transmit from *Paris* any intelligence of that most alarming treaty, which was negotiating all the summer at *Paris*? It appears, by the accounts published by the *French* court, that the *Family Compact* was signed at *Versailles* the 15th of *August*, and ratified the 8th of *September*. Lord TEMPLE, in a great assembly, did declare, that intelligence of the highest moment relative to these matters was transmitted to this court before the advice in writing, dated the 18th of *September*, which occasioned certain resignations. Nothing of this kind is published in the *papers relative to the rupture with Spain*, though undoubtedly intelligence constitutes a most material part of those *papers*. If we have not the satisfaction of judging for ourselves from the *whole* of a case, I will do the late minister the justice to say, that it cannot be imputed to him. He pressed with honest zeal the laying before the public every paper rela-

* How is this to be reconciled to the declaration of lord Egremont, Mr. Pitt's successor, that the new ministry will avoid every possible imputation of indecision or indolence, which ignorant prejudice might suggest?

tive to the *six years negociation* * with *Spain*, that the justice and candour of the crown of *England* on the one hand, and the chicanery, insolence, and perfidy of *Spain* on the other, might be apparent to all the world : but this was refused ; for, had it been granted, all the atrocious calumnies so industriously circulated, of his aversion to peace, and his endeavours to perpetuate and increase the war, had been laid open to mankind, and the authors of them held in just abhorrence. I own the appeal to so much written evidence, spoke to me the strongest language of conscious integrity, and I was charmed with an example, which I am sure Mr. *Pitt* did not draw from any of his predecessors in this country.—They have ever sought, like Mr. *Pitt's* successors, to cover and conceal, or at least to perplex ; he wishes to lay open and reveal to the unerring public, both the motives and actions of every part of his administration.—A retrospect carries no terrors but to the guilty—to an upright minister it must give the truest satisfaction—to the public that conviction, it has in many cases a right to expect.

I was not a little surprised, and I own greatly concerned at the alarm you mention, spread every where in your parts, of the melancholy

* I should be particularly curious, for certain reasons, to see in what manner, and to what extent, the *Spanish* court had been flattered by that of London, with an impartial discussion of their disputes, from 1754, before Mr. *Pitt* accepted the seals.

and ruined state of our country, and the necessity we were under of accepting almost any peace. *The French, lord Bristol says, have never discontinued assuring the Spaniards of our being exhausted by the present long and expensive war:* and they may add, that we have those among us (but, happily for this nation, they are few, and their credit but small) who repine at our successes, and declare they *weep over our victories* *. This is the true picture of that most malignant and infernal fiend, Envy, so well described by Ovid ;

Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.

And a little before he mentions what rankled at the heart ;

*Sed videt ingratos, intabescitque videndo
Successus hominis.*

I doubt not these men do very sincerely lament the successes even of their own country ; for I well remember the favourite language they held a few years ago, “ Give the new minister the
“ reins—he is equally impracticable as impe-
“ tuous—in a very short time he must annihi-

* The Duke of *Bedford* made use of this expression in the House of Lords.

“ late his present credit with the public, from
 “ the failure of every scheme he adopts.” Now,
 Heaven has given such glorious success to up-
 right intentions, and well-digested * plans,
 while the rest of their countrymen are con-
 gratulating each other on all our noble con-
 quests and real acquisitions of strength, these
 men, as well as our declared enemies, are found
 in sorrow and tears. How preposterous is such
 a conduct! Yet did not some of these very
 men execrate those as traitors to their country,
 who were not fired with rapture at the victory
 of *Culloden*? a victory as justly dear to every
 friend of liberty as any our annals can boast.—

But let us on the other hand exult, and
 rejoice to see how greatly this country now
 figures in the unprejudiced judgment of fo-
 reigners, even of our enemies. The prime mi-
 nister of *Spain* tells lord *Bristol*, *That the court*
of London was in the most flourishing and most
exalted situation it had ever known, occasioned by
the greatest series of prosperities that any single
nation had ever met with. Can we wonder after
 this, that so much abuse, such gross scurrility

* In *Europe*, *Cherburg*, and *Belle-isle*; in *Asia*, *Pondi-
 cherry*; in *Africa*, *Senegal*, and *Goree*; in *America*, *Beau Se-
 jour*, *Louisbourg*, *Fort du Quesne*, now *Pittsburg*, *Guadalupe*,
 &c. *Niagara*, *Ticonderoga*, *Crown Point*, *Quebec*, *Montreal*, *Do-
 minico*, and, to crown the whole, *Martinico*. Let me add, the
 annihilation of the *French* marine and commerce. All these im-
 portant events were during Mr. *Pitt*'s ministry.

on Mr. *Pitt*, appears in *Fuentes's* papers? Is it not the highest panegyric? I am persuaded, had the *direction* of the *British* counsels been suffered to continue in the same hands, the name of *Pitt* had been as much dreaded at *Madrid* as it is at *Paris*, or as it is dear to his grateful countrymen. I speak with the honest warmth and pride of an *Englishman*, who really feels with his sovereign the *great and important services* * of Mr. *Pitt*, and glories in seeing his country recovered from the most abject state of despair to such a pitch of grandeur and importance, as to hold the first rank among the powers of *Europe*.

The other report you mention, that the late minister *courted a war with Spain*, will receive as full a confutation from these papers. I shall, from among many, produce only two passages, but too express to admit the least shadow of doubt. The first is from the conclusion of the EXTRACT of the only letter we have of Mr. *Pitt's* in this garbled collection. After the insolent memorial of *France*, relative to *Spain*, was delivered here by M. de *Bussy*, little short of a declaration of war in reversion, and that not at a distance, Mr. *Pitt* writes to lord *Bristol*, *In case, upon entering into remonstrance, on this affair, you shall perceive a disposition in M. Wall,*

* Vide *London Gazette* of Oct. 10, 1761.

to explain away and disavow the authorization of Spain, to this offensive transaction of France, AND TO COME TO CATEGORICAL AND SATISFACTORY DECLARATIONS RELATIVE TO THE FINAL INTENTIONS OF SPAIN, your Excellency will, with readiness and your usual address, adapt yourself to so desirable a circumstance, and will open to the court of Madrid, as handsome a retreat as may be, in case you perceive from the Spanish minister that they sincerely wish to find one, and to remove by an EFFECTUAL SATISFACTION, the unfavourable impressions which this memorial of France has justly and unavoidably made on the mind of his Majesty. Is this the language of a minister who courts a war? Is it not the reverse? Does he not honestly point out the means of avoiding a war, yet with the dignity and spirit becoming a great power, which did not tremble at the haughty menaces of the Spaniard?

The other passage contains the testimony of the earl of Egremont: *M. Wall must himself know there has been a particular delicacy observed, in concerting our plans for military operations, to avoid carrying hostilities towards objects, which might give the least jealousy or umbrage to the court of Spain; and therefore his Majesty can only consider such unjust suggestions and groundless suspicions, as destitute of probability as of proof, as a mere pretext, in case that, contrary to all good faith, and the most solemn repeated professions*
of

of friendly intentions, the court of Spain should have meditated or resolved on hostilities against England *.

I think it appears to demonstration, even from these papers, that before the first overtures of France for the particular peace with that of England, Spain had resolved, at a proper time, to take an efficient and open hostile part against us. *M. de Buffy*, in the memorial relative to Spain, so early as July 23, talks of the engagements, which the one and the other court may have taken prior to their reconciliation. Mr. Pitt's letter of July 28, declares, *The Duke de Choiseul avows the engagements with Spain, concerning our disputes with that crown, to have been taken before the FIRST OVERTURES of France for the particular peace with England.* The first overtures were dated the 26th of March, 1761 †. Lord Bristol, Aug. 31, gives an account of the conversation he had with General Wall, in which M. Wall declared, that M. Buffy's memorial was verbatim what had been sent by order of the Catholic King to Versailles ‡. In the

* M. Wall owned how cautious we had been to avoid attacking those possessions belonging to our enemies, which had any connection with the Spanish territory. Lord Bristol's letter.

† Vide *Memoire Historique*, &c. published by the court of France.

‡ In the paper of the 28th of August, Spain, with her usual perfidy, repeated in answer, that she only CONSENTED that France

the same letter, *The strong avowal of a most intimate cordiality between Spain and France, contained in this last production of the Spanish secretary of State, has hurt me.* This production was the famous memorial of the 28th of *August*, which (with lord *Bristol's* letter of the 31st, and an enclosure) was the last paper Mr. *Pitt* ever received from the court of *Spain*, as appears from the date of his resignation, *Oct. 5.*

The Memorial which M. de Buffly presented to Mr. Pitt, is a step which his Catholic Majesty will not deny has been taken, with his full consent, approbation, and pleasure. Paper delivered to the earl of Bristol, which next holds out, mutual assistance, as their union, friendship, and relationship require: then proceeds to a menacing parallel, It being grounded upon this, that if England saw that France attacked the dominions of Spain, particularly in America, she would run immediately to her defence for her own conveniency, as well as because she had, equally with France, guarantied them: and concludes with a simile

France should take this step. This is of a piece with her veracity, when she says, From a fresh proof of his pacific spirit, the King of Spain wrote to the King of France, his cousin, that if the union of interest, in any manner retarded the peace with England, he CONSENTED to separate himself from it not to put ANY OBSTACLE to so great a happiness. It is notorious in France, that every obstacle possible was put to it by the Spanish minister, in conjunction with the Imperial at Paris, and in reality Spain only wished not to be REPUTED an impediment to the conclusion of a peace between England and France.

of obliging delicacy betwixt crowned heads, with regard to our establishment on the log-wood coast. *Hard proceedings certainly, for one to confess that he is gone into the house of another, to take away his jewels, and to say, "I will go out again, but first you shall engage to give me what I want to take."* So much for becoming apologies * ! *There is the greatest harmony between the two courts (France and Spain.) Particularly since the King (of Spain) sent your Excellency (the Conde de Fuentes) to that court (of London), proving the incontestible grounds of our complaints and just cares, and repeating that without satisfying them, it is impossible to fix the good correspondence of the two monarchies, nor the friendship of the two monarchs. The memorial itself presented by M. de Buffy, July 23, which was verbatim sent from Spain, threatens a new war in Europe and America, if the differences of Spain with England are not adjusted, of which, the French King says, he shall be obliged to partake. General Wall says, What other discussion of the matter of our disputes, than what has been agitated, during so long a negotiation; what other expedients can be found to save the honour and dignity of the two Kings, that have not been proposed and exhausted in a contest of six*

* This paper is filed by Spain, a memorial, and contains those becoming apologies, on the part of the Catholic court, mentioned in the *English* declaration of war. *Apologies* equally becoming and convincing !

years? And again, *A negociation so strongly discussed that it has been reduced during your embassy (Count de Fuentes's) to the last, Yes, or to the last, No. What greater discussion upon the points of our disputes, can be made than that which has been in so long a negociation? What expedients can be fallen upon now to save the honour of the two Kings, which in arguments and disputes of six years have not occurred?* Lord Bristol, Nov. 2, writes, *I have LONG observed the jealousy of Spain at the British conquests **, and am now convinced, that the consciousness of this country's naval inferiority has occasioned the † SOOTHING DECLARATION,

* It is important to know in what terms, and at what time, Spain first manifested this jealousy; as also, in what time, she renewed her stale and inadmissible claim to the fishery, which M. Wall says, all lord Bristol's instructions had run to declare their claim to be.

† In the *London Gazette* of Saturday, October 10, 1761, which first announced Mr. Pitt's resignation, (the notice of which was purposely omitted the preceding Tuesday, for reasons I will not now enter into) is an article dated, Madrid, September 4. *A report having been lately spread here, upon the arrival of the last letters from France, as if there was reason to apprehend an immediate rupture between our court and that of Great Britain; we understand, that the Spanish ministers, in a conversation which they had lately with the earl of Bristol, Ambassador Extraordinary from his Britannic Majesty, expressed their concern thereat, and declared very explicitly to his Excellency, that ON THE PART OF THEIR COURT, THERE WAS NOT THE LEAST GROUND FOR ANY SUCH APPREHENSIONS, AS THE CATHOLIC KING HAD, AT NO TIME, BEEN MORE INTENT UPON CULTIVATING A GOOD CORRESPONDENCE WITH ENGLAND, THAN IN THE PRESENT CONJUNCTURE.*

General

CLARATION, so repeatedly made, of a desire to maintain harmony and friendship with England.

I believe I may even from these premises take it as proved beyond contradiction, that *Spain* had come to a final resolution, and only waited for some favourable events to throw off the mask of deceit and treachery. The denouncement quickly followed, though probably rather sooner than *Spain* herself intended. Lord *Bristol* explains the true reasons. In his letter of *Sept. 21*, which was received here, *Oct. 16*, he says, *A messenger arrived at St. Ildephonso last week, with the news of the safe arrival of the flota in the bay of Cadiz. In the letter of Nov. 2. Two ships have lately arrived at Cadiz, with very extraordinary rich cargoes from the West Indies; so THAT ALL THE WEALTH THAT WAS EXPECTED FROM SPANISH AMERICA IS NOW*

General *Wall*, in relation to this, declares, *I do not remember any thing at this time, more particular, than on an infinite number of other occasions; neither do I myself comprehend the motive for his heightening this. And again, I do not remember having made it then in a more particular manner than at many other times, neither do I comprehend the motives for their making such a point of it. The motives for the heightening and making such a point of it, are well understood at London, though not at Madrid. Mr. Pitt does not seem to have been the dupe of these soothing declarations, which were only the same lord Bristol had just before given from M. Wall, in his letter of the 31st of August. His Catholic Majesty's disposition and professions had invariably been the same, and were ever meant to cement and cultivate the friendship so happily subsisting between our two courts. Is it possible to think the administration was deceived? or did they mean to deceive the public?*

SAFE IN OLD SPAIN. And again, *Eleven large ships of the line now lying at Ferrol, are rigged, manned, and ready to put to sea at a short warning, together with two frigates, one of which is bound to the South Seas, with cannon ball, powder, and many other implements of war. By advices from Barcelona, I hear that two of the Catholic King's ships of war sailed from thence the end of last month, with two large ships under their convoy, loaded with 3500 barrels of gun-powder, 1500 bomb-shells, 500 chests of arms, and a considerable quantity of cannon-balls of different dimensions, which cargo, it is imagined, is destined for the Spanish West Indies. Many more warlike stores are ready to be shipped from Catalonia. Five battalions of different regiments of infantry, and two squadrons of dragoons, are at Cadiz, waiting their final orders to embark for America. This corps makes in all about 3600 men. Lord Egremont says, And his Majesty having afterwards (that is, between the 31st of August, and the 28th of October) received intelligence, scarce admitting a doubt, of troops marching, and of military preparations making in all the ports of Spain, judged that his DIGNITY, as well as his prudence, required him to order his Ambassador at the court of Madrid, by a dispatch dated the 28th of October, to demand, &c.*

General *Wall*, thus prepared, at last comes out of his intrenchments: for *Spain* no longer found her account in *dissembling*. She had already taken her part, and the old traffick of
words

words and soothing declarations was almost at an end. On * Nov. 2. (eight † days before Lord Bristol received the very first dispatches ‡ from the new ministry in *England*) his Lordship writes word of the *surprising change in General Wall's discourse, and an unlooked for alteration of sentiments, and complains of the haughty language now held by this court.* M. Wall declares the conduct of England unwarrantable, for his Catholic Majesty never could obtain an answer to any memorial or paper——that we were intoxicated with our successes——and that it was evident all we aimed at was, first to ruin the French power, in order more easily to crush Spain, to drive all the subjects of the Christian King, not only from their island-colonies in the new world, but also to destroy their several forts and settlements upon the continent of North America, to have an easier task in seizing on all the Spanish dominions in those parts, thereby to satisfy the utmost of our ambition, and to gra-

* This letter cannot be too much attended to, as it stands immediately connected with the *Spanish* paper or memorial of the 28th of *August*, is explanatory of the real purport of it, and evidently lays the foundation of the rupture, which the new ministry have made with *Spain*.

† The messenger Ardouin delivered to me on the 10th instant, at the *Escorial*, the honour of your lordship's dispatches of the 28th past.

‡ The new ministry never received any answer to the matter of these first dispatches of the 28th of *October*, till the 24th of *December*, a fortnight after the rupture. Lord Bristol's letter, *December 11.*

tify our unbounded thirst of conquest ; and afterwards, that he would himself be the man to advise the King of Spain, since his dominions were to be overwhelmed, at least to have them seized with arms in his subjects hands, and not to continue the passive victim he had hitherto appeared to be in the eyes of the world. Now what new event, on the part of England, since the resignations, had happened to give occasion to such a furious, futile, and menacing declamation ? Lord Bristol writes indeed, *What had occasioned the great fermentation during that period at this court, the effects of which, I felt from General Wall's animated discourse at the Escorial, was the notice having, about that time, reached the Catholic King, that the change which had happened in the English administration, was relative to measures proposed to be taken against this country : But surely, almost in lord Egremont's own words, used by lord Bristol himself to General Wall, the notoriety there was that every thing in the royal councils, which could tend towards the interruption of a friendly intelligence between our courts (which his Majesty was so solicitous to maintain) had also been avoided, with the consequential resignations, must have produced in sound argument a directly contrary effect ; whereas the notice sent by his lordship of the Spanish preparations, and his other reasonings, account very fully for the General's animation at that time.*

I think the question then is reduced to this short point, *Does not the war with Spain, even*

in September, appear to have been unavoidable? Most evidently so, from all the proofs contained in the foregoing pages, and even from what is given us of lord *Bristol's* letters, in particular that of *August 31*, with the memorial inclosed, which was received here *September 11*, and was, to be sure, no small part of the ground, on which lord *Temple's* and Mr. *Pitt's* written advice of *September 18*, to recal lord *Bristol*, was founded. Every practice of the most civilized states, every formality prescribed by the law of nations, every proceeding which the most scrupulous rules of good faith, could require, might have been observed, and the noblest opportunity of expeditiously and gloriously terminating both a *French* and a *Spanish* war been seized, which is now irrecoverably lost. The firmest nerves of *Spain*, and with them the last hopes of *France*, might soon have been withered, and the *British* empire have received greater and more important acquisitions, than any it yet can boast from the unparalleled and dazzling successes, even of this glorious war.

Whoever considers the situation of *Spain* (unprepared as she was at the time the written advice was given *) with respect to her ports, her ships

* All advices concur in proving that the state of *Spain* was at that time much the same as at the breaking out of the war in 1739. The city of *Manilla* might be well supposed to have been in the same defenceless condition with all the other Spanish settlements,

ships of war in those ports, her colonies, her commerce, her own as well as the riches of *France* on board her ships, can never sufficiently lament the loss of an autumnal campaign *. If we add, that the fleet of *England* was at no time so formidable, her seamen never so full of spirit, and flush'd with repeated victories, in *Europe* only upwards of 140 ships of war, in the other parts of the world above 800 more, we must sink in amazement at our supineness and neglect of so critical a period, after so long tameness under injustice. I will add, *long tameness under injuries*; for I think the conduct of *Spain*, even during the six years negotiation, was so grossly partial to our professed enemies, as would have justified any overt acts on the side of *England*, from every principle of justice; but motives of moderation and policy restrained us. The affair of the *Antigallican* was alone of such magnitude, as to have called for reprisals against a court, which avowed such gross partiality and injustice, and committed

ments, just at the breaking out of the war: That is to say, their fortifications neglected, and in many places decayed; their cannon dismounted, or useless, by the mouldring of their carriages; their magazines, whether of military stores or provision, all empty; their garrisons unpaid, and consequently thin, ill-affected and dispirited; and the Royal chests in Peru, whence alone all these disorders could receive their redress, drained to the very bottom. Anson's Voyage, quarto edition of 1748, p. 3.

* Part of the preparations since made both in *Europe* and *America*, may be seen from lord *Bristol's* testimony.

such

such repeated acts of the highest indignity. Not the least satisfaction was ever offered, though often demanded. On the contrary, it was followed by many flagrant acts of notorious violence. It is a known fact, that both the law of nations, and the established customs of all maritime states, have been violated by *Spain* in every one of her ports, from a declared partiality to the *French*. They were treated almost as natural-born *Spaniards*, though the *Family Compact* did not at that time subsist, and the *English* regarded as enemies, though called friends, to whom the King of *Spain* was ever declaring much cordiality and regard.

Ruinous indeed it may prove for this country, that the administration which for so many years has continued UNANIMOUS in carrying on the war in *Germany*, UNANIMOUS likewise in rejecting the terms of peace offered by *France*, should have differed in opinion (if indeed they did so) with regard to the glaring duplicity, and hostile intentions, of the court of *Spain*! It required, alas! no great scope of judgment, nor any deep sagacity to discover the *real views* of *Spain*, and that the war with that power was inevitable. A truth which most plainly appears from the very papers published to conceal it. The only question most evidently was, whether we should enter into it with every advantage on our side, or from weakness, indecision, or a delusive hope at best, give to our determined enemy that time to prepare,

which it was notorious she wanted, lose the season for action, and sacrifice to the imbecillity of a few *more last words*, the most important months, at the end of which we find ourselves reduced to the necessity of breaking with Spain, exactly as we ought to have done so long before. Whoever can now pride himself in the *procrastinating advice* he gave to his sovereign, may he enjoy in full lustre *that eminent glory of his life!* If such are the *glories*, what must the *disgraces be!* I mean not to draw any uncandid picture of the present administration: I am sorry I must say that we have had too much experience of one part of them, and too little of the other to be very sanguine.

* Two secretaries of state, in these dangerous times, become ministers by inspiration! We have as little experience of them, as they have of business. In no department of the state, nor in parliament, has either held any rank or estimation. But these defects will be amply supplied by the industry and experience of a *laborious* † *gentleman*, who has *long paced in the trammels of the state*, with NO ‡ AMBITION OR AVARICE TO GRATIFY. A declaration the public has heard repeatedly from *himself*. He neither

* The Earls of Bute and Egremont.

† George Grenville, Esq;

‡ This was his favourite expression in the House of Commons.

Ambitione mala, aut argenti pallet amore.

HOR.

But may the dignity of the crown, the honour of his Majesty, the glory of the nation, and the important acquisitions made during the late ministry, be safe in their hands! Their hands have been strengthened in every manner they could ask or wish; and no opposition has been made to them; unless it is called opposition, to endeavour to preserve the confidence of our allies once boundless, and to keep up the high spirit of the nation under the enormous, but necessary burthens of the war.

In no truly *British* quarrel, but in the cause of our allies, the *Spanish* marine was destroyed by Sir *George Byng* in 1711, without any previous declaration of war. We were not, in consequence of that step, treated in *Europe* as an uncivilized nation, spurning at all laws, or as a nest of pirates; but the *policy* and *spirit* of the measure was universally admired. As to the justice of such a proceeding, I determine nothing: I leave it to those *state casuists* who seized the *French* ships before a declaration of war *. The interest of *Great Britain* was not then immediately concerned, as in the present

* Vid. *Memoire Historique*, No. 17. Art. 12.

case, but our allies wished, and obtained, our vigorous and effectual support. By that decisive exertion of our strength, the contest between the two nations was in effect finished almost as soon as begun. The impartial public will judge for themselves, how great the probability is, that the like success had followed measures equally spirited, *preceded by a declaration of war, which in this case had been founded on the clearest principles of justice and equity.* I am at least certain no man of candour could have censured *England as accelerating precipitately to war* †, long resolved by *Spain*, I must say, too long delayed by *England*. I rather fear *the example of the spirit of the late measures* ‡ will be thought to be already forgot; and as those measures were decried as too bold and daring, more feeble, more pusillanimous, less encouraging to our real friends, less hostile to our enemies, will be found to be adopted. In the present case, lord *Bristol* is ordered so early as *July 28*, to come to categorical and satisfactory declarations relatively to the final intentions of *Spain*. *Mr. Pitt's letter*, to which lord *Bristol*, on the part of *Spain*, never returns either a CATEGORICAL or SATISFACTORY answer. The ingenious General *Wall*, through the whole negociation, appears reserved and artful at least,

† Vid. *the declaration of war against Spain, January 2, 1762.*

‡ Vid. *lord Egremont's letter.*

not to say full of duplicity. At last, General Wall replied, He had no orders to acquaint me with any measures but what he had formerly communicated to me; and signified his not being at liberty to say any more, Nov. 2. All that I could, with difficulty, extort from General Wall was, that his Catholic Majesty had judged it expedient to renew his FAMILY COMPACTS (those were the express words) with the most Christian King—Here the Spanish minister stopt short, and, as if he had gone beyond what he intended, he said, that the Count de Fuentes, and M. Bussy had declared to his Majesty's ministers, all that was MEANT to be communicated to them. Nov. 2. Can any thing be imagined more contemptuous, or more insolent? But what follows is excellent Spanish humour; and the inimitable Hogarth could, from these few lines, give us a most diverting frontispiece to the papers, if administration did not seem resolved no more to employ men of superior parts and genius. Lord Bristol says, I began to flatter myself I might obtain the categorical answer, I was ordered to demand, without the Spanish minister's suspecting my ultimate orders. When I was going out of his room, he took me by the hand, and said, with a SMILE, he HOPED; but there he stopt. I asked him what he HOPED, that I might also HOPE, and that all might concur in the same HOPES: but his Excellency then bowed, and took his leave of me. General Wall is too much a Spaniard ever to laugh; but his smiles are very significant. Lord Bristol declares, M.
Wall

Wall ever acted in too ingenuous a manner for me to suspect the least duplicity in his conduct. Now was he ever ingenuous and frank enough to communicate to lord Bristol, the least article of the *family compact*, or did he ever hint that such a thing was in agitation? From the Catholic King's very particular partiality towards lord Bristol, I suppose M. Wall was ordered to spare his lordship the concern so alarming a treaty must have occasioned, and only, from time to time, to use the soothing sound of *friendship*, *honour*, *cordiality*, *affection*, &c. &c. to smile, to bow, to take him by the hand, and to——hope. What? I know no more than the present ministry.

Lord Bristol seems totally uninformed of so important an affair as the *family compact*, till long after their treaty was signed and ratified, and only a few days || before he is told of it from England. October 28, lord Egremont writes to lord Bristol: *His Majesty cannot imagine that the court of Spain should think it unreasonable to desire a communication of the treaty* ACKNOWLEDGED *to have been lately concluded between the courts of Madrid and Versailles. When was this acknowledgment made? Surely this relates to the rupture with Spain: Yet not a line of this intelligence is among the papers.*

By this time, I think it must appear how much lord Bristol, though possessed of real ta-

|| Vid. his letter of November 2.

lents, was deceived by the court of Spain; a court as insidious as that of *France*. Let me next remark, how dextrous the new ministry here were in endeavouring to deceive themselves. In the answer delivered to the Count *de Fuentes*, by the earl of *Egremont*, Dec. 11, it is said, *The Ambassador at the court of Madrid, by a dispatch dated the 28th of October, was ordered to demand, in terms the most measured, however, and the most amiable, a communication of the treaty recently concluded between the courts of Madrid and Versailles, or, at least, of the articles which might relate to the interest of Great Britain—and—TO CONTENT HIMSELF WITH ASSURANCES, in case the Catholic King offered to give any, that the said engagements did not contain any thing that was contrary to the friendship which subsisted between the two crowns, or that was prejudicial to the interests of Great Britain, supposing that any difficulty was made of shewing the treaty.* The new ministry are now got off from the true ground, which was the memorial of Spanish affairs *verbatim* sent from Madrid, and the letter of lord *Bristol's* of August 31, with the enclosures; and have confined their view to the single point of the late treaty, or the family compact. Every thing relative to the final intentions of Spain, concerning which lord *Bristol* is ordered, in Mr. *Pitt's* letter, so early as July 28, to come to categorical and satisfactory declarations, is omitted in this demand, and lord *Bristol* is ordered to confine himself to the

new treaty. This, I agree with lord *Egremont*, is certainly no *equivocal proof of dependence on the good faith of the Catholic King, in shewing him an unbounded confidence in so important an affair.* How merited, we have seen from what passed in the latter months of the negotiation : and, in all probability, should see more glaringly, if the negotiations, since the accession of his present Catholic Majesty, were communicated to us. From that *unbounded confidence* the new ministry entirely lost sight of the most offensive and hostile matter in the memorial of *July 25*, and the papers of *August 31*, attacking the dignity of the crown of *England* in a manner surely far more unbecoming and insolent than that *spirit of haughtiness and discord, which, says M. Wall, dictated that inconsiderate step, and which, for the misfortune of mankind, still reigns so much in the British government, which made in the same instant the declaration of war, and attacked the King of Spain's dignity.* It is plain they were accommodating themselves at any rate tamely to become the dupes of *Spain* ; for all they desired, by the dispatch of the 28th of *October*, was an assurance of the *innocence of the treaty in question*, and they passed by every thing else, though of the most hostile tendency. Conscious of this, lord *Egremont*, at the end of his answer to the *Conde de Fuentes, December 31*, pleads guilty for himself and both his brother ministers, to the charge that may be exhibited against them of an intentionally

tentionally facile and willing credulity, when he says, *But fortunately the terms in which the declaration* * *(Fuentes's) is conceived, spare us the regret, of not having received it sooner; for it appears at first sight, that the answer is not at all conformable to the demand. We wanted to be informed, If the court of Spain intended to join the French, our enemies, to make war on Great Britain; or to depart from their neutrality? Whereas, the answer concerns one treaty only, (all that was asked by the dispatch of the 28th of October) which is said to be of the 15th of August; carefully avoiding to say the least word that could explain, in any manner, the intentions of Spain towards Great Britain, or the further engagements they may have contracted in the present crisis. In the dispatch indeed of lord Egremont to lord Bristol, of November 19, in answer to lord Bristol's letter of November 2, the new ministry amend their own question, and at last demand a PRECISE and CATEGORICAL ANSWER from the court of Madrid, relative to their intention with regard to Great Britain, in this critical conjuncture, which brought on the rupture on the 10th of December, and is precisely what was directed by Mr. Pitt so early as July 28th.*

* That the said treaty is only a convention between the family of Bourbon, wherein there is nothing that has the least relation to the present war. Fuentes's note delivered to lord Egremont, Dec, 25.

I cannot pass by *that other* part of lord Egremont's answer delivered to the Count de Fuentes, December 31, in which it is said, the Ambassador (of England) having addressed himself to the minister of Spain for that purpose, could only draw from him a refusal to give a satisfactory answer to his Majesty's JUST REQUISITIONS †, which he had accompanied with terms that breathed nothing but haughtiness, animosity, and menace, and which seemed so strongly to verify the suspicions of the unamicable disposition of the court of Spain, without observing that this cannot possibly be the real state of the fact, (though his lordship but a few lines before says, he will confine himself to facts with the most scrupulous exactness) for lord Egremont receives no answer from lord Bristol ‡ to the orders to make the
JUST

† The following paragraph of lord Bristol's letter of Nov. 2, demonstrates that these *just requisitions* were not made in consequence of any orders from the court of England: *such strong reports of an approaching rupture between Great Britain and Spain, grounded upon several authentic assurances I had received, that some agreement had been settled and signed between their Catholic and most Christian Majesties, DETERMINED ME to enquire minutely into this affair.*

‡ It is remarked in the Gazette of Madrid, published by authority, in these words: *And what is more singular, is, that they attribute the last endeavour, which they ordered lord Bristol to make, and which caused the rupture, to the language of haughtiness, animosity, and menace, with which (according to them) our court answered to the civil and amicable demand that minister made in consequence (say they) of an order of the 28th of October. Unfortunately for them, they have not considered that in an interval*

JUST REQUISITIONS contained in his two dispatches (of the 28th of *October*, and the 19th of *November*) till the 24th of *December*, a fortnight after the rupture, which happened on the 10th, except what I will now state, which is far from containing the *repeated and the most stinging refusals to give the least satisfaction*. Extract from lord *Bristol's* letter to the earl of *Egremont*, *November 23*: *It will not be possible for me to re-dispatch a messenger to England for several days, notwithstanding my having had another*

val from the 28th of *October* to the 1st or 2d of *December*, the day upon which lord *Bristol's* last letter arrived, it is impossible an express can come from *London* to *Madrid*, return to *London* with an answer to his dispatch, and go back to *Madrid* with the reply. Gazette d'Amsterdam Du Mardi 23 Février 1762. De *Madrid* le 2 Février 1762. Par le même courier, qui a apporté au Roi la nouvelle de la résolution prise à la cour *Britannique* de nous déclarer la guerre, le Comte de *Fuentes* a envoyé à S. M. un mémoire remis à cet Ambassadeur avant son départ de *Londres* par le Comte d'*Egremont*, secrétaire d'état de S. M. *Britannique*, en réponse à la déclaration que le Comte de *Fuentes* lui avoit donné par écrit quelques jours auparavant. Ces deux pièces ont été insérées, par ordre de notre cour, dans le Gazette de *Madrid*, avec les observations suivantes sur le mémoire delivré par le Comte d'*Egremont*.—Et ce qu'il y a de plus singulier, c'est qu'ils attribuent la dernière tentative qu'on a fait faire au lord *Bristol*, et qui a cause la rupture, au ton de hauteur, d'animosité, et de menace, avec lequel (selon eux) notre cour a répondu aux demandes honnêtes et amicales que ce ministre fit en vertu (disent-ils) d'un ordre du 28 *Octobre*. Malheureusement pour eux, ils n'ont point fait attention que, dans un intervalle comme celui du 28 du dit mois au 1er ou 2 *Décembre*, jour auquel arriva le dernier courier du lord *Bristol*, il est impossible qu'un expres vienne de *Londres* à *Madrid*, retourne à *Londres* avec la réponse à sa depeche, et revienne à *Madrid* avec la replique.

long

long conference with M. Wall, at which I entered minutely into every argument suggested to me by your lordship. Although I dare not flatter myself with having gained any ground upon the Spanish minister, yet I never before observed his Excellency listen with greater attention to my discourse, than at our late meeting. When he answered me, it was without warmth; when he applied to me, it was friendly; and, after long reasonings, on both sides, we parted with reciprocal protestations to each other, of our earnest desire to continue in peace. General Wall also promised me, to acquaint his Catholic Majesty circumstantially with what had passed between us. I entreat your lordship not to think me inconsequential in what I relate: It is my duty to mention the result of each interview with the Spanish secretary of state. All I sent an account of in my letters of the 2d instant, was literally what had happened at that time; and the change I have just hinted, when I last saw M. Wall, is equally certain.

I will observe but upon one passage more, and that is from lord Egremont's dispatch of November 19, because, when he is drove to the necessity of defending the proceedings of the present ministry, he gives (what possibly was not his object) the fullest justification of Mr. Pitt. As to the assertion of that minister (M. Wall) "That his Catholic Majesty never could
 " obtain an answer from the *British* ministry,
 " to any memorial or paper that was sent from
 " Spain, either by the channel of the Count
 " de

“ *de Fuentes*, or through your hands,” it would be an useless condescension to appeal so repeatedly to those ample materials in your Excellency’s possession, for the confutation of a proposition so notoriously groundless, that it scarce deserves a serious answer. The language *M. Wall* held, relative to the late negociation with France, as well as with regard to our ambition and unbounded thirst of conquest, as it consists of mere abusive assertion, without the least shew of argument, deserves nothing but plain contradiction.

Before I quit the papers, it may be necessary to add, that I see nothing so alarming in the war with Spain, had it been entered into in time, and were well conducted. I have read the histories of both nations, and am happy to agree with our ministers, that experience has shewn that when in contradiction to the obvious principles of our common interests, that harmony has been unhappily interrupted, Spain has always been the greatest sufferer. Need I do more in support of this opinion than mention the late war against the combined forces of France and Spain, united before the French marine was annihilated, as it now is ; and at a period, when the navy of England had not reached its present greatness, and irresistible superiority ?

The evidence to be drawn from these imperfect and mutilated papers, is now fully and fairly stated. I call them *imperfect and mutilated*, because they have their commencement, only from the very point, when the long negociation

ciation between *England* and *Spain* being become hopeless, the insolent attempt was made by the two branches of the house of *Bourbon*, then united, to force on his Majesty and the *English* nation, the concession of those inadmissible terms, which *Spain* alone despaired of being able to compel us to grant. An attempt of insidious perfidy, which at once proved the particular peace betwixt *England* and *France*, to be hopeless and impracticable; for what concessions to *France* could an *English* administration be justified in making, while she declared herself eventually engaged to take part with *Spain* in a new war for *Spanish* objects, totally inadmissible; from which protest it doth not appear that either court ever departed? The specious and false appearances of candour, which the publication of *papers* in such a state is meant to convey, are as easily seen through and detected, as they are unfair and ungenerous. A great deal of very important intelligence, relative to the point in question, is plainly withheld. The suspicions arising from the suppression of evidence, are, no doubt, in the opinion of government, more tolerable than the conviction founded upon full proof. Even the particulars of the *negociation with France* are still secreted from the public as far as it is in the power of *our government*; lest, among other good reasons, as it stands naturally connected with the *Spanish*, they might, if considered together, throw too striking a light on the whole.

whole. The infinite importance of what is suppressed, I do not pretend to determine; but the *papers* are evidently thus partially laid before the public by administration, to justify, if possible, their *delay*: with what success, the public will determine. As to the wisdom of the *written advice*, it stands already proved by the event: but before we can enter fully into that dispute (if there can be still a doubt) *all* the materials, *all* the evidence both from *paper* and *facts*, on which *that advice* was founded, ought, in common justice, to be laid before the public. From what we already know with certainty, *even from these papers*, as to *what Spain had already done*, not from *what that court might further intend to do* *, I cannot but own my surprize, that there should be *a difference of opinion with regard to measures to be taken against Spain, of the highest importance to the honour of the crown, and to the most essential national interests*. When I am told that only one noble † lord, and the late secretary of state, of the most confidential servants of the crown, concurred in an opinion so evident, so clearly deduced from such a variety of proofs, I cannot but imagine that there must have been some powerful combination, some under-hand in-

* *Vide* a letter from a Right Honourable person to — in the city.

† Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt.

trigues, among ministers of more denominations than one, to force the resignation of the Right Hon. gentleman. He must long have been looked upon with an unfriendly and jealous eye by ministers, to whom it was his honour that he was so very unlike; and who, though real unanimity attended it in the nation, could ill brook his possessing in so high a degree, (what they never had the least share of) the confidence of a discerning and enlightened people. A point of the utmost consequence to every ministry of this kingdom. The glories of this gentleman's administration, (that is, while he *was allowed to guide ‡ the measures* of this nation) and the applauses of his grateful

‡ If one minister on *resigning the seals* may not, in the true spirit of the constitution, say that he resigns, *in order not to remain responsible for measures, which he was no longer allowed to guide* in his own department, to the execution of which he must set his hand; what an idea of parliament and of the constitution must Mr. Fox have entertained, who could, just before taking the seals, write the following circular letter, not yet *verified, or be-noted*?

“ S I R,

“ The King has declared his intention to make me secretary
 “ of state, and I (very unworthy as I fear I am of such an
 “ undertaking) *must take the conduct of the house of Commons.*
 “ I cannot therefore well accept the office till after the first
 “ day's debate, which may be a warm one. A great attendance
 “ that day of my friends will be of the *greatest* consequence to
 “ my future situation, and I should be extremely happy, if you
 “ would, for that reason, shew yourself amongst them, to the
 “ great honour of, &c.”

H. F O X.

country,

country, have given him at least a due portion of *envy*, which is a certain attendant on splendid merit.

Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away !
Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat ;
Those suns of glory please not till they set.
POPE.

That only two resignations have accompanied that of the late secretary, is no surprize to me.

*Je suis Anglois, je dois faire le bien
De mon pays, mais plus encore le mien,*

says *Voltaire*, who lived a good while in this country, and seems to know it pretty well.

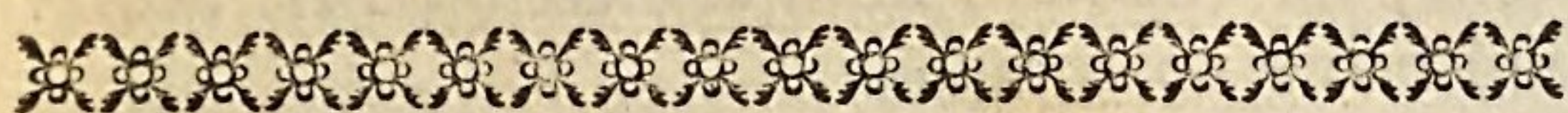
From these few and scanty materials, so sparingly dealt out to the public, I have endeavoured to give you all the satisfaction in my power. I could possibly have amused you more, but I have all along preferred the desire of *informing* to that of *entertaining* you. Perhaps you had been better pleased, if I had deviated more, and had not confined myself so strictly to the evidence of the *papers*, and to *facts* which will not be denied.

To conclude, let me add to hopes not very sanguine, very sincere and very fervent wishes :
May the most perfect harmony, mutual confidence,
C 3 *and*

and unanimity, which lord Egremont, October 28, says, now reign in his Majesty's councils, for the sake of the public, long continue! may the expedition now sailed to the *West Indies* prove, by success, to have been timely in preparation, adequate in force, to the object whatever it may be! may our army in *Germany*, (since it is still to continue there, though Mr. Pitt is retired) and the Kings of *Prussia* and *Portugal* find that example has indeed been taken of the spirit of the late measures *, and that the measures of government will suffer no relaxation, from feeble, procrastinating, and undecided councils, founded in weakness and duplicity. And, to grace the whole, may the best disposed Prince, that has at any time swayed the sceptre of *Alfred*, never live to want a minister as able, and as successful as Mr. Pitt.

I am, &c.

* It is confidently asserted in honour of lord Bute, secretary of state of the northern department, that *he likewise* did immediately on Mr. Pitt's resignation, give the strongest assurances to the German allies, that the resignation of that minister would not occasion the least change in measures, except only that they would be carried on with redoubled vigour.



The following LETTERS are presented to the PUBLIC, because they bear an immediate Relation to the NORTH BRITON.

MR. Secker presents his compliments to Mr. Wilkes, he has been three times at his house to wait on him from lord Talbot. Mr. Secker would be obliged to Mr. Wilkes, to let him know by a note directed to him at Mr. Holford's, St. James's palace, where and what time Mr. Secker could speak to him this afternoon. If he does not hear from Mr. Wilkes, will wait on him by nine o'clock to-morrow morning at his house.

Sept. 10. half an hour past two o'clock.

Directed to John Wilkes, Esq;

MR. Wilkes's compliments to Mr. Secker; was not acquainted till this minute by his note, that Mr. Secker had once called in Great George-street, shall be at home from seven till

eight this evening, and as Mr. Wilkes shall be alone, he supposes at this meeting Mr. Secker will bring no company.

*Great George-street,
Friday afternoon, five, Sept. 10.*

*Directed to Mr. Secker, at Mr. Holford's,
St. James's Palace.*

MR. Secker's compliments to Mr. Wilkes, he will wait on him alone this evening between seven and eight.

St. James's.

Directed to John Wilkes, Esq;

S I R,

AS I received no answer to a letter I wrote to you on the 25th of August, and find, by sending to your house in town, that I can have no immediate opportunity of seeing you, I am forced again by letter, to ask, if you avow or disclaim being the author of the paper intitled the North Briton of the 21st of August.

TALBOT,

*Bolton-street,
Sept. 10, 1762.*

Directed to Col. Wilkes.

Great George-street, Friday, Sept. 10.

MY LORD,

I Beg your Lordship to do me the justice to believe that I have never yet received the letter to me at Winchester, which Mr. Secker tells me was sent there a fortnight ago. I have just now the honour of your Lordship's by that gentleman. Your lordship asks, if I avow or disclaim being the author of the paper intituled the North Briton of the 21st of August. My answer is, that I must first insist on knowing your Lordship's right to catechise me about an anonymous paper. If your Lordship is not satisfied with this, I shall ever be ready to give your Lordship any other satisfaction becoming me as a gentleman.

I am, my Lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,

Humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Talbot.

Winchester, Sept. 14, 1762.

MY LORD,

I Left Winchester, with Lord * Effingham's leave, on the second of August, and did not

* Commander in chief of the troops in and near Winchester,
return

return to this city till the 12th of this month. My drum-major brought me your Lordship's letter yesterday. I now return it with the seal unbroke, as the clearest demonstration that I have never read the contents of it. I suppose they are the same with the letter I had the honour of receiving and answering by Mr. Secker.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient,
Humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Talbot.

S I R,

I Suppose you have by this time found the letter I wrote directed to you at Winchester, and that hath acquainted you why I addressed myself to Mr. Wilkes, to enquire if the North Briton of the 21st of August was written by him. I well know every gentleman, who contributes to support periodical papers by his pen, is not answerable for all the papers that appear under the title of that which he assists, but I cannot conceive that any man should refuse to assure a person who hath been the object of the wit of any paper, that he was not the author of a paper he did not write. Every man's sense of honour ought to direct his conduct; if you prefer a personal engagement to

to the denying being the author of a paper that hath been so free with my name, I, who am publicly affronted by that paper, cannot in honour avoid requiring the satisfaction you seem most desirous to give. Be pleased to write or send to me as soon as you have determined what part you will act. I shall be in London Thursday and Friday next, and this day se'en-night, after which I shall not be in London till Thursday the 23d.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

TALBOT.

Bolton-street,

Sept. 12, 1762.

Directed to Col. Wilkes.

Winchester, Sept. 16, 1762.

MY LORD,

I Had not till yesterday the honour of your Lordship's letter of the 12th, and embrace this earliest opportunity of acknowledging it. Your Lordship has not yet, in my poor idea, ascertained the right you claim of interrogating me about the paper of the 21st of August, and I will first know the very good authority on which I am thus questioned, before I will return any answer whatever.

Your Lordship desires me to write or send to you as soon as I have determined what part I will

will act. I intended my first letter should have made that sufficiently clear.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's very humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Talbot.

S I R,

I Have this instant received your's of the 16th. It is your own declaration before men of truth and honour, that you occasionally assisted the paper called the North Briton with your pen, that is the foundation of my interrogating you about the North Briton of the 21st of August—and whatever may be your idea, mine is, that when a gentleman owns himself an occasional author of an anonymous satirical paper, any person by name ridiculed in such an hebdomadal performance hath a right to ask the occasional avowed writer, if he was the author of the offending paper.

You may now, Sir, answer my question or not. I have offered to put myself upon that footing with you that became a man who hath spirit, and is influenced by honour—if you do not deny the paper, I must and will conclude you wrote it.

Your humble servant,

TALBOT.

Bolton-street,

Sept. 17, 1762.

Directed to Col. Wilkes.

Winchester, Sept. 21, 1762.

MY LORD,

SUNDAY's post brought me your Lordship's of the 17th, and by the return of it this waits on your Lordship.

You are pleased to say, that it is my own declaration before men of truth and honour, that I occasionally assisted the paper called the North Briton. I wish your Lordship had been more explicit, and had mentioned the name of any one gentleman before whom I made that declaration. Was it made in public? or was it in private conversation? Still I have the misfortune of not yet seeing your Lordship's right of putting the question to me about the paper of the 21st of August, and till I do, I will never resolve your Lordship on that head, though I would any friend I have in the world, who had the curiosity of asking me, if it was in a civil manner.

Your Lordship says, that if I do not deny the paper, you must and will conclude I wrote it. Your Lordship has my free consent to make any conclusions you think proper, whether they are well or ill-grounded; and I feel the most perfect indifference about what they are, or the consequences of them.

I intend at present to make a tour on Thursday
day

day to the Isle of Wight. I shall return to this city the beginning of the next week.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Talbot.

Winchester, Sept. 30, 1762.

S I R,

LORD Talbot, by your message, has at last brought this most important question to the precise point, where my first answer to his Lordship fixed it, if he preferred that. As you have only seen the two last letters, I must entreat you to cast your eye over those preceding, because I apprehend they will justify an observation or two I made this morning, when I had the honour of paying my compliments to you at camp.

Be assured, that if I am between heaven and earth, I will be on Tuesday evening at Tilbury's, the Red Lion at Bagshot, and on Wednesday morning I will play this duel with his Lordship.

It is a real satisfaction to me, that his Lordship is to be accompanied by a gentleman of Colonel Berkeley's worth and honour.

This

This will be delivered to you by my adjutant, who attends me to Bagshot. I shall not bring any servant with me, from the fear of any of the parties being known. My pistols only, or his Lordship's, at his option, shall decide this point.

I beg the favour of you to return me the letters, as I mean to leave Winchester this evening. I have Lord Bruce's * leave of absence for ten days.

I am, with sincere regard, Sir,
Your very humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

I hope that we may make a *partie quarrée* for supper on Tuesday at Bagshot.

Directed to Colonel Berkeley, now Lord Eotter-
court.

S I R,

I Have read all the letters, and shall depend upon the pleasure of supping with you at Tilbury's, the Red-lion at Bagshot, Tuesday evening. My servant will attend me, as the going alone would give room for suspicion, but you may depend upon his following your direc-

* In the absence of Lord Effingham, the command has devolved on Lord Bruce.

tion at Bagshot, and that he will not be seen where you would not have him——I am much obliged by your favourable opinion,

And am your humble servant,

N. BERKELEY.

Camp near Winchester, Sept. 30, 1762.

Inclosed is a copy of a letter received by Mr. Stanley this afternoon. (It related to the taking of the Havannah.)

Directed to Colonel Wilkes.

Red Lion at Bagshot, Tuesday, 10 at night.

MY LORD,

I Had the honour of transmitting to your Lordship copies of seven letters, which passed between Lord Talbot and me. As the affair is now over, I inclose an original letter of Colonel Berkeley, with a copy of mine previous to it, which fixed the particulars of our meeting, and therefore remained a secret, very sacredly kept by the four persons concerned.

I came here at three this afternoon, and about five I was told that Lord Talbot and Colonel Berkeley were in the house. Lord Talbot had been here at one, and was gone again, leaving a message however that he would soon
return.

return. I had continued in the room where I was at my first coming, for fear of raising any suspicion. I sent a compliment to Colonel Berkeley, and that I wished to see him. He was so obliging as to come to me directly. I told him that I supposed we were to sup together with Lord Talbot, whom I was ready to attend, as became a private gentleman, and that he and Mr. Harris, as our seconds, would settle the business of the next morning, according to my letter to him from Winchester, and his answer. Berkeley said, that his lordship desired to finish the business immediately. I replied, that the appointment was to sup together that evening, and to fight in the morning, that in consequence of such an arrangement, I had, like an idle man of pleasure, put off some business of real importance, which I meant to settle before I went to bed. I added, that I was come from Medmenham Abbey, where the jovial monks of St. Francis had kept me up till four in the morning, that the world therefore would conclude I was drunk, and form no favourable opinion of his Lordship from a duel at such a time; that it more became us both to take a cool hour of the next morning, as early a one as was agreeable to lord Talbot. Berkeley said, that he had undertaken to bring us together, and as we were now both at Bagshot, he would leave us to settle our own business. He then asked me, if I would go with him to Lord Talbot. I said I would, any mo-

ment he pleased. We went directly, with my adjutant Mr. Harris.

I found Lord Talbot in an agony of passion. He said, that I had injured, that I had insulted him, that he was not used to be injured, or insulted: What did I mean? Did I, or did I not write the North Briton of August the 21st, which affronted his honour? He would know; he insisted on a direct answer: here were his pistols. I replied, that he would soon use them, that I desired to know by what right his lordship catechised me about a paper, which did not bear my name, that I should never resolve him that question, till he made out the right of putting it, and that if I could have entertained any other idea, I was too well bred to have given his Lordship and Colonel Berkeley the trouble of coming to Bagshot. I observed, that I was a private English gentleman, perfectly free and independent, which I held to be a character of the highest dignity, that I obeyed with pleasure a gracious Sovereign, but would never submit to the arbitrary dictates of a fellow subject, a lord steward of his household, my superior indeed in rank, fortune and abilities, but my equal only in honour, courage, and liberty. Lord Talbot then asked me, if I would fight him that evening. I said, that I preferred the next morning, as it had been settled before, and gave my reasons. His Lordship replied, that he insisted on finishing the affair immediately. I told him that I should
very

very soon be ready, that I did not mean to quit him, but would absolutely first settle some important business relative to the education of an only daughter, whom I tenderly loved, that it would take up a very little time, and I would immediately after decide the affair in any way he chose, for I had brought both sword and pistols. I rung the bell for pen, ink, and paper, desiring his Lordship to conceal his pistols, that they might not be seen by the waiter. He soon after became half frantic, and made use of a thousand indecent expressions, that I should be hanged, damned, &c. I said, that I was not to be frightened, nor in the least affected, by such violence, that God had given me a firmness and spirit, equal to his Lordship's, or any man's, that cool courage should always mark me, and that it would be seen how well bottomed I was.

After the waiter had brought pen, ink, and paper, I proposed that the door of the room might be locked, and not opened till our business was decided. Lord Talbot, on this proposition, became quite outrageous, declared that this was mere butchery, and that I was a wretch who sought his life. I reminded him, that I came there on a point of honour, to give his Lordship satisfaction, that I mentioned the circumstance of locking the door, only to prevent all possibility of interruption, and that I would in every circumstance be governed, not by the turbulence of the most violent temper I had

ever seen, but by the calm determination of our two seconds, to whom I implicitly submitted. Lord Talbot then asked me, if I would deny the paper. I answered, that I would neither own, nor deny it; if I survived, I would afterwards declare, not before. Soon after he grew a little cooler, and in a soothing tone of voice said, I have never, I believe, offended Mr. Wilkes; why has he attacked me? he must be sorry to see me unhappy. I asked upon what grounds his Lordship imputed the paper to me; that Mr. Wilkes would justify any paper to which he had put his name, and would equally assert the privilege of not giving any answer whatever about a paper to which he had not; that this was my undoubted right, which I was ready to seal with my blood. He then said, he admired me exceedingly, really loved me, but I was an unaccountable animal——such parts! but would I kill him who had never offended me? &c. &c. &c.

We had after this a good deal of conversation about the Buckinghamshire militia, and the day his Lordship came to see us on Wycombe-Heath, before I was Colonel. He soon after flamed out again, and said to me, You are a murderer, you want to kill me, but I am sure that I shall kill you, I know I shall, by God. If you will fight, if you kill me, I hope you will be hanged. I know you will. Berkeley and Harris were shocked. I asked, if I was first to be killed, and afterwards hanged; that I knew

I knew his Lordship fought me with the King's pardon in his pocket, and I fought him with a halter about my neck, that I would fight him for all that, and if he fell, I should not tarry here a moment for the tender mercies of such a ministry, but would directly proceed to the next stage, where my valet de chambre waited for me, and from thence I would make the best of my way to France, for men of honour were sure of protection in that kingdom. He seemed much affected by this. He then told me, that I was an unbeliever, and wished to be killed. I could not help smiling at this, and observed, that we did not meet at Bagshot to settle articles of faith, but points of honour; that indeed I had no fear of dying, but I enjoyed life as much as any man enjoyed it, that I was as little subject to be gloomy, or even peevish, as any Englishman whatever, that I valued life, and the fair enjoyments of it so much, I would never quit it by my own consent, except on a call of honour.

I then wrote a letter to your Lordship, respecting the education of Miss Wilkes, and gave you my poor thanks for the steady friendship, with which you have so many years honoured me. Colonel Berkeley took the care of the letter, and I have since desired him to send it to Stowe, for the sentiments of the heart, at such a moment, are beyond all politics, and indeed every thing else, but such virtue as Lord Temple's.

When I had sealed my letter, I told Lord Talbot, that I was entirely at his service, and I again desired that we might decide the affair in the room, because there could not be a possibility of interruption ; but he was quite inexorable. He then asked me, how many times we should fire. I said, that I left it to his choice ; I had brought a flask of powder, and a bag of bullets. Our seconds then charged the pistols, which my Lord had brought. They were large horse pistols. It was agreed that we should fire at the word of command, to be given by one of our seconds. They tossed up, and it fell to my adjutant to give the word. We then left the inn, and walked to a garden at some distance from the house. It was near seven, and the moon shone very bright. We stood about eight yards distant, and agreed not to turn round before we fired, but to continue facing each other. Harris gave the word. Both our fires were in very exact time, but neither took effect. I walked up immediately to Lord Talbot, and told him, that now I avowed the paper. His Lordship paid me the highest encomiums on my courage, and said, he would declare every where, that I was the noblest fellow God had ever made. He then desired, that we might now be good friends, and retire to the inn to drink a bottle of claret together, which we did with great good humour and much laugh. Lord Talbot afterwards went to Windsor, Berkeley and Harris to Winchester, and

and I continue here till to-morrow morning, waiting the return of my valet de chambre, to whom I have sent a messenger. Berkeley told me, that he was grieved for Lord Talbot's passion, and admired my courage and coolness beyond his farthest idea : that was his expression.

I have a million of other particulars to relate, but I blush already at the length of this letter. Your Lordship will soon see Colonel Berkeley, and I hope in a very few days to pay my devoirs at Stowe. I intend to be at Aylesbury quarter-sessions by Thursday dinner.

My most respectful compliments always attend Lady Temple,

I am ever, my dear Lord,
Your Lordship's very devoted
And obedient humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Temple.

A LETTER to the Earl of *Bute*,

By Mr. Wilkes.

It was prefixed to the new edition of
The FALL of * MORTIMER.
A TRAGEDY.

Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer* ;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla *Mortimer* !
Nay, I will have a starling taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

SHAKESPEARE.

Mortimer

Is a great Lord of late, and a new thing ;
A Prince, an Earl, and Cousin to the King.

BEN JOHNSON.

* The history of *Mortimer* is told at length in *No. 5.* of the *North Briton*, which was published July 3, 1762. It has for its motto,

Dabitur mora parvula, dum res
Nota urbi et populo, contingat *principis* aures,
Dedecus *ille* domus sciat ultimus. JUVENAL.

No. 45. had indeed wonderful luck ; but the elder brother, *No. 5.* deserved still more to have been taken notice of, and perhaps actually laid the foundation of the younger brother's fortune.

T O T H E
 R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
 J O H N S T U A R T, *Earl of BUTE*,

Chancellor of the University of ABERDEEN
 in SCOTLAND, first Commissioner of the
 TREASURY in ENGLAND, one of the Six-
 teen Representatives of the Peers of SCOT-
 LAND, one of his MAJESTY's most honour-
 able PRIVY COUNCIL, and KNIGHT of the
 most noble ENGLISH Order of the GARTER.

MY LORD,

MANY and various motives have concur-
 red to give a peculiar propriety to the fond
 wish I had formed of making this humble offer-
 ing at the shrine of Bute. I have felt an ho-
 nest indignation at all the invidious, unjust and
 odious applications of the story of Roger Mor-
 timer. I absolutely disclaim the most distant
 allusion, and I purposely dedicate *this Play* to
 your Lordship, because history does not furnish
 a more striking contrast, than there is between
 the two ministers, in the reigns of *Edward the*
Third, and of *George the Third*. I shall trace
 this through a variety of the most interesting
 particulars, secure of the satisfaction your Lord-
 ship will find by accompanying me in so pleasing
 a pursuit.

Edward

Edward the Third was held in the most absolute slavery by his mother and her minister. The first nobles of *England* were excluded from the King's councils, and the minion disposed of all places of profit and trust. The King's uncles did not retain the shadow of power and authority. They were treated with insult, and the whole royal family became not only depressed, but forced to depend upon the caprice of an insolent *favourite*. The young King had been victorious over the *Scots*, then a fierce, savage, and perfidious people, in *that* reign our cruel enemies, happily in *this* our dearest friends. On every favourable opportunity, either by the distractions in the public councils of this kingdom during a minority, or by the absence of the national troops, they had ravaged *England* with fire and sword. *Edward* might have compelled them to accept of any terms, so glorious and decisive was the success of his arms, but Roger Mortimer, from personal motives of power and ambition, hastily concluded an ignominious peace, by which he sacrificed the triumphs of a prosperous war, and the justest claims of conquest.

It is with the highest rapture, my Lord, I now look back to that disgraceful æra, because I feel the striking contrast it makes with the halcyon days of *George the Third*. This excellent Prince is held in no kind of captivity. All his nobles have free access to him. The throne is not now besieged. Court-favour
not

not confined to one partial stream, flows in a variety of different channels, enriching *this* whole country. There is now the most perfect union among all the branches of the royal family. No court minion now finds it necessary, for the preservation of his own omnipotence, by the vilest insinuations, to divide either the royal, or any noble families. The King's uncle is now treated with that marked distinction which his singular merit is entitled to, both from the nation, and the throne, established by his valour in extinguishing a foul rebellion, which burst upon us from its *native North*, and almost overspread the land. Our Sovereign is conscious that he owes more to our *great deliverer* than any Prince in Europe owes to any subject; and he sets a noble example of gratitude to princes, *que les rois, ces illustres ingrats, sont assez malheureux pour ne connoître pas* *. No *favourite* now has trampled upon the most respectable of the English nobility, and driven them from their Sovereign's councils. No discord now rages in the kingdom, but every tongue blesses the minister who has so many ways endeared himself no less to the nobility than to the whole body of the people.

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim.

To compleat the contrast, we have now an ad-

* *Voltaire,*

vantageous,

vantageous, a glorious peace, fully adequate to all the *successes*, to all the *glories* of the war.

The present internal policy of this kingdom, my Lord, is equally to be admired. Our gracious Sovereign maturely examines all matters of national importance, and no unfair or partial representation of any business, or of any of his subjects, is suffered to be made to him, nor can any character be assassinated in the dark by an unconstitutional *Prime Minister*. He regularly, by your advice, attends every private council of real moment, and nothing is there submitted to the arbitrary decision of *one man*. This happy state of things we owe to your Lordship's *unexampled care* of his Majesty's youth. The important promise you made us, that we should frequently see our Sovereign, like his great predecessor, William the Third, presiding in person at the British Treasury, has been fulfilled, to the advantage and glory of these times, and to the perfecting of that scheme of *æconomy* so earnestly recommended from the throne, and so *ably* carried into execution by *yourself* and YOUR *chancellor of the exchequer* †, as well as so *minutely* by the lord steward of

† “ Sir Francis Dashwood, now Lord Le Despenser, who from puzzling all his life at tavern bills, was called by lord Bute to administer the finances of a kingdom above an hundred millions in debt, and stiled by him, in the royal manner, *My chancellor*.”

A Letter from Mr. Wilkes to the Earl of B. 61

the household *. Your whole council of state too is composed of men of the first abilities; the duke of Bedford; the earls of Halifax, Egremont, and Gower; the lords Henley, Mansfield, and Ligonier; Mr. George Grenville, and Mr. Fox. The business of this great empire is not however trusted to them: the most arduous and complicate parts are not only digested and prepared, but finally revised and settled, by Gilbert Elliot, Alexander + Wedderburn, esqrs. Sir Henry Erskine, baronet, and the *Home* †.

* “ Earl Talbot, who thought a civil list of 800,000l. a year insufficient to keep up the hospitality of a private nobleman’s kitchen, in the King of England’s palace.”

† Mr. Churchill has drawn his picture to the life.

To mischief train’d, ev’n from his mother’s womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho’ yet in manhood’s bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights, which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull, ’mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud;
A pert, prim, prater of the *northern* race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face, &c.

‡ “ The Rev. John Home, Esq; first a preacher among the Scottish Presbyterians, then a Play-wright. This Preacher, like the famous Thresher, the blind Cobler, and others, was at the beginning looked upon as a prodigy of genius and learning, merely from being thought to have, at an early age, produced one tolerable piece. He went on, and it was soon seen how mean and contemptible his talents were. He sunk into obscurity, and his fame, like the torrent he speaks of in *Douglas*,

Infused SILENCE with a STILLY || SOUND.”

|| Var. Lect. SILLY.

62 *A Letter from Mr. Wilkes to the Earl of B.*

Another reason why I chuse your Lordship for the subject of this dedication, is, that you are said, by *former dedicators*, to cultivate with success the polite arts. How sparing and penurious is this praise? Such literary *æconomy* is really odious. They ought to have gone further, and to have shewn how liberally you are pleased to reward all men of genius. Malloch * and the Home have been nobly provided

* “ *David Malloch*, author of many forgotten poems and plays, was formerly an usher to a school in Scotland. On his arrival from the North, he became a great declaimer at the London coffee-houses against the Christian religion. Old surly *Dennis* was highly offended at his conduct, and always called him *Moloch*. He then changed his name to *Mallet*, and soon after published *An Epistle to Mr. Pope on verbal criticism*. Theobald was attacked in it, and soon revenged himself in the new edition of Shakespeare: “ An anonymous writer has, like a “ *Scotch pedlar*, in wit, unbraced his pack on the subject. I “ may fairly say of this author, as Falstaffe does of Poins— “ Hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than a *mallet*.” *Preface*, p. 52. *Edition of 1733*.

“ This *Malloch* had the happiness of a wife who had faith enough. She believed that her husband was the greatest poet and wit of the age. Sometimes she would seize and kiss his hand with rapture, and if the looks of a friend expressed any surprise, would apologize, *that it was the dear hand that wrote those divine poems*. She once lamented to a lady, how much the reputation of her husband suffered by his name being so frequently confounded with that of Dr. Smollet. The lady answered, *Madam, there is a short remedy, let your husband keep to his own name.*”

“ The

vided for. Let Churchill, or Armstrong, write like them, your lordship's classical taste will relish their works, and patronize the authors. You, my lord, are said to be not only a *Patron*, but a *Judge*, and Malloch adds, that he wishes, for the honour of our country, that this praise were not, *almost exclusively*, your own. I wish too, for the honour of *my* country, and to preserve your lordship from the contagion of a malignant *envy*, that you would not again give *permission* to a *Scottish* scribbler to sacrifice almost the whole body of *our* nobility to his itch of panegyric on you, or pay from you; and I submit, whether a future inconvenience may not result from so remarkable an instance how certain and speedy the way to obtain the *last* is, by means of the *first*.

Almost all the sciences, my lord, have at length made so great a progress in England, that we are become the objects of jealousy to the rest of Europe, but under your auspices, *Botany* and *Tragedy* have now reached the utmost height of perfection. Not only the *System of*

“ The same man published Lord Bolingbroke's Posthumous Works, for which a Presentment was made against him by the *Grand Jury of Middlesex*. Pensioner Johnson said, that Lord Bolingbroke had charged a blunderbuss with all manner of combustibles against the human race, and that he dared not let it off himself, but had hired a rascal to pull the trigger.”

In the octavo Abridgment of Johnson's Dictionary, is an article of “ alias for otherwise, as *Mallet* otherwise *Malloch*.”

Power,

Power, but the *Vegetable System* likewise has been compleated, by the joint labours of your lordship, and the great doctor Hill. Tragedy, under Malloch and the Home, has with us rivalled the Greek model, and united the different merits of the great moderns. The fire of Shakespeare, and the correctness of Racine, have met in your two countrymen. One other exotic too I must not forget: Arthur Murphy, gent. He has the additional merit of *acting* no less than of *writing*, so as to touch, in the most exquisite manner, all the fine feelings of the human frame. I have scarcely ever felt myself more forcibly affected, than by this excellent, but poor, neglected player, except a few years ago at the duchess of Queensbury's, where your lordship so frequently *exhibited*. In one part, which was remarkably *humane* and *amiable* †, you were so great, that the general exclamation was, *here you did not act*. In another *part* you were no less perfect. I mean in the famous scene of Hamlet, where you pour *fatal poison into the ear* of a good unsuspecting King. If the great names of *Murphy* and *Bute*, as *players*, *pensantur eâdem trutinâ*, it is no flattery to say, that you, my Lord, were not only superior, but even unrivalled by him, as well as by all, who

† Lord Bute was fond of acting *Lothario*. It was the expression of Frederick prince of Wales, echoed by the public, *Here Bute does not act*.

have

have ever appeared on the great stage of the world. As a *writer*, I take Mr. Murphy rather to excel you, except in points of *orthography*; but as an actor, he can form no pretension to an equality. *Nature* indeed, in her utmost *simplicity*, we admire in Mr. Murphy; but *art*, *art* characterizes your lordship.

This too gives your lordship a claim to the dedication of this *Play*. You are perfect in every thing respecting the powers of *acting*. Your whole mind has been formed to it. All your faculties have been directed to this important object. While Mr. Pitt, lord Temple, and others, your contemporaries, unmindful of such great acquirements, were only preparing themselves for the national business of parliament, and beginning to take a distinguished part in that single sphere, you, after a seven years SERVICE in the *House of Peers*, were become perfect in your various parts, and condescended to tread many a private stage in the highest buskins of pompous, sonorous tragedy. With what superior success I record with pleasure. Mr. Pitt and his noble brother are now both in a private station, you hold the first office of this kingdom, and enjoy, *almost exclusively*, the smiles of your Sovereign. They have only the empty applause of their country. This too they share with others; a duke of Newcastle and Devonshire; a marquis of Rockingham; an earl of Hardwick; and the two spirited young nobles, who stand so high in fame and

virtue, whom England glories that she can call her own, the dukes of * Grafton and Portland. These illustrious characters will ever be respected by your lordship for their ardent love of our *Sovereign* and of *Liberty*, as well as honoured by *this* nation, as the declared, determined, and combined enemies of despotic, insolent, contemptible *favouritism*.

As *Tragedy* and *Botany* have thus reared their heads, give me leave to recommend to your lordship one important point respecting the *Sciences* and the *Belles Lettres*, which still remains unsettled: I mean *orthography*. The French Academy has fixed it for their nation; and yet a bold modern, Voltaire, has dared to deviate from their rules. He endeavours to establish a new *orthography*, still nearer approaching to the pronunciation. With a polite nobleman, this must bear the palm, if not of correctness, yet of grace and elegance. Some specimens of this kind in our own tongue, which your lordship has seen, have much amused me, although the deviations from the vulgar mode might not perhaps be supported with the learned arguments of that amazing French genius. Indeed, my lord, the *letters*, to which I allude, are so curious,

* The duke of Grafton afterwards sold himself to the *Thane*, repented of the good he had unwittingly done, asked pardon, and was forgiven. By way of atonement, and to accommodate himself to his new friends, he grew arbitrary, mischievous, and cruel, in a manner worthy the *base blood* of the remorseless, tyrant line of the *Stuarts*.

that I wish for a *fac simile* of them, as we have of one famous *genuine letter* of your countryman Archibald Bower †. They would, I am persuaded, excel all the curious manuscripts in your university of Aberdeen, or among the immense collection of learned books of your late valuable purchase in the Argyle library. May I not therefore hope, that as the *Definitive Treaty* is now signed, your lordship's labours will be directed to this important point, and that we may expect to see a compleat *Orthographical Dictionary*, to determine the knotty point of *Britain* for *Briton*, which has of late puzzled that great writer, the GREAT BRITON ‡ himself, notwithstanding the excellence of his *Scottish* education? Ease and elegance will, I am persuaded, still attend your lordship, as inseparably as they have ever done, nor will you in this case be in danger of being forsaken by them, although *Benedict*, or, if you please, in your own botanical phrase, *Carduus Benedictus*, says, *now he is turned ORTHOGRAPHER*, his

† Vide Dr. John Douglass's several pamphlets relative to Bower's correspondence with the Jesuits.

‡ These endearing words, *Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Britain*, were permitted to be seen in the above royal Orthography, of *Britain* for *Briton*. Some pretended to give an *Icon Basiliak* of his sacred Majesty King George the Third from that single word. The political writer, the *Briton*, in several passages followed the royal Orthography.

words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes.

I should have added, my lord, that the *Play*, of which I now make the humble offering, is a *Tragedy*, the most grave and moral of all poems. With a happy propriety, therefore, it comes inscribed to your lordship, the most *grave*, the most *moral*, of all men. A *witty comedy* I would never have offered to your lordship, nor indeed to any of your countrymen. Wit is an *ignis fatuus*, which bewilders and leads astray. It is the *primrose path*, which conducts to folly. Your lordship has never deviated into it. You have marched on with solemn dignity, keeping ever the true *tragic* step, and on the greatest occasions, *SO known, SO honoured*—at the *House of Lords* *, exhibiting to the world what you learned on the stage, the most pompous diction with the boldest theatrical swell, infinitely superior to all the light airs of wit or humour. The easy *sock* of laughing comedy you never condescended to wear.

I have one thing more to urge to your lordship, as this *Play* is unhappily imperfect. Your

* Grac'd as thou art with all the *pow'r of words*,
So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords.

POPE.

These two lines on *Lord Mansfield* are rather bathos and burlesque than panegyrick; but Mr. Wilkes seriously and fatally experienced his Lordship's *power of words* in the alteration of the records.

lordship loves the stage: So does Mr. Murphy. Let me intreat your lordship to assist your *friend* in perfecting the weak scenes of this *Tragedy*, and from the crude labours of Ben Johnson and others, to give us a compleat *Play*. *It is the warmest wish of my heart, that the Earl of BUTE may speedily compleat the story of ROGER MORTIMER.* I hope that your lordship will *graciously* condescend to undertake this arduous task, to which parts like yours are peculiarly adapted. A variety of anecdotes in real life will supersede the least necessity of poetical fiction. To you every thing will be easy. The *fifth Act* of this *Play* will find those *great talents* still in full vigour, even after you have run so wonderful a career. If more *important* concerns, either of business or *amusement*, engage you too much, I beg, my lord, that you will please *royally* to COMMAND Mr. Murphy, as Mr. Macpherson says you COMMANDED him, to publish the *prose-poems* of Fingal and Temora. Such a work will immortalize your glory in the *literary*, as the *Peace of Paris* will in the *political*, world; and I venture to prophecy, that when the name of ROGER MORTIMER shall be mentioned, that of BUTE will follow to the latest times †.

Give

† This idea does not seem to be disagreeable to the noble Lord, if the following passage of a late Journal be true. “ We

Give me leave now, my lord, to offer my thanks as an Englishman, for your public conduct. At your *accession* to power, you found us a distracted, disunited nation. The late abandoned *minister of the people* had wickedly extended every art of corruption through all ranks of men, the senate not excepted: I speak of the *late venal* parliament. You, my lord, have made us an united and happy nation. Corruption *started like a guilty thing*, upon your summons of Mr. Fox; nor have I since heard of a single instance of undue, unconstitutional influence exerted in the senate. I now speak of the *present virtuous* parliament. Your lordship too, from every foreign court, has received the

“hear with pleasure of the progress of the polite arts even to
 “*ultima Thule*. We are informed from the north of Scotland,
 “that at Mount Stewart, in the isle of Bute, is lately finished
 “a superb cenotaph, of the finest statuary marble.

“The design is best explained in the inscription.

Felici Genio

et

Æternæ Famæ

ROGERI MORTIMER

Comitis de March

Quod monstravit viam

Hoc quale cumque grati animi et honoris monumentum

Posuit

Johannes Stuart

COMES DE BUTE.”

most

most flattering testimonies of an unbounded confidence in your *veracity* and *good faith*, equal to their just sense of your *transcendent abilities*.

I beg pardon, my lord, for having so long detained the *patriot* minister of the *patriot* King, from the great scenes of *foreign* business, or the rooting out corruption at *home*, or the *innocent* employments of his leisure hours. I hope Dr. Hill and the Home will forgive me, and that the great triumvirate having at length completed a *glorious* and *permanent* peace, may in *learned ease*, under the shade of their own *olive*, soon enjoy the full sweets of their own philosophy; for as Candide observes, *cela est bien dit, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin*. In your softer, more envied hours of retirement, I wish you, my lord, the most exquisite pleasures under the shade of the *Cyprian myrtle*. Your *patriot* moments will be passed under the shade of the *Scottish fir*.

I will no longer intrude on your lordship. The *Cocoa Tree* and your countrymen may be impatient to settle with you the *army* and the *finances* of *this* kingdom. I have only to add my congratulations on the peculiar *fame* you have acquired, so adequate to the wonderful acts of your administration. You are in full possession of that *fame* at the head of *Tories* and *Scotsmen*; but alas! my lord, the history of mankind shews how fantastic as well as transitory is *fame*. What an excellent moral of humility are we taught by this? It is mortifying

72 *A Letter from Mr. Wilkes to the Earl of B.*

to reflect that *the meanest have their day*, as well as the most eminent and illustrious. Although Mr. Pitt * is still adored at the head of *Whigs* and

* Of all political adventurers Mr. Pitt has been the most successful, according to the venal ideas of modern statesmen. *Pulteney* sold the people only for a barren title. The mercenary Pitt disposed of his popularity like an exchange-broker. Besides the same title with the other apostate, Pitt secured from the Crown a large *family pension*, and the lucrative *sine-cure of the Privy Seal*, which he held for a few years. His retreat into the House of Lords was a political demise. He *passed away*, but is not yet quite forgotten. His treachery to the cause of the people still loads his memory with curses.

He raised himself to the greatest offices of the state, by the rare talent of command in a popular assembly. He was indeed born an orator, and from nature possessed every outward requisite to bespeak respect, and even awe. A manly figure, with the eagle-face of the famous *Condé*, fixed your attention, and almost commanded reverence, the moment he appeared, and the keen lightnings of his eye spoke the haughty, fiery soul, before his lips had pronounced a syllable. His *tongue dropped venom*. There was a kind of fascination in his look, when he eyed any one *astance*. Nothing could withstand the force of that contagion. The fluent *Murray* has faltered, and even *Fox* shrunk back appalled from an adversary *fraught with fire unquenchable*, if I may borrow the expression of our great *Milton*. He always cultivated the art of speaking with the most intense care and application. He has passed his life in the culling of words, the arrangement of phrases, and choice of metaphors, yet his theatrical manner did more than all, for his speeches could not be read. There was neither sound reasoning, nor accuracy of expression, in them. He had not the power of argument, nor the correctness of language, so striking in the great Roman orator, but he had the *verba ardentia*, the bold, glowing words. This merit was confined to his speeches; for his writings were always cold, lifeless, and incorrect, totally void of elegance and energy, sometimes even offending against the plainest rules of construction.

and *Englishmen* ; he too will experience that
The

construction. In the pursuit of eloquence he was indefatigable. He dedicated all his powers and faculties, and he sacrificed every pleasure of social life, even in youth, to the single point of talking well.

*Multa tulit fecitque puer ; sudavit et alfit ;
Abstinit venere et vino,*

to a greater degree than almost any man of this age.

He acknowledged, that when he was young, he *always* came late into company, and left it early. He affected at first a sovereign contempt of money, and when he was Paymaster, made a parade of two or three very public acts of disinterestedness. When he had effectually duped his credulous friends, as well as a timid ministry, and obtained enormous legacies, pensions, and sine-cure places, the mask dropped off. Private interest afterwards appeared to be the only idol to which he sacrificed. The old duke of Newcastle used to say, *that Mr. Pitt's talents would not have got him forty pounds a year in any country but this.*

At his entrance into Parliament, he attacked *Sir Robert Walpole* with indecent acrimony, and continued the persecution to the last moment of that Minister's life. He afterwards paid servile and fulsome compliments to his memory, not from conviction, as appeared from many other particulars, but to get over a few *Walpolians*. He had no fixed principle, but that of his own advancement. He declared for and against continental connections, for and against German wars, for and against Hanoverian subsidies, &c. &c. still preserving an unblushing, *unembarrassed* countenance, and was the most perfect contradiction of a man to himself which the world ever saw. If his speeches in parliament had been faithfully published to the English, soon after they were delivered, as those of Demosthenes and Cicero were to the Greeks and Romans, he would have been very early detected, and utterly cast off by his countrymen.

He is said to be still living at *Hayes in Kent*,

The greatest can but blaze and pass away ‡.
 I am, my Lord,
 With a zeal and respect equal to your virtues,
 Your Lordship's
 Very humble servant.

March 15, 1763.



To the P R I N T E R.

*Animadversions on Sir JOHN CUST's Speech to
 the ten Oxford Gentlemen for bribery, with the
 Speech annexed.*

S I R,
I B E G you would relieve your reader from
 the dull treatises, and dry muster-roll of cour-
 tiers and patriots, which you have lately pub-
 lished, by reprinting the noblest piece of mo-
 dern eloquence this country has produced. I
 mean the warm and pathetic harangue of the

‡ And what is *fame*? The meanest have their day,
 The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

POPE.

present

present Speaker, *Sir John Cust*, the *Cicero* of Parliament, when he pointed all his thunders, red with uncommon wrath, against the devoted heads of the poor prostrate *Philip Ward*, late mayor of the city of *Oxford*, *John Treacher*, *Sir Thomas Munday*, *Thomas Wise*, *John Nicholes*, *John Philips*, *Isaac Lawrence*, *Richard Tawney*, *Thomas Robinson*, and *John Brown*, who were lately brought, for the high crime of bribery and corruption, to the bar, not only of the most uncorrupted, but the most incorruptible assembly in the world. You will immediately know, Sir, that I can only speak of the *Lower house* of our parliament, and that I allude to those three additional white, classic pages to the *Votes*, which are called there, *The Speech of the Speaker of the House of Commons*.

The *Journals* scarcely ever gratify the public with any speeches, except two at the beginning of each parliament, when the new Speaker is proposed. They are always professed panegyrics, and I will venture to promise every future Speaker, that all the virtues of *Onslow* himself he shall have in the *Journals*, although he has not from nature the strong abilities, nor from himself the wondrous accomplishments of the excellent *Sir John Cust*. It was therefore peculiarly obliging in this gentleman, to enrich our *Journals*, and our language, by yielding to the earnest entreaties of his worthy brother members, whose happy efforts to overcome such almost invincible modesty we can never
enough

enough applaud. We see their joint detestation of bribery and corruption, and the stigma of infamy is now affixed to such enormous guilt. If so baneful a weed is not quite rooted out, it is at least blasted by the *afflatus divinus* of our *Cicero*, and, like the accursed fig-tree, will droop and wither. No man for the future shall ever dare to sign a bargain for 1500 l. to bring his son into parliament. Should ever a *future* Speaker venture on this, I hope to see him on his knees, and that an orator equal to Sir John Cust, if nature is not exhausted by this last perfect production, will pronounce him expelled, and add those awful words, I DO RE-PRIMAND YOU.

This beautiful oration of Sir John Cust, I think, Sir, is not only striking in a general comprehensive view of it, but will likewise bear the nicest scrutiny. It is complete taken in the whole, and nicely finished in every minute part. It may be analysed to as much advantage as any thing in Tully. Although I feel I am unequal to the task, I shall venture to attempt it, because it will be the occasion of my dwelling longer on a performance, which gives more pleasure, the more it is examined.

I shall first consider the oration itself, as branched out under the four general heads of

Exordium

Constitutio causæ

Infectatio

Peroratio,

and

and then I shall examine the four other accessory circumstances of the

Personæ

Tempus

Locus

Eventus.

I begin with the *Exordium*. It is plain and simple, according to all the rules laid down by the ancients. It contains only these words,

Philip Ward, John Treacher, Sir Thomas Munday, Thomas Wise, John Nicholes, John Philips, Isaac Lawrence, Richard Tawney, Thomas Robinson, John Brown.

No *Exordium* was ever built on so firm a foundation. It stands on the legal base of the baptismal Register itself. I do not believe any thing happier could have been conceived, unless the great orator had taken Tully's own *exordium*, pro Archia poeta, *si quid est in me ingenii, quod sentio quam sit exiguum*, &c. but why are we to be charmed with any such false modesty in him, more than we are in his great model, Cicero?

I must confess, with all my partiality about me, that the *Constitutio Causæ* is not so clear and full as I could wish. In the oration, it is only said, *the offence of which you have been guilty, has justly brought you under the severe displeasure of this House.* The title is only, *The Speech of the Speaker of the House of Commons, when he reprimanded Philip Ward, &c. upon their knees, &c. without saying for what crime.* We are
left

left to guess what it could be, and I own, when I read at the beginning, that a *MORE enormous crime they could not well commit*, I did not directly think of bribery and corruption. Although I was a little doubtful *what enormous crime a man might WELL commit*; yet when I heard, that a *MORE enormous crime they could not well commit*, I own, I was afraid they had been guilty of murder, perjury, rape, incest, sodomy, or some other crimes, whose guilt I would imagine to be of a shade of black, darker and deeper than this of bribery and corruption. I was a little relieved when I found that was not the case, and that there was even somewhat of honesty in their proceedings; that they were endeavouring to pay off old debts, by trying to get beforehand a part of the money, which such country-puts falsely imagine their representatives afterwards make of them. I heard too, that the price asked was considerably under the market-price of boroughs; for, Sir, it can no longer be dissembled, that a share of the British legislature has in our times been bought and sold as publicly as a share in the New River Company, or York-Buildings water-works, or either of the Theatres. I admired however, in all this, the noble enthusiastic zeal of Sir John Cust, and the *verba ardentia*, the bold glowing expressions in which that zeal was shewn, a *more enormous crime you could not well commit*. Yet I believe that not many gentlemen in England will be quite so severe upon them. Few
of

of my countrymen would keep company with a murderer, a man perjured, &c. but I am apt to think, that before two months are past, we shall hear of some very respectable personages shaking by the hand, hobbing and nobbing, touching glasses, nay, perhaps condescending even to cuckold these very *Philip Ward, John Treacher, Sir Thomas Munday, Thomas Wise, John Nicholes, John Philips, Isaac Lawrence, Richard Tawney, Thomas Robinson, and John Brown.* If I am rather uncharitable in the last article, Sir, I beg pardon, but it may be, because as to the nature of crimes, I do not hold this modern gallantry to be quite so enormous a sin as some others, and as it is in the eye of *James Boswell, Esq; of Auchinleck in Ayrshire.* That primitive Christian, that admirer of every thing opposite and contradictory, of *Paschal Paoli*, the true hero of liberty in his own country, and of pensioner *Samuel Johnson*, the old arch-enemy of it in our's, whom he wishes to bring together, for the fun, I suppose, of seeing them quarrel, like the two equally congenial spirits of *Hume* and *Jean Jacques*; that gentleman, as well as *Sir John Cust*, ventures on a new system of crimes. In the *Account of Corsica*, page 217, he says, *better occasional murders than frequent adulteries.* Surely, Sir, never any but an Italian with the stiletto in his pocket, and a Highlander with the dirk by his side, ever talked so lightly of murder. I therefore wonder at such an assertion from a

2

gentleman,

gentleman, a man of humanity, and an *Englishman*, for so I call him, as he chose to be our countryman abroad, though not at home. "Upon my arrival the captain of the guard came out, and demanded who I was?" I replied, "*Inglese, English*," page 277. "When I told them that I was an *Englishman*," page 289. I hope Mr. Boswell did not advance such sentiments abroad as the sentiments of *Englishmen*.

This new fangled system, however, of crimes, and consequently of their punishment, broached by Sir John Cust, and James Boswell, Esq; is too deep a disquisition for the generality of mankind. It is not quite so humane as that of the great friend of man, the *Marquis Beccaria*. But whether *adultery* be worse than *murder*, or *bribery* worse than *murder* or *perjury*, I do not think proper questions for such a publication as your's, Sir. As to my own difficulties, I have stated them with modesty.

To swear

In such a case I should be loth——

But PERRY CUST may take his oath.

The GHOST, Book 4.

Two little circumstances of the cause should be mentioned under this head. It appears by the *Votes*, that a private letter had been sent to Sir Thomas Stapleton, and another to Mr. Lee. Now our ingenious orator finds this not
only

only a dangerous, but an OPEN attempt to subvert the freedom and independency of this House; and, in the second place, declares they have set the infamous example of prostitution in the most PUBLIC as well as daring manner——by writing a private letter to two former friends.

If a regard to truth, Sir, has obliged me to find the *Constitutio Causæ* rather deficient, I am glad the *Insectatio* can with justice be said to be compleat. It is touched with wonderful force and spirit, though I am afraid it will be another proof, that the townsmen of Oxford have always hated the university, if they chose in every thing to act the quite opposite part. I beg to quote the whole sentence. “Many circumstances
“concur to aggravate your offence. The place
“of your residence was a singular advantage.
“You had *at all times* the example of one of
“the most learned and respectable bodies in
“Europe before your eyes. Their conduct *in*
“every instance, but especially in the choice of
“their representatives in parliament, was well
“worthy your imitation.” Now this is the true part of an orator, to advance bold, daring assertions, to support them with effrontery, and to leave cold, heavy phlegmatic people afterwards to examine into the dry matter of fact. *At all times—in every instance—and well worthy your imitation?* Let us then go to a few historical facts *in our own times*, since the accession of the house of Brunswick. I wish to know, if the overt acts of treason daily committed at

Oxford, in 1715, did not force the government to send General Pepperel there, in the same military disposition, and with the same orders, he would have had in marching into Dunkirk. Was the conduct of Oxford *at that time* WELL *worthy our imitation*? I hope not, even in the opinion of Sir John Cust, because, I suppose, than treason, *a more enormous crime a man cannot* WELL *commit*. If the conduct of Oxford was then *well worthy of imitation*, the conduct of George I. was to the highest degree cruel and oppressive; but the sober page of history gives the lie to such oratorical declamations, even of Sir John Cust himself; and we now thank the memory of that great Prince for so seasonable an interposition, so spirited an attack on Jacobitism in her strongest hold, her very citadel. When their Chancellor the duke of Ormond, was attainted of high treason, was it *worthy of imitation*, that the University chose for his successor, a man equally disaffected, his own brother, the Earl of Arran? In the late reign, the conduct of the University, particularly of the Vice-chancellor, in the affair of the students, who had publicly drank the Pretender's health *on their knees*, was so infamous, that the government could not wink at it. Even so mild a Prince as George II. was at last forced to a severity painful to his nature, but which the public good rendered necessary, against the most inveterate enemies of his person and family. Was the conduct of Oxford
then

then *worthy of imitation*? Methinks, Sir, I still hear the seditious shouts of applause given to the pestilent harangues of the late Dr. King, when he vilified our great deliverer, the Duke of Cumberland, and repeated with such energy the treasonable REDEAT. Was the conduct of the University, at the opening of the Radcliffe library, by their behaviour to the known enemies of the Brunswick line, and their approbation of every thing hateful to Liberty and her friends, *worthy of imitation*? When I was told of *all times*, and *every instance*, in which Oxford has been exemplary in her conduct, I have been led to consider those two instruments of slavery, the *Oxford decree* in the reign of Charles II. and the *Recognition* at the accession of James II. either of which is a repeal of *Magna Charta*; but I would not go so far back, and I have said enough, Sir, to convince you, that I more admire the art of the orator, and the heavenly fire of his eloquence, than the mere mechanic part, the faithfulness of a memory, which in him is not quite exact.

The *Peroratio* is, alas! too short, but full of dignity, suited to the Majesty of the Commons of Great Britain. I DO REPRIMAND YOU. The little word *do* is very emphatical here. This is not a case where, as Pope says, *feeble expletives their aid DO join*. How weak would the sense, and how poor the expression be, without it?

The last words, *you are discharged, paying your fees*, I fear will to many suggest an idea beneath the dignity of Parliament, and may make the world imagine, that the *fees* were an illegal claim, not recoverable by action, and that therefore Mr. Speaker took the short way of keeping in custody till his own and the clerk's *fees* were paid. But for my part, I believe, that as an orator he talked of the *fees* to add to the terror of the sentence, and the weight of the punishment.

May I now venture to hint at a little omission in the Speech? There is not a word about *undue, unconstitutional influence* in elections, although it would so naturally have come in under the head of preserving the *freedom and independence of this House*. This too seemed the more necessary on so public an occasion, because an appeal had been made so lately to the world in the case of Mr. Legge's Hampshire election, against the Favourite himself, when all the Whigs, as usual, appeared against a Stuart, and were victorious. But, perhaps, we are as much to admire the wisdom and prudence of Sir John Cust, in what he has not said, as in what he has. In this case we should copy the famous Monsieur Omer Joly de Fleury, the Sir Fletcher Norton of the French King, who speaking of the late *pragmatic sanction* for the expulsion of the Jesuits, says, "that he admires the reasons given by the King of Spain, and still more the reasons he has not given any man, but which are hid in his royal breast." Yet, after all,

all, I wish we had got one sentence only on this subject from Sir John Cust, *because every thing must have the greatest weight, which falls from such a height.* Permit me, Sir, to use the fine imagery of the gentle, smooth, silver-tongued Conway, of all our generals confessedly *linguâ melior*——

Let us now, Sir, proceed to the other accessory circumstances, as they are called. The *Personæ* are plainly Mr. Speaker himself, in the chair speaking, the awful terrors of *Olympian Jove* sitting on his majestic brow, three hundred members laughing and listening, the poor culprits, mace and train-bearers, &c. affecting to be grave and solemn, with looks of meek submission, downcast and low, fix'd on the floor, lest they should be burnt up by the flashes of fire from the indignant eyes of the *Speaker*, but they are all *mutæ personæ*, except Sir John Cust himself, and therefore are beneath our further attention.

For the *Tempus*, there is something singular to be remarked. The letters which contained the corrupt offer, are dated in the year 1766. One is of May 12, 1766. The first notice taken of them in the House, is January 26, 1768, and the *Reprimand* is February 10, 1768; yet we see in the Votes, *Veneris 5^o die Februarii, 1768*, “ Resolved, that this House doth
“ highly approve of the very *honourable* conduct of the *honourable* Robert Lee, and Sir
“ Thomas Stapleton, Bart. on their receipt of
F 3 “ the

“ *the said letters.*” This is rather hard of digestion. Why did not those gentlemen, the first day of the sitting of the House, *after the receipt of the said letters*, make *themselves* a complaint to parliament? Why was it left to be done by *another* so long after, and without their privity or consent? No complaint is made till near two years after the transaction; and as perhaps the finances, no less than the consciences of the honourable Robert Lee and Sir Thomas Stapleton, Bart. were found not to suit with the offer, it will, I fear, be suspected, that pique and disappointment seemed to have made them at last join in measures, which the *generous disdain* the Speaker mentions could not at first produce.

As for the *Locus*, Sir, it is the chapel of St. Stephen, which formerly glowed with a holy zeal for religion, and afterwards with the bright flame of patriotism, while William Pulteney, and William Pitt—but their names fill my eyes with tears——Virtue left them, and they the people. Dazzled with the lure of titles, places and pensions, they fell into rank apostacy, and their names now only remain a terror to all who would dare such guilt, to meet so vain, so unsatisfactory a recompence, while the Liberty of England shall find firm and undaunted guardians, to the latest ages, within these sacred walls.

As to the *Eventus*, it shall be told very short. An artful attorney, an accomplice in the guilt,
drew

drew his associates into the snare, and then left them. One of the most amiable, and excellent peers of this country, whose family have, for above a century, done very signal services to the city of Oxford, has by the treachery of those, who owe all to that bounty, and by the mean and artful contrivances of some *ignoble* persons of the first rank, lost his influence in a place, where honour is no longer regarded. As for the rest, *Philip Ward, John Treacher, Sir Thomas Munday, Thomas Wise, John Nicholes, John Philips, Isaac Lawrence, Richard Tawney, Thomas Robinson, and John Brown*, were discharged, paid their *fees*, went down to Oxford; and when they make any future libations *on their knees*, they will, I hope, although on the banks of *Isis*, drink *loyal* healths.

I am,
Sir, your's,

A. B.

*The Speech of the Speaker of the House of
Commons,*

When he reprimanded *Philip Ward*, late Mayor of the City of Oxford; *John Treacher, Sir Thomas Munday, Thomas Wise, John Nicholes, John Philips, Isaac Lawrence, Richard Tawney*, all of the said City; *Thomas Robinson and John Brown*, late Bailiffs of the said City; upon their knees at the bar of the said House,

upon *Wednesday* the 10th Day of *February*,
1768.

Philip Ward, John Treacher, Sir Thomas Munday, Thomas Wise, John Nicholes, John Phillips, Isaac Lawrence, Richard Tawney, Thomas Robinson, John Brown ;

THE offence of which you have been guilty has justly brought you under the severe displeasure of this House. *A more enormous crime you could not well commit* : since a deeper wound could not be given to the constitution itself, than by the open and dangerous attempt which you have made to subvert the freedom and independence of this House.

The freedom of this House is the freedom of this country, which can continue no longer than while the voices of the electors are uninfluenced by any base or venal motive. For, if abilities and integrity are no recommendation to the electors ; if those who bid highest for their voices are to obtain them from such detestable considerations ; this House will not be the representatives of the people of Great Britain. Instead of being the guardians and protectors of their liberties, instead of redressing the grievances of the subject, this house itself will be the author of the worst of grievances : they will become the venal instruments of power to reduce this happy nation, the envy and admiration of the world, to the lowest state of misery and servitude.

tude. This is the abject condition to which you have attempted to bring your fellow-subjects.

Many circumstances concur to aggravate your offence. *The place of your residence was a singular advantage.* You had at all times the example of one of the most learned and respectable bodies in Europe before your eyes. Their conduct *in every instance*, but especially in the choice of their representatives in parliament, was well *worthy* your imitation.

You are magistrates of a great city. In such a station, it was a duty peculiarly incumbent upon you to watch over the morals of your fellow-citizens; to keep yourselves pure from venality; and to prevent, by your influence, those under your government, from being tainted by this growing and pestilential vice. How have you abused this trust! You yourselves have set the infamous example of prostitution, in the most public and daring manner.

Surely you must have felt some remorse from the generous disdain with which your corrupt offer was rejected by your representatives. They thought, and justly thought, that a seat in this House, obtained by a free and independent choice of their constituents, was the highest honour to which a subject can aspire; and that discharging their duty, as such representatives, was the noblest of services. Sorry I am to say, that these considerations do not appear to have had the least weight with you.

However,

However, you have at last acknowledged your guilt ; and, by your petition yesterday, you seem conscious of the enormity of your offence. This House, in the terrors of its judgments, *always* thinks upon mercy ; nor do they ever inflict punishment but for the sake of example, and to prevent others from becoming the objects of their resentment.

The censure passed upon you will, they hope, have that effect. You are now the objects of their mercy ; and are brought to the bar to be discharged.

May you be penetrated with a due sense of their justice and lenity ! May you atone for your past offence, by your constant endeavours to make a right use of the invaluable privileges which you enjoy as electors ! Consider these privileges as a sacred trust reposed in you. Discharge it with integrity.

But, before you rise from your present posture, I do, in obedience to the commands of this House, REPRIMAND you.

I am now to acquaint you, that you are discharged, *paying your fees.*

Paper relative to a most horrid Massacre committed in St. George's Fields, on the 10th of May, 1768.

To the P R I N T E R.

May 20.

THE present times have produced a wonderful variety of *state letters*, which have for a time amused, and fixed the attention of the public. Lord *Holland* gave us a very curious one addressed to the members, about his *taking the conduct of the House of Commons* *. Lord *Chatham* favoured us with another in excuse of his wife's title, and his own pension, and I suppose we shall have a second about his own title and place. But the present hero with the publick is Lord *Barrington* † ; and I have seen no letter

• Spanish Papers, page 36, in the Note.

† “ S I R,

— Office, May 11, 1768.

“ HAVING this day had the honour of mentioning to
 “ the King the behaviour of the detachments from the several
 “ battalions of Foot Guards, which have been lately employed
 “ in assisting the Civil Magistrates, and preserving the public
 “ peace, I have great pleasure in informing you, that his Ma-
 “ jesty highly approves of the conduct of both officers and men,
 “ and means that his royal approbation should be communi-
 “ cated to them through you. Employing the troops on so
 “ disagreeable a service always gives me pain, but the circum-
 “ stances

letter of so much importance in itself, so pregnant with future mischief, as that said to be his Lordship's. The two first letters have been only laughed at, but the last has been much wept over. The alarm it has given is indeed general, but I hope, by means of the press, to be the happy instrument of quieting the minds of men, who are now in greater apprehensions for the fate of the civil liberty of this country than I ever remember.

The paper, Sir, is a letter signed *B—*, and dated *— Office, May 11, 1768*, and relates to the horrid massacre in St. George's Fields on the day before, for which the officers and soldiers are thanked by the Secretary at War, in the King's name, as it is generally supposed, but, I believe, very unjustly.

I find that three different opinions about this paper prevail among my friends. The first, but the most improbable, is, that the signature

“stances of the times make it necessary. I am persuaded they
 “see that necessity, and will continue, as they have done, to
 “perform their duty with alacrity. I beg you will be pleased
 “to assure them, that every possible regard shall be shewn to
 “them; their zeal and good behaviour upon this occasion de-
 “serve it; and in case any disagreeable circumstance should hap-
 “pen in the execution of their duty, they shall have every de-
 “fence and protection that the law can authorize, and this
 “office can give. I have the honour to be, Sir,

“Your most obedient,

“And most humble servant,

B.”

*To the field officer, and staff in waiting, for the three regiments
 of Guards.*

B—— means Lord *Barrington*, and that *—— Office, May 11, 1768*, means the *War Office*. The second, rather more probable, is, that *B——* means Lord *Bute*, and *—— Office*, is his Lordship's *private office*, from whence it is known, that every order of importance, even every hint of what is to be done, has for several years issued. But the third opinion, to which I adhere, is, that the letter is an absolute forgery, invented by some Scottish Jacobite, to create future murders among us, as well as to throw an eternal odium, and indelible infamy on the present administration, which he well knew nothing could so thoroughly effect.

The first opinion, that such a letter could come from Lord *Barrington*, is absolutely impossible. Let us but one moment take into consideration his Lordship's political character, and we shall see that he never could be the author of such an outrage on the civil power of his native country in compliment to the military. He is no military man. Prowess never made any part of his character. He is confessedly *sola libidine fortis*. He knows no campaigns, but in the field of love, and during the winter in the House of Commons, where no minister ever found a *mutiny and desertion* bill necessary with respect to him, any more than the other troops not in regimentals, who are in the pay of the treasury. *Pliability* alone has distinguished him. I know no where so slight and flimsy a man ;
such

such a mere panado lord. He was only remarkable in the late reign for being a kind of *make-weight* among the ministers. There is scarcely a department of the state he has not filled for a few hours, or a few days, sometimes, till the Great could agree, for a few weeks. If there was any little dirty job in the old King's time to be carried with respect to Hanover, it was left to his management; but he never was employed in any thing of real importance. He therefore never could be thought of for the boldest measure which ever minister ventured upon, the thanking officers and soldiers for an act, which different counties, and more than one *jury*, had found to be *wilful murder*, and the desiring them to go on the same way with *alacrity*. In such a service, it is not sufficient that a man has no principle; he must be a bold, daring, wicked man, of sterner stuff than Lord *Barrington*, and of better parts, to varnish over the black deeds he has perpetrated himself, or commanded and applauded in others. In the present case there is only a heart to approve, there is no tongue to justify, such an atrocious villainy.

I have another strong reason on this head. Lord *Barrington* is an Englishman. Would an *Englishman* have thanked *Scottish* officers and soldiers for having, in so inhuman a way, spilt the blood of his innocent countrymen; for it is clear, that every person killed was at the time harmless and inoffensive, and had been so the whole

whole day? One was on a hay-cart, another felling oranges, a third walking in the road, &c. The letter says, that the writer has *a pleasure in informing them, that his Majesty highly approves*—what? this rank and foul murder? I am sure, Sir, that assertion cannot be true, and could I believe that Lord *Barrington* talked of such a thing being his *pleasure*, I should hold his Lordship in horror, as the blackest soul that ever animated a human body. It would make every other man shudder; and whoever can *approve* such a fell and horrid deed, as the late bloody massacre, I desire he may do me the honour to *disapprove* every single action of my life, and grace me with the sanction of his *displeasure*.

As Secretary of War, it must be supposed that the noble Lord is exactly informed of all the transactions of that memorable Tuesday, with respect to the military. How then could his Lordship set his hand to a known falsehood, in thanking the officers and soldiers for *preserving the public peace*, which was only broke by themselves? Till the arrival of this *Scottish* detachment, every thing was quiet both in and about the prison: afterwards they raised a disturbance by the rough manner of treating the people, by their abuse, their menaces, and the actually pushing at and wounding them with their bayonets. There was not the shadow of a pretence for the military's being called in at first, and as little for their insolent and cruel behaviour

haviour when they came. They in fact caused a tumult near the prison, and then fired repeatedly on every body indiscriminately, as well there as at a considerable distance from it, on people in the neighbouring fields, and on the passengers in two high roads. There has not been such a massacre of English by Scotsmen since *Prestonpans* and *Falkirk*. That Tuesday wore a more military appearance in St. George's Fields, than any day since the *Revolution*. Mr. *Wilkes* told his friends, that he thought he lay in camp that and the two following nights, such was the din and clashing of arms, such the neighing and trampling of the cavalry. The marches and counter-marches of the troops, their divisions and subdivisions, the foot advancing, attacking, and afterwards pursuing, as in the case of poor young Allen, killing those they might have taken prisoners, the horse at full speed, galloping backwards and forwards, and firing, made the Tuesday seem a day of battle, and the people the enemies, not the unarmed dutiful subjects of a gracious King, at full peace with them. Such a day has not been in England since the accession of the mild house of Brunswick. May our annals never tell of such another! Good God! Sir, can Lord *Barrington* call this *doing their duty with alacrity*, and declare that the King *approves* such unprovoked cruelty? it can never be. I will never believe it. The letter cannot be wrote by any man, who has the common feelings of humanity,

nity,

nity, much less by a nobleman of education, brought up not under the Tories, but under the true friends of liberty, who is of some sort of character and abilities, and though not *too full of the milk of human kindness*, not a barbarian, nor a savage blood-thirsty minister of the absolute decrees of a sanguinary *Muley Ismael*.

But it is possible that the signature *B——* may mean Lord *Bute*, and *—— Office* may be *his private office*, from whence, without the King's knowledge, so many orders of the last importance have issued, as much the fabric of his Lordship and his private junto, as their Peace of Paris, although neither the name of *Stuart* nor *Bute* appeared even to that, but others were ordered to sign. We cannot see in a more glaring light, the difference between a beloved King and a detested Favourite than we now do at home. The King loves the English, and is beloved by them. *Bute* hates, and is hated by the whole body of this nation. In the year 1763, he would not venture to dine with the Lord Mayor in our capital, till he had secured a set of bruisers as his body-guard, under the conduct of one *Richardson*, and contracted with him *to insure his life* for the day. How narrowly has he twice escaped here the fury of an injured people? and may he ever escape it, to be reserved for the just punishment of his *public crimes*, after so fair a trial and so full a conviction, that scarcely a Scot or a courtier may remain, who will have so

little sense of shame as even to whisper that he is guiltless ! From his whole conduct, we may be sure the late *massacre* is grateful to him, though not to his master, who wishes to see us *live* and prosper, whereas the interest of the *real minister*, the Scot, is that we may be *destroyed*, or at least broke down to his yoke, that his creatures may seize and riot in the spoils, and therefore the letter desires the troops to go on, *as they have done, with alacrity*, that is, to be his *murdering ministers*, to kill the English, like flocks of sparrows, in absolute wantonness, without pity or remorse.

I am, however, Sir, rather inclined to think, that the letter in question is a forgery. It states in express terms an absolute impossibility, *that his majesty highly approves of the conduct of both the officers and men, and means that his royal approbation should be communicated to them.* In the conclusion, it is said, *that every possible regard shall be shewn to them ; their zeal and good behaviour upon this occasion deserve it, and in case any DISAGREEABLE CIRCUMSTANCE should happen, in the execution of their duty, they shall have every defence and protection that the law can authorize, and this office can give.* It cannot be, Sir, that the first magistrate of this country could command such thanks to be given to the officers and soldiers for what an English jury had found to be *wilful murder*, and that this first magistrate should be a Prince of the house of Brunswick. There cannot be imagined so

great an inconsistency. Then, to allude to such a crime as murder, and to call it only a DIS-AGREEABLE CIRCUMSTANCE, to promise *every possible regard, every defence, every protection*, which words must be intended to hold out the idea and hope of a PARDON, and to beg the troops to be eager to commit future *murders* on the same condition, and such full security, by desiring them *to continue* AS THEY HAVE DONE, *to perform their duty* WITH ALACRITY; all these particulars harrow up my soul, and would leave it a prey to madness and despair, if I were not satisfied the whole was a forgery, a mere invention of some malignant spirit, who seeks our destruction. The King, I am persuaded, is grossly abused in this affair, and his sacred name unwarrantably made use of to purposes he neither knows, nor can approve. His royal heart, I am sure, bleeds for the late cruel and unjust sufferings of his dear people, whom he loves and cherishes, and I expect that we shall soon see a proclamation for the apprehending of *Alexander Murray, Esq;* who has absconded since the verdict of the coroner's inquest, in the same manner as there was in the late reign for his name-sake and uncle, although that was only for refusing to kneel before the House of Commons, not for *wilful murder*. The King is our common father, and we know him to be an *indulgent* and *merciful* parent to us all. We are therefore sure that he grieves still *more* than we do at the unmerited distress

and irreparable loss of some worthy families. Besides the *painful* feelings which the tenderness of his nature cannot fail to give on so affecting an occasion, he has the additional concern as our Sovereign, as the great guardian of the lives of the people committed to his care, that he lost several good and faithful subjects, who might have been as useful to the state as to their own families, now, alas ! for ever deprived of all hope and comfort——But, Sir, my mind is too deeply affected to dwell longer on such horrid scenes of cruelty and carnage—I am forced to conclude, but I cannot forbear crying out in the words of Shakespeare,

I think our country sinks beneath the yoke.
It weeps: it bleeds ; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds.

I am, &c.

A M O N U M E N T

Erected over the Grave of Mr. ALLEN, junior, in the Church-Yard of St. Mary Newington, Surry; it had been placed twice before, but taken away on account of some disputed points. On the Sides are the following Inscriptions:

E A S T.

O, Earth! Cover not thou my blood, &c.
J O B xvi. 18.

N O R T H.
Sacred to the Memory of
W I L L I A M A L L E N,
An Englishman of unspotted Life and amiable
Disposition,
Who was inhumanly murdered near St. George's Fields,
The 10th day of May, 1768,
By Scottish Detachments from the Army.
His disconsolate Parents, *Inhabitants of this Parish,*
Caused this Tomb to be erected to an only Son,
Lost to them and to the World, in his Twentieth Year,
As a Monument of his *Virtues* and their *Affection*.

S O U T H.
O disembod' d Soul! most rudely driven
From this low Orb (our sinful Seat) to Heav'n,
While filial Piety can please the Ear,
Thy Name will still occur for ever dear:
This very Spot now humaniz'd shall crave
From all a Tear of Pity on thy Grave.
O Flow'r of Flow'rs, which we shall see no more,
No kind returning Spring can thee restore;
Thy Loss thy hapless Countrymen deplore.

W E S T.
Take away the wicked from before the King,
and his Throne shall be established in Righte-
ousness. PROV. XXV. 5.

On the same Monument is the following Inscription :

Here also lies interred, the Remains of
S A R A H N E W S H A M,
The ONLY remaining Child of
W I L L I A M A L L E N,
Who survived a few Months
The cruel Death of her beloved Brother,
She died December 7th, 1768,
aged 23 Years.

O B S E R V A T I O N S.

*MURDER may pass unpunish'd for a time,
But tardy justice will o'ertake the crime :
And oft a speedier pain the guilty feels ;
The hue and cry of heaven pursues him at the heels.*

DRYDEN.

WHEN a man becomes a member of any particular political society, he gives up to that society the right of revenging any injury done to him as an individual. The highest wrong a parent can suffer, is the unmerited loss of an affectionate and virtuous son. This is the case of Mr. Allen, who has no more the comfort of an only son of the greatest hopes. It was generally believed, that he was murdered by one Maclane, a Scottish soldier of the third regiment. The father prosecuted. Administration undertook the defence of the soldier ;
the

the solicitor of the treasury, Mr. Nuthall, the deputy solicitor, Mr. Francis, and Mr. Barlow of the Crown-office, attended the trial, and it is said, paid the whole expence for the prisoner out of the treasury, to the amount of two thousand pounds sterling. The defence set up was, that young Allen was not killed by Maclane, but by another Scottish soldier of the same regiment, one MacLaughlin, who confessed it at the time to the justice, as the justice says, though he owns he took no one step against a person, who declared himself a murderer in the most express terms to this magistrate, sworn to administer the laws. The perfect innocence of the young man, as to the charge of being concerned in any riot or tumult, is universally acknowledged, and a more general good character is no where to be found. This MacLaughlin soon made his escape, therefore was a deserter as well as a murderer; yet he has had a discharge sent him, with an allowance of one shilling a day, instead of a proclamation issued with a reward to apprehend him as a deserter and a murderer. These facts are fairly stated. Now I ask, if it is possible for an administration to wound deeper the fundamental principles of all government; or, to shew more clearly, that there is now no security under this set of ministers, for the life of the subject; and if a continuance of power, in such hands, does not threaten a dissolution of our body politic, and of this civil society?

A Collection of fugitive Pieces printed in the News Papers, relative to the Essay on Woman, and the North Briton, No. 45.

To the P R I N T E R.

AMong the various discoveries made of late, not the least wonderful, is that of G. T. in your last Chronicle. He is very angry with Mr. Wilkes, for having asserted, before the Court of King's Bench, that *no one instance of falsehood has yet been pointed out in that pretended libel*, speaking of the North Briton, No. 45. and says, *he will take the liberty of pointing out one (falsehood) which he thinks ALL mankind must acknowledge.* The passage he quotes, is, *No advantage of any kind accrued to the King of Prussia from our negociation with France.* Now, Sir, I agree entirely with Mr. Wilkes, and I will state my reasons to you, why I cannot think *ANY part of mankind will acknowledge* the falsehood of that assertion in No. 45, because it happens to be exactly true.

Before I consider G. T.'s reasons, I will premise that this discovery is quite new. It escaped the sagacity of our present great financier, Lord North, who could not find one word *false* in that whole paper, although he was challenged to it in express words by Mr. Wilkes, in the House of Commons, when his Lordship almost choaked himself, as well as stunned his audience
on

on the first day of the session, in 1763. I was present, I saw him foam at the mouth, and heard him guggle in the throat, that I thought he would have been strangled; but, after all his efforts, not a word could he get out about the proof of a single *falsehood* in any part of that paper, although his Lordship moved, that it was a *false, scandalous, seditious libel, &c.* If there was any *falsehood* in it, do not you suppose, Sir, that the word *false*, formerly thought so necessary, to make any thing a *libel*, would have found its place in an information against Mr. Wilkes, to be tried before Lord Mansfield? Do you not believe, Sir, that if the shadow of a proof only could have been had *but the night before the trial came on*, his Lordship would as readily have consented to add the word *false* to the *record*, as he compelled the alteration of the word *purport* for that of *tenor*? I fancy no more difficulty would have been experienced in the one case, than was in the other.

Now, Sir, I follow G. T. He adds, “All the world knows that our King, by that negotiation, took the whole French army off the King of Prussia’s hands. Is it no advantage to be rid of 50 or 60000 enemies? The man must be void either of sense or shame, who will deny it to be one.” *Taking an army off a man’s hands*, is a strange expression; but if this writer must have his own phrase, *the French army was taken off the King of Prussia’s hands* so as no longer to be dreaded, a good while before this. Repeated
victories

victories of their enemies had ruined their best troops, and they were evacuating Germany as fast as they could. I desire G. T. to recollect how very few acres and villages in the whole empire, were at that period in the possession of the French army, which then certainly amounted to little more than 30000 men. They were no longer in a capacity of acting on the offensive, and began actually to retreat with the utmost expedition, before the last negociation with France. The king of Prussia was every where victorious. His valour and conduct, with a variety of lucky events, had entirely re-established his affairs, and put him in so fortunate a condition, that he dictated himself the terms of the peace he made. It is so far from being true, that *any advantage accrued to the King of Prussia from our negotiation with France*, that it was a real *disadvantage* to him, for the French knew the negociation of the peace was in the hands of Lord Bute, and that so far from supporting our great Protestant ally, his Lordship was determined to abandon him. The King of Prussia complained, that he was actually betrayed by the Scottish minister, and he spoke publicly of the offers made by his Lordship before this to the late Czar, for dismembring his dominions.

I heard Lord Bute declare in a great assembly, that *the dominions of the King of Prussia were to be scrambled for*; the most indecent, vulgar, and infamous expression for an ally of
the

the crown of England, which any minister ever uttered.

It may be added, Sir, to all these facts, that the passage G. T. ventures to call a *falsehood*, is not even objected to in the information filed in the King's Bench. Would no notice have been taken of it, were it such a *falsehood as all mankind must acknowledge?*

I suspect G. T. to be one of the many scribblers in the papers, who are paid by Lord Bute, for he quotes *false* to avoid a compliment to the King of Prussia. In No. 45. it is, *no advantage of any kind has accrued to that MAGNANIMOUS PRINCE, &c.*

Now, Sir, I will ask you, if G. T. has either *sense* or *shame?* If he will try his hand at any other passage in No. 45, I promise him the same success, as I believe you find he has had on the present occasion.

A. B.

Monday, May 2.

Q U E R I E S.

WAS Mr. W—s educated as a member of the church of England, or a dissenter?

Answer. The father of Mr. W—s was a churchman; the mother is a dissenter. The tutor of Mr. W—s was a presbyterian parson; Mr. W—s came very early into life, and married a presbyterian lady. He sometimes went to meeting in town with her; but at Aylebury,

bury, for many years, he went to church regularly twice on Sundays, and generally received the sacrament there, which he never did in any dissenting congregation. He subscribed, however, for many years, twelve guineas a year to a fund for supporting the civil and religious rights of the dissenters; at the head of which was the late Dr. Benjamin Avery, a gentleman of the most respectable character.

2. Has he continued in the profession of the religion he was educated in? or has he declared himself otherwise?

Answer. He has continued a member of the church of England, and has declared himself so on many occasions, and never otherwise. He goes sometimes to church, and receives the sacrament according to the rites of the church of England. He both abroad and at home avowed himself a member of that best reformed Protestant establishment of his own country, but in opinion for the full toleration of all the sectaries. He was for two years church-warden of the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, and always regularly attended his parish-church.

3. What place of worship did Mr. W—s commonly frequent during his four years residence in France?

Answer. He went almost every Sunday with his daughter to the Ambassador's chapel, where the service of the church of England is performed. His daughter has been educated by himself, and is of the church of England. She has

has never been in a nunnery, where most of the English ladies educated in France, are sent.

4. Did Mr. W—s ever in that time address the *Grand Monarch* in terms so full of duty and respect to his person, as the author of the *North Briton*, No. 45, has done his *Britannic Majesty*?

Answer. He never did address the *Grand Monarch* in any terms whatever.

5. How could this prodigy of liberty breathe so long in the land of slavery, without one of his explosions in favour of freedom, such as we experience here at every trip he makes to visit us?

Answer. Mr. W—s from Paris fully stated his political conduct to the electors of Aylesbury, defended in various anonymous papers the cause of liberty, and his *history of England* will soon prove how usefully he has been employed.

6. What number of persons does his committee consist of, and who are they?

Answer. This is a most impudent question from a man who does not put his own name.

7. Would it not become the dignity of that respectable body, who have taken upon them the important office of conservators of the peace, to publish their names and places of abode? that the public may know where to apply for the preservation of *there* (their) persons from injury, and their houses from being pulled

pulled about their ears, whenever their obsequious mobs are put in motion.

Answer. The gentlemen are well known, and known to be gentlemen of worth and honour, but their motto is, *prodesse quam conspici*, *More useful than conspicuous.*

To the P R I N T E R.

YOUR correspondent of April 23, who dates his letter from Kent, and signs it *Common Sense*, would have done well to have given a little more attention to what he read before he made a charge of a *palpable contradiction* on the most consistent man of this age. He says, “Mr. Wilkes, in his address to his electors, calls the last parliament a slavish and venal parliament: the last parliament, by his own confession at Westminster last Wednesday, and the confession of all his friends, freed the nation from General Warrants, contrary to the supposed intention of the Favourite and his associates. How then can they deserve that severe censure? An explanation of this palpable contradiction is desired.” Now, Sir, in Mr. Wilkes’s speech to the court of King’s Bench at Westminster, there is not a single word about the *last parliament*. He speaks only of the *court of King’s Bench* having, on a solemn appeal, declared that *General Warrants* were illegal. I call on your correspondent to quote one word which can bear any allusion to the *last parliament*,
in

in what he says is Mr. Wilkes's *confession*, although I think no speech ever less merited that name. I have heard it often called a full *justification* of himself, a strong *accusation* of Lord Mansfield, but never heard it termed a *confession*, which seems to imply some degree of guilt, whereas Mr. Wilkes does not acknowledge any.

A. B.

To the P R I N T E R.

THE famous No. 45, being now triumphant, and every objection to it having been fully answered, your correspondent K. P. in Wednesday's paper, begins to attack Mr. Wilkes about a parcel of idle verses. He gives himself, however, no other trouble than to transcribe the words of the information, which are notoriously false. He talks of J. W. "most wickedly devising, intending and endeavouring to vitiate and corrupt the minds and morals of his Majesty's subjects, and to introduce and diffuse among the people of this realm, a general debauchery and depravity of manners, and a total contempt of religion, modesty and virtue." Now, Mr. Woodfall, it is scarcely possible to imagine a more unjust or lying charge than this; for it is confessed on all hands, that so far from desiring to have those verses published, Mr. Wilkes took all the pains he could to conceal them. He locked them up in his bureau, and no copy was given to any man. If it was *indis-*
cree

creet to print those verses, it was on the other hand very *discreet* to lock them up ; so that I am puzzled whether I ought to blame or commend him on that head. But, Sir, it is particular that just the same charge was brought against Algernoon Sidney, for *endeavouring to introduce and diffuse among the people of this realm, notions of a commonwealth*, by his book, intitled, *Discourses on Government*, which he dispersed—all over his closet. K. P. goes on to quote that it was “ to the great offence of society, and the wicked corruption of the minds and morals of his Majesty’s subjects ;” whereas, the fact is, that the poem has never appeared yet, but in the House of Lords, and before the court of King’s Bench. I would ask K. P. if he believes Mr. Wilkes brought it to either of those places.

A. B.

To the P R I N T E R.

I Heard a *Man*——— declare, with peculiar complacence and satisfaction, that if Mr. Wilkes was imprisoned for life, it was only a judgment which he had brought upon himself.

I heard a gentleman answer him :—All punishments inflicted by the laws, are judgments which the criminals bring upon themselves ; for no man is supposed to be punished unjustly. But still there is, or should be, a proportion always observed between the crime and the punishment.

And

And if Mr. Wilkes, on the score of his outlawry, is to be perpetually imprisoned;—if this is law, why then, it may happen that a person who has committed an offence, which might subject him to a fine of ten pounds—I say ten pounds, though it might be only ten shillings—If such a person, either through sickness, through ignorance, or obstinacy, shall suffer an outlawry against him to take place, however he may afterwards be cured of his sickness, mistake, or obstinacy, and surrender himself into the hands of justice, will yet have no remedy, but will be liable to forfeit his estate of ten thousand a year, and suffer perpetual imprisonment, for an offence whose fine was ten pounds: I humbly conceive, in this case, there would be no proportion between the crime and the punishment; and that therefore the offender could not be said to have brought this judgment on himself. The *Man*—neither replied, nor blushed. No one wondered that he did not reply. All, but those that knew him well, were surprised he did not blush.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

X. X.

A C A R D.

MR. Smith, of Gray's-Inn, presents his compliments to John Wilkes, Esq; and begs he will be pleased to inform him and the public, whether Mr. Wilkes did not some years since

offer his service to Lord Bute, if he would procure him the government of Quebec.

THE ANSWER.

A FRIEND TO TRUTH presents his compliments to Mr. Smith, of Gray's-Inn. He has seen the card to John Wilkes, Esq; in Tuesday's Gazetteer. Mr. Smith desires to know, "Whether Mr. Wilkes did not, some years since, offer his service to Lord Bute, if he would procure him the government of Quebec?"

Mr. Smith may be assured that Mr. Wilkes never did, directly or indirectly, offer his service to Lord Bute, whom he always believed to be an enemy to the freedom of the subject. He never even had any negociation of any kind with Lord Bute; and the single time he ever had the thought of seeing his Lordship, was when Mr. Wilkes was colonel of the Bucks militia, and Lord Bute secretary of state. He then attended once at Whitehall, as colonel, to have spoken to his Lordship as secretary of state. After two hours attendance, the secretary not coming, Mr. Wilkes went away, and has never since seen Lord Bute but in public, nor made an application of any kind to him.

As to the government of Quebec, or rather Canada, as it was then intended, Mr. Wilkes had declared very publicly, that his ambition was to have gone there the first governor, to have

have reconciled the new subjects to the English, and to have shewn the French the advantages of the mild rule of laws over that of lawless power and despotism; but he never did apply for this, or any thing else, to Lord Bute.

IT has been asserted, that Mr. Wilkes was in negociation for his pardon with the ministers: we have authority from himself to declare, that the assertion is absolutely false, and that he only said to two or three of their friends, he was always ready to take any dutiful, humble, or submissive measure with respect to the King, which should be hinted to him was agreeable, but would never make an application for his pardon to any present or future minister: that such was his resolution and declaration in the first stage of the late business, had been in the subsequent, and should be uniform to the last period of it. It remains to be seen, whether Mr. Wilkes will act up to this declaration, which he actually made.

WHEN Mr. Wilkes was some time ago at the Bedford coffee-house, in a private room with several of his friends, they rallied him about the end of all his patriotic schemes, and said, that he would sink into an insignificant peer, be extinguished as Pulteney and Pitt had been, and go out in a stink.—Mr. Wilkes

seemed rather hurt by the suspicion, and told them, *Well, gentlemen, I see that you are political infidels, but I will give you faith at last; and be assured, when I see those two fellows always hanging in chains before my eyes, I can never consent to be gibbeted to all eternity.*

To the P R I N T E R,

I Have read the letter signed a *Woman's Man*. The letter perfectly answers that trifling appellation, which the sensible part of the other sex is the first to ridicule; except only, that he is rude to the fair Leonora; for as to Mr. Wilkes, his character is too manly to be in any way relished by such fribbles and coxcombs, as are called *Women's Men*. I am sure that Mr. Wilkes will only laugh at him; but I have the leisure, he has not, to converse even with this *Woman's Man*, and I will set him right in several particulars. He says, that Mr. W. *ridicules and abuses all womankind* in a certain poem. Had that poem ever been *published*, he would, on the contrary, have seen that it is the *apotheosis* of the fair sex. I beg a *Woman's Man's* pardon for such a long Greek word. Mr. W. loves the dear creatures but too well, and has given them more of his time than he ought to have done. He has too long been lulled in the lap of pleasure, but is now a public man, and, I trust, his whole soul is devoted to his country,

try,

try, and the great pursuits of Liberty and the Constitution of England. I only say farther, that there is not in the whole poem, to which he alludes, a single line in disparagement of the amiable part of the creation, but some hundreds in its praise, as I have been assured by a gentleman, who once heard it read.

He is very angry, that Mr. Wilkes “took shelter among the hereditary enemies of his country, in a land hostile to Britain, baneful to the name of Liberty——ranks peaceably and quietly among slaves; a true friend of liberty would have fought the highest mountain in Switzerland, rather than breathe four years in the contagious atmosphere of Ægyptian bondage.”——Now, Sir, I think Mr. Wilkes was very wise to chuse Paris for his residence. He could see there more gentlemen of his own country, than in any part of the world out of his Majesty’s dominions. He could more easily, as well as expeditiously, correspond with his friends at home, and was almost at hand to assist them. The great object of all his hopes, an honourable return to his native country, was likewise easier from France, and less likely to be delayed from his being so near to watch the frequent political changes in this kingdom. Another reason too, I believe, weighed much with him. Whatever has any relation to France, must be an object of attention and enquiry, to every man of this country; I had almost said to every individual of every state in Europe. From

its situation, England must necessarily have more frequent and serious quarrels with France, than with any power on the continent; but the ambition, joined to the overgrown power of the Bourbon line, has made the alarm universal, and almost every state regards with a fearful and anxious eye the *family compact*. France is therefore the second object of an Englishman's study. There are now, Sir, but two great nations in Europe, who almost decide the fate of all the rest, at least, as to peace and war. I mean the English and French. Recollect, Sir, what passed after the peaces of Utrecht and Paris. As soon as our guineas and the French louis d'ors remained at home, the rest of Europe found they had not the very nerves of war, and a general peace of course ensued, because England and France willed it. He therefore perhaps thought it the duty of a good Englishman to study minutely the state of France, in order the more effectually to distress her, and to keep in due bounds the only power we have to fear. She is our natural enemy, and must ever remain so while there are *littora littoribus contraria*. It were to be wished, that more of our countrymen would make themselves masters of every particular relative to the strength, the resources, the police, the government of France. It is an humiliating circumstance, that *their* ministers should be so perfectly acquainted with every thing relative to us, should be so well informed as to make the
most

most of every untoward accident against this kingdom, while *our own* ministers remain in such gross ignorance as to their internal state, that we have not for several years reaped the least advantage of their many civil broils and universal discontent. Our ministers are shamefully ignorant themselves, and love to see their creatures have nothing to reproach them with on that head. Mr. Wilkes seems in this, as well as in every thing else, to have pursued a quite contrary course to that of the ministers, and to have studied how to wound an enemy, whom they have been trying to recover, and re-establish in full vigour.

Now, Sir, I will take this opportunity to a *Woman's Man* of saying a word or two of Mr. W's wife. I have heard some of his friends remark, that she is perhaps the woman in the world the most unfit for him, and the only one to whom he would not have been an *uxorious* husband, for he loves a domestic life, but

*Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub juga aenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.*

She was certainly a large fortune, but unhappily half as old again as Mr. W. when he married her. I have often dined with them together in town and country. He was admired as an extremely civil and complaisant husband, rather cold, but exactly well-bred, and set an

example of polite and obliging behaviour in his family, which many of those who find fault with him, would do well to imitate. Her reputation is unspotted, and she still possesses Mr. Wilkes's esteem, though I believe no great share of his tenderness.

I am, &c.

To the P R I N T E R.

THE conversation of the public, and the arguments in Westminster-hall, have lately turned so much upon the *Essay on Woman*, and the manner in which the evidence relative to it was obtained, that I shall make no apology for summing up what has already been printed, and furnishing you with a new affidavit, which has not yet appeared in the papers. It was made by Mr. Kearsly two days before Mr. Wilkes received sentence, and clearly demonstrates, that if the *General Warrant* had not issued contrary to law, scarcely any evidence could have been had against Mr. Wilkes relative to the *Essay on Woman*; for all his letters to Mr. Kearsly, which were almost the only evidence insisted upon, were seized by virtue of that illegal power exercised by Lord Halifax, then secretary of state. Mr. Wilkes therefore is now actually to suffer a year's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of 500 l. because a late infamous administration issued a *General Warrant* against

against the law of the land, and then corrupted a servant to rob his master. I shall only farther premise, that *Mr. Philip Carteret Webb* was at that time solicitor to the treasury; and that Lord Mansfield first in his charge to the jury, again in the report he made on Saturday last to the court of King's Bench, as well as the Rev. Mr. Kidgell in the *Genuine and Succinct Narrative*, were mistaken in making an application to Christianity of the two Greek words, the PRESERVER, not *the SAVIOUR of the world*. The Latin translation too is SERVATOR Orbis or *Mundi*, not SALVATOR. I begin with the quotation, which proves this.

In the postscript to *A letter to J. Kidgell, containing a full answer to this narrative*, printed for J. Williams, next the Mitre tavern, Fleet-street, 1763, are the following words:

“What you say relative to the Greek inscription, which you translate the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, so fully demonstrates your illiterateness and ignorance, that though I at first intended to pass it over in silence, yet, upon recollection, I must mention one word of your total want of scholarship. You ought, Sir, to have known, that the words ΣΩΤΗΡ ΚΟΣΜΟΥ, which you have translated THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD, have no respect to Christianity, and therefore the allusion is a blasphemy of your own, and *not* of the author of the *Essay on Woman*. That inscription is found upon an
I ancient

ancient PHALLUS, of a date of a much more remote antiquity than the birth of Christ. The account of this antique may be seen at large in De La Chauffee's *Museum Romanum*, printed at Rome in folio in 1692, and, BY HIS OWN PERMISSION, dedicated to the Pope; who, I suppose, is a Christian Prince.

“The late Rev. and learned Dr. Middleton, in that valuable work, intituled, *Germana quædam Antiquitatis eruditæ Monumenta*, &c. has not scrupled to give the following short account of it: ‘Quod quidem illustrari quodammodo videtur a symbolica quadam apud Causæum Priapi Effigie, Cui Galli Gallinacei caput crista ornatum, rostri vero loco, fascinum ingens datur: Cujusque in basi litteris Græcis inscriptum legitur ΣΩΤΗΡ ΚΟΣΜΟΥ. SERVITOR ORBIS.’ Quæ omnia vir doctus ita interpretatur: Gallum scilicet, avem Soli sacram esse; Solemque generatricis facultatis præsidem; pudendumque ideo virile Gallinaceo capiti adjunctum denotare, quod a conjunctis Solis Priapique viribus, animalium genus omne procreatum et conservatum sit, secundum physicum quoddam Aristotelis axioma, Homo hominem generat et Sol.”

In the *Genuine and Succinct Narrative*, &c. by the Rev. Mr. Kidgell, printed for James Robson, bookseller to her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales, 1763, are these words:

“Mr. Faden informed me that the said proof-sheet had been accidentally brought to his house by one of his journeymen. I came

to a resolution of advising with a Right Hon. personage, of whose benevolence and candour I was sufficiently convinced (*Query, If Mr. Wilkes has as much reason as the Rev. Mr. Kidgell, to be sufficiently convinced of Lord March's benevolence and candour*) and whose chaplain I have the honour to have been almost from the day of my ordination—*His Lordship does you honour, good Mr. Kidgell—*My Lord, who was extremely offended at the scandalous indecency—*Lord March offended at an indecency!*—said he would acquaint me with the result of his maturer thoughts—*Lord March's maturer thoughts!*—In a few days after this conversation I received his Lordship's commands, by an express which was sent to my house in Surry, to attend his Lordship—and perhaps the fair Signora—when he was pleased to give me to understand, that proper measures would infallibly be taken for the discovery and the punishment of so avowed an enemy to society, as the author of so prophane a libel ;” although, whoever was the author, he carefully kept from SOCIETY what had never been known at all but for the pious care of this Scottish Lord, his worthy chaplain, and a few arbitrary ministers, who contrived the theft, and had issued an illegal GENERAL WARRANT, by which they had seized several of Mr. Wilkes's letters at Kearsly's, and all his papers at his own house. Notwithstanding such a direct attack on the liberty of the subject, this Christian chaplain of a Christian Lord,

is ordered to begin his Narrative with “ from a persuasion of the extensive utility of every social virtue, and a perfect sense of obligation to the most unexceptionable government in the world, (which government by the bye had so lately issued a GENERAL WARRANT) I am constrained, &c.” Such ideas of government have these Lords and these chaplains! The last page of this priest, or this peer, is just as true as the first; for he says, “ If one man, under pretence of privilege, is permitted to obtrude upon an abused nation, what no one printer, except himself, had ever the confidence to undertake, &c.” Pray, Sir, or my Lord, what part of this performance has YET been obtruded upon the nation, except what you have published yourselves in the NARRATIVE? In the 24th page, it is said, “ DELIBERATELY, and in a few words, I ask, for what one valuable consideration upon earth, would a serious or a good man permit an hour’s perusal of this execrable Essay to his children?” Now I answer DELIBERATELY, and in a few words, that there never was any thing more infamous or malicious than this insinuation of either of you, for you know when but twelve copies had been printed, it was impossible it could be designed to get into any serious or good man’s family, though it probably might, by treachery, find its way, among other books of such a nature, upon the Right Hon. the Earl of March’s, and the Rev. Mr. Kidgell’s shelves. I have now a right to say, that you have neither of you, in my idea, acted with BENEVOLENCE,

LENCE, CANDOUR, or Christianity ; for you both knew the innocence of Mr. Wilkes, as to the most distant thoughts of publication. He laughed at your silly whinings, and if he had thought either of you an object of his notice, he would have taken an ample revenge, by giving the world a 24 hours NARRATIVE of any one day of either of your lives, the Sunday not excepted. But he left you both to the INEFFABLE contempt (in your own phrase) which has long ago overtaken you. At that time you were despised ; now you are totally forgot.

I proceed to another pamphlet, published in 1763, intituled, *The Plain Truth ; being a genuine narrative of the methods made use of to procure a copy of the Essay on Woman, &c.* By Thomas Farmer, printer. Printed for the Author, and sold by J. Pottinger, &c.

“ About the beginning of July last, in company with Mr. Jennings, a printer, (who at that time worked with Mr. Wilkes in Great George-street) at Mr. Sidey’s, the Red-lion in Jewin-street, I asked him, among other chat, what he would treat me with for supper ? To which he replied, that not having been out at dinner-time, he had some butter in his pocket, which he produced, wrapped in a piece of printed paper, which I took up and read,” &c. page 4. The next morning I shewed this paper to some of the journeymen at Mr. Faden’s. In a few days after this, Mr. Hassel, the overseer at Mr. Faden’s, desired to see it for a few hours,

hours, and I very readily lent it him. Some days afterward, Mr. Hassall asked me, *If I could BY ANY MEANS procure the remainder of the copy?* I answered, that *I would, if it was in my power.* On which Mr. Hassall said, *Purchase it at any rate——wait a little——I'll bring you some money presently."* Mr. Hassall was as good as his word, and in a few minutes returned, and gave me *five guineas.* On receiving which I said, "*I would go to Jennings's, and if he could procure it, I was sure he would oblige me,*" &c. I applied again to Jennings, and offered him first a guinea, and then a guinea and a half, and a bowl of punch, &c. &c. Hassall frequently asked me, why I was not more diligent in procuring the copy, bid me offer five guineas for it, and told me the getting it would serve Mr. Faden, IN SERVING HIS FRIEND. To all which I replied in these words: "*I fear the procuring this copy is intended to injure Mr. Wilkes, and if it is, I will have nothing to do with it.*" To this Hassall declared, in a solemn and serious manner, "*that no such thing was ever intended, and that, if the copy was procured, it would be much to Mr. Faden's advantage.*" P. 6, 7, 8. "*On the Sunday following I called again on Curry, and offered him two guineas for it, not bidding him the five guineas at once, lest he should advance in his price upon me.*" P. 9. When it was found that I could not procure the copy, Hassall applied to Curry in person, and Mr. Faden sent
for

for Curry to the Globe-tavern in Fleet-street—
What passed there I pretend not to know ; but
by Curry's means it was at length procured.

“ Mr. Curry himself once declared to me,
at the Ben Johnson's Head in Shoe-lane, that
he was offered *a place of one hundred pounds per
annum*, if he would deliver the remainder of the
copy, which he at that time refused to do, and
did not give up till, &c. &c. Page 11.

“ On the evening of the Monday before the
meeting of the parliament, I was diligently
sought for, in order to go with Jennings to
Philip Carteret Webb, Esq; but not being able
to be found that evening, I did not go.

“ On the Tuesday morning I had private
business of my own at the West end of the
town, and as I was coming through the Strand,
on my return, I was met by Mr. Faden's ap-
prentice, who told me to go immediately to
the Horn-tavern in Westminster : I went thi-
ther accordingly, and there saw the Rev. Mr.
Kidgell, *Philip Carteret Webb*, Esq; Mr. Faden,
printer in Fleet-street, Hassall his overseer,
Jennings and Curry. Page 12, &c.”

In the King's Bench.

*The KING against JOHN WILKES,
Esq;*

*On an information for publishing the Essay on
Woman.*

GEORGE KEARSLY, of Ludgate-street, London, bookseller, maketh oath, and saith, That all the Letters from John Wilkes, Esq; the defendant, directed to the deponent, and which were produced at the trial of the cause, were taken from out of this deponent's bureau in his dwelling-house, and from off his files, by virtue of a General Warrant from one of his Majesty's secretaries of state, for apprehending and seizing the authors, printers, and publishers, of a seditious and treasonable paper, intituled, the North Briton, No. 45, together with their papers, and thereby, and not otherwise, carried to his Majesty's secretaries of state, as the Warrant directed, and the deponent verily believes, was accordingly obeyed.

GEO. KEARSLY.

Sworn in Court, the 16th Day of
June 1768,

By the Court.

The

The like affidavit was made at the same time in the cause of the *North Briton*, No. 45.

To the P R I N T E R.

I Have now on my table office-copies of the two sentences against Mr. Wilkes ; but before I transcribe them for your paper, I beg to be indulged a word about the two crimes.

The first, that he re-published the *North Briton*, No. 45, I will take no pains about. I shall only say, that he was a fool, or a real patriot, if he did risk the re-publication of such truths as he will never be forgiven the very suspicion of having divulged or propagated, and that I will not believe there is any harm in that paper, because I have seen No. 45 on almost every coach, chaise, wall, window, hat, &c. in this kingdom, and even on the snowy bosoms of the prettiest women in the world. No. 45 has, indeed, Sir, had wonderful luck ; but, in my opinion, an elder brother of his, No. 5, deserved still more to have been taken notice of, and perhaps actually laid the foundation of the younger brother's fortune. The first half hour's leisure you have, will convince you of this.

The second crime, of publishing the *Essay on Woman*, was never committed at all by Mr. Wilkes, although it has in part by several others. I shall not dwell on this subject,

because it shews our country in so infamous a light. Every good man must look with horror on an administration *offering a place of one hundred pounds per annum*, to a servant to rob his master of the remainder of that copy. By money they had got a small part before in the same scandalous and felonious manner. Mr. Farmer has given this transaction to all the world in Curry's own words, to whom the offer was made, and who actually received a part of the public money as the reward of his villainy. What an idea does this give of the manner places are got in the present age?

As to Mr. Wilkes's not having any degree of guilt in this whole business, though perhaps some indiscretion to answer for, it will very little avail. He will be equally punished, as if he had committed the most enormous wickedness, for he dared to attack a proud and powerful minister, conscious of his own crimes, and implacable in his nature. Whatever private cause, however, of resentment, the other enemies of Lord Bute may have, Mr. Wilkes had none. He can declare in the words of Brutus,

“ For my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general.”

I will only add, that he ought to have reflected on what Swift says to a friend, “ Your
“ innocence

“innocence is a protection that wise men are
“ashamed to rely on, further than with God.”

Copies of the two sentences against Mr. Wilkes.

Saturday next after fifteen days from the day
of the Holy Trinity, in the eighth year of King
George the Third.

Middlesex.

The KING <i>against</i> John Wilkes, Esq.	} THE defendant be- ing brought here into court, in custody of the Marshall of the Marshal- sea of this court, by virtue of a rule of this court, and being convicted of certain trespasses, con- tempts, and grand misdemeanors, in printing and publishing a seditious and scandalous libel, inti- tuled, The North Briton, No. 45, whereof he is impeached. It is ordered, that he, the said defendant, for his offences aforesaid, do pay a fine, to our sovereign Lord the King, of five hundred pounds of lawful money of Great Britain: And it is further ordered, that he, the said defendant, be imprisoned, in the cus- tody of the said Marshall, for the space of ten calendar months now next ensuing: And it is lastly ordered, that he, the said defendant, be now remanded to the custody of the said Marshall, to be by him kept in safe custody in execution
---	--

execution of the judgment aforesaid, and until he shall have paid the said fine.

On the motion of Mr. Attorney General,

(Copy.)

By the Court.

Saturday next after fifteen days from the day of the Holy Trinity, in the eighth year of King George the Third.

Middlesex.

The KING <i>against</i> John Wilkes, Esq.	}	The defendant, being brought here into court, in the custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea of this court, by virtue of a rule of this court, and being convicted of certain trespasses, contempts, and grand misdemeanors, in printing and publishing an obscene and impious libel, intituled, An Essay on Woman, and other impious libels in the information, in that behalf specified, whereof he is impeached; and having also been convicted of certain other trespasses, contempts, and misdemeanors, for printing and publishing a certain other libel, intituled, The North Briton, No. 45: for which he hath this day been sentenced, and ordered by this court to pay a fine of 500 l. and to be imprisoned in the custody of the said Marshal, for the space of ten calendar months. It is now ordered by this court, that the said defendant, for his trespasses, contempts, and misdemeanors, first above-mentioned, in printing and publishing
--	---	---

publishing the said obscene and impious libels, do pay a further fine to our sovereign Lord the King, of five hundred pounds of lawful money of Great Britain: And that he, the said defendant, be further imprisoned in the custody of the said Marshal for the space of twelve calendar months, to be computed from and after the determination of his aforesaid imprisonment for printing and publishing the said other libel, intituled the North Briton, No. 45. And it is further ordered, that he, the said defendant, shall give security for his good behaviour for the space of seven years, to be computed from and after the end and expiration of the said twelve calendar months, to be computed as aforesaid, to wit, himself, the said defendant, in the sum of one thousand pounds, with two sufficient sureties in five hundred pounds each: And it is lastly ordered, that he, the said defendant, be now remanded to the custody of the said Marshal, to be by him kept in safe custody, in execution of this judgment, and until he shall have paid the said fine, and given such security as aforesaid.

On the motion of Mr. Attorney General,

(Copy.)

By the Court.

Query, to the gentlemen of the law, Are both the sentences valid?

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

July 13.

THE letter of a correspondent, who signs himself *Liberty*, gave me great pleasure, because the writer seems in earnest for the cause, in my opinion, the most interesting to mankind. I think, however, Sir, that he mistakes Mr. Wilkes as to his declarations concerning Religious Liberty.

That Writer, speaking of Mr. Wilkes, says, “ In his letter to the electors of Aylesbury, he declares he will always maintain the right of private opinion in its fullest extent; though he says in the same letter, that the magistrate has a right to interpose, and even to punish outrageous and indecent attacks on what any community has decreed sacred; and says it is a crime to give public offence to any establishment, or indeed to any individual in matters of opinion.—Indeed, Mr. Wilkes does not define what is to be deemed an outrageous and indecent attack, which would justify the magistrate to interpose and punish, but he owns it is a crime to give offence to any establishment, and indeed to any individual, by a propagation of our opinions; so that it seems clear that he considers *every* attack upon what the community has decreed sacred, as violent and outrageous, and would justify the civil power in interposing

terposing and punishing." I beg leave to say, that this consequence by no means follows. Mr. Wilkes has expressly circumscribed the power of the magistrate, who is allowed in the passages of the letter, to *interpose and to punish only in cases of outrageous and indecent attacks*. I will state a case which lately happened in France. The host was carrying in the usual manner to a sick person. One of our countrymen, from a false and illiberal zeal, threw out of the window the contents of a chamber-pot just as the procession was passing by his door, crying out at the same time *Gare! bon Dieu, Ware, God*. The priests and their followers broke into the house, and were coming up stairs to sacrifice him to their fury, when a gentleman, who occupied the first story, met them on the stair-case, and asked with much coolness, If they did not know the Englishman above stairs was confined there for madness? Now, Sir, I ask your correspondent, If such an outrageous and indecent attack even on the Wafer-God, the object of the gross idolatry of the Roman Catholics, did not warrant the interposition of, and even call for punishment from the civil magistrate.

As to *Writings*, there are some so indecent, so gross, so brutal, that they should hardly be suffered to be generally spread among the people. The consequences would evidently be mischievous. The public peace would suffer. A friend to Liberty may wish them suppressed, and at the

same time desire to encourage the most free disquisitions of every kind, and on every subject, provided they are liberal and decent. Mr. Wilkes seems to imagine, that *such* writings cannot give *any Offence to any establishment, or indeed to any individual*, and what he says of outrageous and indecent attacks, cannot respect *them*.

The Romans, Sir, ought to be the model of all nations in this. The Greeks put *Socrates* to death. No such act of blood stains the annals of Rome. The Romans complied with the establishment of their country, but they thought freely, wrote freely, and talked freely about it among their friends. No man was formerly persecuted at Rome for heterodox opinions. The Pantheon received *all* gods; the statesmen and philosophers perhaps believed *none*.

The first *ecclesiastical* offices among the Romans, were held by the first *civil* magistrates, and after the loss of their liberties, the Emperor was the *Pontifex Maximus*, as in the old times the same man was *rex idem hominum, Phœbique sacerdos*. The errors of the *ancient Romish creed* were at last so generally known, that in the times of Trajan, it is observed by Juvenal,

Nec pueri credunt nisi qui nondum ære lavantur,

Yet

Yet the Temples continued, and the same worship generally prevailed, even long after this.

As to the reformation from popery, and even the first propagation of our religion, he says, "If nothing at those times had been attacked or exposed, which was deemed sacred by the community, we might still have been as ignorant as Pagan idolaters, or involved in all the errors of Popish superstition." He mistakes the case as to what Mr. Wilkes had advanced. Calm reason would have destroyed the ridiculous fabrics of error and superstition, and established the empire of Truth, but *outrageous* and *indecent* attacks make mankind more obstinate in their errors, and often occasion civil tumults and bloodshed. All history proves this. I can confute a doctrine without raising an odium on the man who holds it, or disturbing the peace of society.

The last particular mentioned by him is not fairly stated. He quotes from Mr. *Wilkes's* letter to his friends at *Aylesbury*, that he laughed pretty freely at the glaring absurdities of a certain creed, which Tillotson wished the church of England was fairly rid of, but he omits the last words of that paragraph, *it was in private he laughed.*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A. B.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

I Should have imagined that a man, who had more than once risked his life in consequence of a great plan of political liberty, suffered a long exile from his native country, been expelled the senate, robbed and plundered by ministerial ruffians, outlawed, twice imprisoned, and all the blood-hounds of the law let loose to tear him to pieces, and yet had borne all this, not only with fortitude, but without the least degree of peevishness, would have met with universal regard, and the snakes of envy have ceased to hiss at such a being. I was mistaken, and did not attend to what is very obvious, that hissing is as much in nature to some creatures, as cooing or singing to others.

I was likewise inclined to think, that if a man had voted constantly in parliament for the liberty and true interest of this nation, against the arbitrary *Excise*, the infamous *Peace of Paris*, &c. &c. and had been so happy as to annihilate the power of issuing *General Warrants*, and of *seizing the papers* of the subject, so often in vain complained of, and so oppressive, till he stood forth for his country, he would have found in the country, of which he had deserved so well, every tongue to applaud, every heart to approve his conduct.

But

But alas ! Sir, I had not calculated the prevalence of envy, of private interest, of court sycophancy, and of that spirit of slavery, congenial to all courtiers, which actuates almost every dependent of every King. To give you a true idea of courtiers in this kingdom, only walk, Sir, in the Park, any where near St. James's, and mark what passes. You will probably hear the cry of *Wilkes and Liberty*. If you see any courtier, observe his looks, and how that sound grates on his ear, whether he be the well fed brawny lord C—— himself, or the half-starved scullion of the royal kitchen. At the word *Wilkes*, he will look fretful and angry, but as soon as *liberty* salutes his ear, he will grow in a rage, and be half frantic. The first, however, he might be brought to bear, if he saw him bowing at court ; but to the last, nothing could ever reconcile him. I do not believe there is an echo in that contagious air would repeat either of those words, and they would certainly blister the tongue of a placeman, or pensioner, who could be fool-hardy enough on a trial to get the courage to pronounce them. But go into any other part of this great city, or country, you will find the name of *Wilkes* pronounced and heard with pleasure, that of *liberty* with rapture ; so well do the sons of England know the value of that blessing, so grateful are they to its friends, who they are sensible must be their own.

I think

I think, Sir, Mr. Wilkes is almost indemnified for his sufferings by the words *Wilkes and liberty* becoming synonymous in English; but he has met with a still nobler consolation, under the rancour and malignity of courts, both of Kings and political judges, as well as the treachery of some great friends, whom it is a pity he ever trusted, for he found in them, as Tully says, *nihil boni præter causam*, and that they afterwards left; I mean the applause and affection of all the real friends of this country, and the tribute which the muses have paid to his merit. I know how very grateful to a man of letters, and of an elegant mind, the incense of a well-turned panegyric is. I shall therefore select for my countryman, and the public, and bring into one point of view, all that has been said of him by the first poet of this age, whom he loved and admired, by Mr. Churchill, and only add, that there are some words of Juvenal more applicable to him than any I have seen among the various mottoes under his prints,

————— *Civis erat, qui libera posset
Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.*

Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind;
Not dup'd by party, nor Opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous nature gave,
Thy

Thy honest spirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of
Kings,
Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee, good-humour tempers lively wit,
Enthron'd with judgment, candour loves to sit,
And nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.

Prophecy of Famine.

When *Wilkes* our countryman, our common
friend,
Arose, his King, his country to defend ;
When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the sneaking cowards
drew,
When rancour found it far beyond her reach
To soil his honour, and his truth impeach, &c.

Epistle to Hogarth.

What if ten thousand *Butes* and *Hollands* bawl,
One *Wilkes* hath made a large amends for all.

The Conference.

Might tear up freedom by the root,
Destroy a *Wilkes*, and fix a *Bute*, &c.
All friends of *Liberty*, when fate
Prepar'd to shorten *Wilkes's* date,

Heav'd,

Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own, &c.

Old Time himself, his scythe thrown by,
Himself lost in eternity,
An everlasting crown shall twine
To make a *Wilkes* and *Sidney* join, &c.

————— that their reign
Might longer last, to work the bane
Of one firm patriot, whose heart, tied
To honour, all their power defied,
And brought those actions into light
They wish'd to have conceal'd in night, &c.

Plotting destruction 'gainst a head
Whose wisdom could not be misled,
Plotting destruction 'gainst a heart
Which ne'er from honour would depart, &c.
Hath not his spirit dar'd oppose
Our dearest measures, made our name
Stand forward on the roll of shame?
Hath he not won the vulgar tribes
By scorning menaces and bribes?
And proving, that his darling cause
Is of their liberties and laws
To stand the champion?——&c.

he, without fear,
Hath dar'd to make the *Truth* appear.

The Duellist.

Enough of *Wilkes*—with good and honest men
 His actions speak much stronger than my pen,
 And future ages shall his name adore,
 When he can act, and I can write no more.
England may prove ungrateful and unjust,
 But soft'ring *France* shall ne'er betray her trust.
 'Tis a brave debt which gods on men impose,
 To pay with praise the merit e'en of foes.
 When the great warrior of *Amilcar's* race
 Made *Rome's* wide empire tremble to her base,
 To prove her virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave that fame which *Carthage* had deny'd.

The Candidate.

And, tho' by *fools* despis'd, by *saints* unblest'd,
 By *friends* neglected, and by *foes* oppress'd,
 Scorning the servile arts of each court-elf,
 Founded on honour, *Wilkes* is still himself.

Gotham.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

IT is the observation of *Plutarch*, when he is speaking of the cruelties exercised at *Rome* after the return of *Marius*, that it appeared on this occasion, that the sacred ties of friendship and hospitality cannot stand the trial in the days of adversity. No man has experienced this more than *Mr. Wilkes*. The last week produced another remarkable instance of it from a gentleman,

gentleman *, formerly one of his most intimate friends, who has only once in the last ten months ventured within the King's Bench walls, not to cheer the prisoner and captive, not to chase the gloom of such a habitation, but to fetch and carry political messages. This person thought himself at liberty to relate publicly what he pretended had passed in a private conversation with Mr. Wilkes at that time. I was not present, but I am told the conversation was falsely and malevolently stated. I will leave it to others, Sir, to send you the substance of what was said in public. I shall give you faithfully all the particulars, which occurred at the conference between the two gentlemen in private, and I appeal to another gentleman †, who accompanied the placeman, for the truth of my relation.

The placeman had several times called on an honest bookseller in Piccadilly ‡, a friend of Mr. Wilkes, to desire him to come to the King's Bench, to entreat Mr. W. not to present a *Petition* to the House of Commons, for the consequence must be the loss of his seat in Parliament, from the resentment of the ministry. The honest bookseller refused to come

* William Fitzherbert, Esq; member for Derby, and one of the Lords of trade.

† David Garrick, Esq.

‡ Mr. Almon.

on that message. The placeman had never once been to see his old friend in prison, since his commitment in April till Sunday evening, the 13th of November, the day before the *Petition* was presented. The attempt by the bookseller failing, he ventured himself in the dusk to obey the mandates of his master. He introduced himself with the most fulsome and tedious professions, the most unnecessary and ridiculous among real friends. He then declared what pleasure he should have found in coming frequently to the King's Bench, that he could not pass his time so well as with Mr. Wilkes, and that he would have been often there, could he have been really useful to his friend. He talked warmly against the intended measure of presenting a *Petition* * to the House of Commons, complaining of grievances, and declared that he knew, if Mr. Wilkes would be quiet, he might keep his seat; if he presented the *Petition*, he would certainly lose it. He earnestly entreated Mr. Wilkes to give up the *Petition*, and to keep his seat; the honour and advantage of which he painted in strong colours. Mr. Wilkes desired the authority for such direct assertions. The placeman declared, that he spoke in the name of the minister, and that he would promise, if the *Petition* was not

* See this *Petition*, and the success of it, in the 103, 113, 114, and 115, numbers of the North Briton.

presented, no attempt should be made in Parliament against Mr. Wilkes. He was then asked by Mr. Wilkes, if he would promise for the great man as first minister, or as Duke of Grafton, for the Duke of Portland had found how little the promises of the Duke of Grafton were regarded by the first minister. No answer was made to this. Mr. Wilkes then declared, that he thought it his duty to every man in this country to present a *Petition* of such general concern, complaining of so many unparalleled grievances; that he would not sell the rights of the people and his own, even for a seat for the first county in England; that he held that seat at the free will of his constituents, and refused to hold it at the arbitrary will of any minister; that he was highly sensible of the private honour to himself, but he felt still more for his country; that on no terms would he have given up the *Petition*, had they been offered before his last *Address* to the county, but that now no proposal ought to have been made to him, which could even suppose that breach of faith. In the course of a long conversation, Mr. Wilkes observed that he did not look on a seat in Parliament as the end, but as the means; that he wished to represent the county of Middlesex, in order to be more eminently useful at a sober time of life, but if he could be more useful by giving up his seat, he would then give it up, and *he would always hold his head by the same tenure.* He re-
I peated

peated several times, that he was embarked to defend the rights of the people, which he would do at any risk, always without a wish to encroach on the fair claims of the crown; that he had been, and should be, ever ready to make any submission to the King, which was even hinted from authority, although he was not conscious of any intention at any time to have offended his Sovereign, but that he never would make application for pardon to a minister; that if mercy was extended to him, he hoped he should be permitted to throw himself at the King's feet, to acknowledge his Majesty's goodness; if it was not, he had long borne the storms of fate, and his mind was made to adverse fortune; and although he felt his imprisonment, and all his persecutions as a man, he would also bear them as a man, and would come out of prison a better man than he went in.

I have now, Sir, given you the whole of the conversation between the placeman and Mr. Wilkes, relative to the political message. Very little passed, which was not particularly attended to by the Gentleman, who accompanied the placeman. I believe he will not scruple to say, that Mr. Wilkes's declarations were spirited and manly, and that they betrayed neither peevishness nor despair. I have stated what passed fairly and fully. Not a word was mentioned of any measures of violence or faction. I shall only add that Mr. Wilkes said, after he

heard of the late affair in the great assembly,
 “ He has ceased to be my friend, but I continue his ; *agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.*”

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

Feb. 22, 1769.

A. B.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

THE following *Extracts* are extremely curious. They were made with much care and the utmost fidelity, by a gentleman who seems to have preserved the spirit of English Liberty in a land of *singing and dancing slaves*. They prove two political points of importance. The first is, that France was reduced to the greatest distress before the infamous peace of Paris of 1763. This is shewn, not from the exceptionable report of private persons, but from the testimony of public bodies, from these *Remonstrances* of the various Parliaments of that kingdom. The second is, that these *Remonstrances* are less respectful, both as to the matter and the mode of expression, than the writings of any political authors in England. Yet these were presented to the Sovereign, published to the nation by order of the respective courts of justice, and met with very general approbation. In England, more freedom in these points should be allowed, from the nature of the government,

3

and

and because such writings never directly reach the throne. The press seems indeed the only way, by which a Prince, who wishes to know the truth, can ever discover the real sentiments of his people at large, with respect to his government and his ministers.

*Extracts from the Remonstrances of the various
Parliaments of FRANCE in the Year 1763.*

THE depopulation of the country evidently proves, that the extraordinary efforts, which the said Lord the King has exacted by the interposition of his absolute authority, have exhausted all resources.

The gradual wasting of the kingdom, the sensible diminution of the number of its inhabitants, the decline of agriculture, the desertion, which leaves one part of France fallow, the increase of beggars, the discouragement spread over country labours, the terror with which the idea alone of the improvement of their lands inspires the cultivators ; all these circumstances, which are so many facts, denote an universal ruin.

Remonstrance of the Parliament of Paris of
the 29th of May, 1763.

One need only go out of the capital to perceive nothing but ruin, traces of emigration, and misery and weakness in those who remain :

We every day see wretches, who, in order to pay the taxes, are obliged to sell their corn, their cattle, and even their utensils.

The project for the liquidation of the national debt, in many articles, brings in question the justice of the said Lord the King, the faith of his engagements, the substance of his subjects, and continues to break the important spring of public confidence.

Remonstrance of the Parliament of Paris,
June 18th, 1763.

The continuance of the *Don Gratuit* (Free Gift) contrary to your Majesty's positive engagements, by occasioning a distrust of your royal word, will expose it for ever to a discredit, which the necessity urged cannot excuse.

Remonstrance of the Parliament of Paris,
27th of August, 1763.

(The Parliament) has a right to carry to the said Lord the King its just complaints of an administration, which, for almost a year past, has only opposed to the public misfortunes, acts the most likely to hasten the ruin of the state. Whatever the supreme power be, which the said Lord the King fully possesses, it is not above the laws of the state.

All has been sacrificed, the rights of the public, the security of the courts of justice, the
honour

honour of the magistracy, the dignity of the throne itself.

Remonstrance of the Parliament of Paris,
17th of December, 1763.

The deplorable situation of the people,—the truly affecting sight of the misery of your people—the piercing cries of wretchedness have no need of exaggeration, or false colouring, to touch the paternal heart of our Lord the King.

Remonstrance of the supreme council of
Roussillon, the 16th of August, 1763.

They were from that time exhausted; and the efforts which the most lively concern for your Majesty's glory, and for the welfare of the state made them exert, have, since that time, drained them to the utmost.

The cattle necessary for tillage, the utensils of agriculture, their cloathing, the most valuable parts of their patrimonies, the commodities most necessary to their subsistence, all has been disposed of, for the payment of the immense arrear of the twentieth penny, and the taxes of the year. The money is entirely exhausted.

Remonstrance of the Parliament of Pau, 17th
of August, 1763.

The two twentieths, (tributes unknown in the happier days of this monarchy, and which announce its fall) the retrenchment of which this time of peace seems to demand, annihilate the faith of promises, and destroy public confidence.

To conceal, if possible, from the knowledge of your people, this crying profusion, which degrades the majesty of the throne, and the dignity of the nation.

The inability of the people will put a stop to this inundation of taxes, and the impossibility of their being levied, will justify the melancholy truths, which the cries of misery and indigence have not been able to carry to your ears.

To elude the effects of your promises, and disgrace the honour of the throne.

Lands uncultivated, and habitations deserted, proclaim the emigration of a multitude of wretches, driven from their paternal inheritance by the rigour of taxes.

The husbandman ruined, deprived of the fruits of his labour, pierced by the cries and lamentations of his children, overwhelmed with the horrors of famine, curses the hour of their birth, and detests a tie, the fecundity of which still confines him to his country. The pale inhabitants struggle against hunger, thirst, and nakedness; the seasons, by their change, only augment their sufferings; their dark retreats
are

are hardly sufficient to hide their shame, their want and their despair.

Remonstrance of the Parliament of Dauphiné, 17th of August, 1763.

Wretchedness infallibly causes depopulation, and this sad cause exists at present in your kingdom, and increases daily.

Remonstrance of the court of Aids of Clermont-Ferraud, 13th of September, 1763.

Your subjects sow not but in tears, and with groans only reap fruits, which, alas! are not for them.

Orders, into which your justice has been surprised.

There is not one of them, which is not a precious monument of that ancient national liberty, on the ruins of which, attempts have been made, this long time, to raise the brittle Colossus of absolute power.

Remonstrance of the Parliament of Toulouse, 22d of December, 1763.

This sacred right is openly violated in all its parts by a train of unexpected attacks, made on the religion of our Lord the King, against the interest of his glory and of the state, against the happiness of the nation and the justice due
to

to it, which the said Lord the King has sworn to observe inviolably.

Arret of the Parliament of Rouen, 16th of November, 1763.

That the French nation, whose name alone proclaims the liberty which is natural to it, is subjected to a monarchical government, only to be ruled according to its own laws and customs, whose connection and union form at once the firmest support of the throne and monarchy, and the security of the Prince and people.

Arret of the Parliament of Dijon, 15th of December, 1763.

We will spare, Sire, the natural goodness of your heart, the affecting picture of the misery which afflicts this province. Ah, Sire, A PERPETUAL SINKING FUND! what a fatal word are you prevailed upon to pronounce!

Remonstrance of the court of Aids of Montauban, 3d of March, 1763.

The following is an exact Copy of the Speech made by John Wilkes, Esq; to the Guild of Berwick, on the 16th of April, 1754, when he stood Candidate for that Borough; and is, for many Reasons, very proper to be published at this Time.

GENTLEMEN,

I Beg your leave to offer myself a candidate to represent you in Parliament; I came here, with the utmost pleasure, to make you a tender of my services, from the assurances I had received of your steady attachment to the cause of Liberty. I early embarked in the same generous cause, and have always had it nearest to my heart. I am thoroughly sensible of the excellence of the constitution of this happy country, and my utmost efforts shall be exerted for the preservation of it. In this, and every other case, I hope to be your faithful representative; and while I am delivering your sentiments, and discharging my duty to my constituents, I shall have the satisfaction of serving a cause I have ever valued beyond every thing. If I am so happy as to succeed, I assure you, gentlemen, I shall ever be watchful over the interests of this nation in general; but the good of this corporation shall have my particular attention. It shall always be my favourite study. My warmest endeavours shall be employed for you, and I shall esteem myself happy in every opportunity

portunity of doing you a real service. Gentlemen, I come here *uncorrupting*, and I promise you, I shall ever *be uncorrupted*. As I never will *take* a bribe, so I never will *offer* one. I should think myself totally unworthy of the great and important trust I am now soliciting, if I sought to obtain it by *the violation of the laws of my country*. I hold them *sacred*; and I think the happiness and security of every man depends on the observation of them. Gentlemen, I have no private views. My sole ambition is to serve my country, and to contribute to the preservation of the invaluable privileges this nation enjoys beyond any in the world. I shall act steadily on these principles, and therefore I hope for the honour of your protection and encouragement, and shall endeavour to convince you of my sincerest regards, and warmest gratitude.

Authentic Papers relating to the Election of an Alderman for the Ward of Farringdon Without, in the room of Sir Francis Gosling, deceased.

To the Worthy Inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Without.

Gentlemen, Freemen, and Fellow-Citizens,
I AM truly grateful to you for the honour I this day receive in being elected Alderman of this large, opulent, and respectable ward.

ward. Every power I derive from that high office shall be employed in the preservation of the rights of the livery of London, and of all the freemen of this great metropolis. After the primary duty I owe to the county of Middlesex, I shall consider the claim which you now have upon me, as demanding the utmost exertion of my poor abilities. I promise you a faithful and zealous attachment to your service, a diligent attendance on your business, and a steady attention to the interests of our ward.

From you, Gentlemen, I entreat on every occasion a full and early communication of whatever you judge of consequence to the prosperity of the ward, as well as to the welfare of this free city, and the support of its trade and commerce, which are of the utmost importance to its own greatness, and to the whole kingdom. I will always take a public-spirited, decided and disinterested part; and I doubt not of support and assistance in all my undertakings, for they shall be directed solely by a regard to the interests of the people of England, of this city in general, and our ward in particular. The near relation in which I stand to you, will, I hope, furnish me with frequent opportunities of knowing your sentiments in our common concerns, and every gentleman of the ward shall have an easy access, where they have lodged their power, for the just exercise of which, I shall think

think myself in all instances accountable to my constituents.

I am, Gentlemen, Freemen,
and Fellow-Citizens,
With gratitude and respect,
Your affectionate
and obedient humble servant,

*King's Bench Prison,
Mon. Jan. 2, 1769.*

JOHN WILKES.

Next day a gentleman was sent with a message to John Wilkes, Esq; from the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, acquainting him of his being elected Alderman of Farringdon Ward Without, in the room of the late Sir Francis Gosling, Knt. and desiring him to appoint a day for his being sworn in. Mr. Wilkes received his Lordship's message with the highest regard, and begged the gentleman to return his most grateful and sincere thanks to his Lordship, for the great candour he had shewn on the day of election, and hoped that he should have it in his power to pay his respects to his Lordship at the Mansion-house on the 17th instant, and to be sworn in at Guildhall the 24th.

The Common-council of the ward were invited by Mr. Wilkes to dine with him on the Saturday following, when six only accepted his invitation.

On

On Wednesday Jan. 18, at a court of Aldermen, held at Guildhall, to consider in what manner they should act with respect to the election of an Alderman for Farringdon Without; it appeared that, casting up the poll after an adjournment had been mentioned, and declaring the candidate who had the majority, after the other candidate had declined, was an undue election, and a city officer observed, that if the court of Aldermen confirmed that election, they would subject themselves to a *Mandamus* from the King's Bench.

At a court of Aldermen on Tuesday the 24th of January, at Guildhall, the late election of John Wilkes, Esq; to be Alderman of Farringdon Ward Without, in the room of Sir Francis Gosling, deceased, was declared illegal; and a wardmote was accordingly appointed to be held on Friday following for a new election.

To the Worthy Inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Without.

Gentlemen, Freemen, and Fellow-Citizens,
I Cannot conceal my surprize at this day's resolution of the court of Aldermen, relative to the high office which I now hold by your favour in this great city. The day after your choice, an officer came to me from the Lord Mayor, to congratulate me on my election, and to say, that on account of the holidays, no court
of

of Aldermen could be held till Tuesday the 17th, when his Lordship would declare my being elected your Alderman ; and he gave me notice, that I must prepare to be sworn in on the Tuesday following, the 24th. I desired the officer to return my thanks to his Lordship for the obliging congratulation, as well as for the fair and candid proceedings at St. Bride's church ; and I added, that as I did not doubt from the justice of the House of Peers, that the two sentences against me would be reversed on the 16th, I hoped to pay my personal duty to the first magistrate of the city on the 17th, at the Mansion-house. I am entirely convinced, Gentlemen, that the late election was fair and legal. It was almost unanimous. My opponent, Mr. Bromwich, gave up the contest under his hand at the time of election, and two days after, on Wednesday the 4th, he advertised in the public prints, that, “ finding the sense of the
“ ward to be so much in favour of John Wilkes,
“ Esq; he declined the poll, not being will-
“ ing to give any unnecessary trouble to his
“ friends.” The Lord Mayor published the numbers as soon as Mr. Bromwich gave up the poll, and declared me duly elected.

The proceeding to a new election, I consider as an injury done to you, gentlemen, whose rights and privileges I will ever support. I am informed, there is no power in the court of Aldermen to decide upon, or even to enquire into, the object of your choice, or the legality
of

of your election. They are obliged to admit and swear in the person who is returned to them by the chief magistrate. The act of common council compels them to it. I will support this right, not only for the sake of our own ward, but as the clear privilege of the city, of every citizen of London. Upon this principle I will not ask any favour of them, but do lay claim to the being admitted into that court, in consequence of your free election of me as Alderman of that respectable ward.

As I find, Gentlemen, that another wardmote is summoned for next Friday, I entreat you to attend early to assert your own independence, to support your former election, and to prevent, if possible, all cavil. I am well informed, that a part of the court of Aldermen are determined to reject me, although I shall be honoured a second time by your choice; but I beg leave to assure you of my steadiness in the maintenance of your rights on this and every other important occasion, and that I am, with true respect,

Gentlemen, your obedient and
faithful humble servant,

King's Bench Prison,

Jan. 24, 1769.

JOHN WILKES.

N. B. The wardmote will be held at St. Bride's church on Friday next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

Append. VOL. II.

L

On

On Friday, Jan. 27, a wardmote was held at St. Bride's church, for the election of an Alderman of the ward of Farringdon Without, in the room of the late Sir Francis Gosling, deceased, and there being no candidate to oppose John Wilkes, Esq; that gentleman was declared duly elected to the office.

The acclamations on the Lord Mayor's entering St. Bride's church, could be equalled by nothing but the loud and repeated bursts of applause on the declaration being made that Mr. Wilkes was duly elected Alderman.

At the opening of the business, the Lord Mayor, in a very elegant speech, assured the inhabitants, that, "the reason of their having
" the trouble of attending a second time, on
" the business of electing an Alderman, was
" owing to a mistake of his own, in making
" the declaration at the former election, after
" the books had been closed."——How much honour does this acknowledgment do to the good sense and modesty of his Lordship!

To the Worthy Inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Without.

Gentlemen,

THE repeated exertion of the noble spirit of independence, which you have shewn this day, does me the highest honour, and calls for my grateful acknowledgments. It now only
remains

remains for me to assert your rights, to carry into execution what you have determined in my favour, and to employ the power, with which you have intrusted me, for your good. Whatever occurs I shall submit to my constituents. I desire the gentlemen of the ward to be judges of my conduct, and to try me by my actions; which, I promise you, shall always be directed to the great commercial interests, to the privileges and franchises of the city, and all the citizens. It will be my ambition as well as my duty, in this new dignity, to which you have raised me, to assert the rights of all the freemen of London, and to promote, on every occasion, the interests of this respectable and important ward.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your faithful and obliged
Humble servant,

Friday, Jan. 27, 1769.

JOHN WILKES.

A Letter from Mr. Wilkes to John Churchill, Brother of the celebrated Mr. Charles Churchill, on occasion of the present Vacancy for the City of Westminster.

*King's Bench Prison, Thursday Evening,
July 6, 1769.*

I Beg the favour of you, dear Sir, to return my best thanks to the friends of Liberty in Westminster, who have so handsomely offered

me their service on the present vacancy for that city. I wish you to be quite explicit on the occasion, and to declare in my name, that I think it my duty to decline the honour intended me. I am now as much a legal member of the House of Commons as our Speaker himself. The only difference I can find out is, I represent the first county in England, he a small borough in Lincolnshire. I am a Knight of the shire, he is a simple Burgess. At this time I am actually supporting, as far as I can, the right of representation of my worthy constituents, and of every elector in the island, which is violated in my pretended expulsion. I will pursue with unwearied zeal so great a cause. I hold myself still the colleague of Mr. Serjeant Glynn, because we were both chosen by a majority of the freeholders of the county of Middlesex. I am besides determined not to vacate my seat in Parliament, and therefore I cannot be in the capacity of receiving such obliging marks of regard from our Westminster friends, whom I much esteem, but cannot represent. I have taken my resolution, which you know is always very decided. I will never sit in Parliament, but by the favour and free choice of the freeholders of Middlesex. No political changes, nor any considerations whatever, shall induce me to quit the particular service of my present worthy constituents. They have, under the most trying circumstances, supported me with unparalleled firmness and generosity. I
am

am theirs for life, from every principle of honour and gratitude.

Believe me ever,
Your most affectionate, and
Obliged, humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

I Give you joy of your correspondent from *Woodford*, whose letter I read, of Thursday May 7. He is the most wonderful modest creature I have heard of, for he pretends to understand *Latin* better than the old Romans, and calls Paulus Æmilius, Scipio Africanus, Marcus Porcius Cato, &c. &c. to account for blunders in their mother tongue, and on the most deliberate, solemn occasions.

He says, “As Mr. Wilkes has given us a Latin prayer after the conclusion of his letter to a truly great and noble personage, permit me, amongst other inelegancies in it, which I pass over, to correct a piece of false Latin: The two last lines are, *Eandem & in aeternum serva, fove, protege propitiate, supplex oro.*

“The classic writers always use the conj. *ut* after *oro*, as *oro ut*——*Eandem & in aeternum, serves, foveas, protegas, &c. supplex oro.* ’Tis a pity this gentleman had not spared himself the trouble of this Latin composition.”

Now, Sir, it is a little unlucky for your correspondent, that *he did spare himself the trouble of this Latin composition*, for it is two thousand years old. It is the exact *formula* of the Roman generals when they triumphed, on their mounting the triumphal car, and entering afterwards the temple of *Jupiter Feretrius* at the capitol. No alteration is made in the form, except *res Anglicana* for *res Romana*, and the turn to Liberty, a goddess to whom his devotion ought to be sincere, from the great sacrifices he has made at her altar. I scorn, Sir, to put the sacred classic page into the prophane hands of your correspondent. I would not give my champaign to a Dane or a Dutchman. I will treat him only with muddy porter, from two fellows as dull as himself, but much more exact. He may find in *Blondi Flavii Forliviensis de Roma triumphante libri decem, Basilæ, 1531, folio, page 214, and 216*, a curious detail of every thing relative to the Roman triumph, from the best authors of antiquity. I refer him likewise to *Joachimi Johannis Maderi Notæ in Onuphrii Panuvini de Triumpho Commentarium, Patavii, 1681, folio, page 139, and 143*. He will see in both the most entire justification of the Latin prayer, and of every single word used; *servate, fovete, protegete propitiati, supplex oro*, only in the plural, from the plurality of gods in the heathen creed.

Who can tell, Sir, but it was a tenderneſs for ſome modern courtiers, and apoſtate patriots,

triot's, made him give a prayer for public liberty in Latin, although indeed the Roman language is too free and too manly for any, but free-men?

Your correspondent goes on, "The classic writers always use the conj. *ut* after *oro*, as *oro ut*." The assertion is not true. They sometimes use the imperative mood, and the subjunctive often after *oro* without the *ut*. Two instances of this are sufficient from writers of such established authority as *Virgil* and *Plautus*. In the very first book of the *Æneid* we find

ORAMUS PROHIBE *infandos à navibus ignes*.

Had the happy translation of *Plautus*, just published by Mr. Thornton, given your correspondent the curiosity of consulting the original, two things would have followed. He would have admired the learning and genius of Mr. Thornton, and he would have found in the very first scene of the first act of the first play, *Amphitryon*,

Velatis manibus ORANT IGNOSCAMUS *peccatum suum*,

without the *ut* expressed. Mr. Thornton observes on this passage, that "for purity and conciseness of expression, exquisite painting, &c. this narrative might not perhaps have appeared *outrée* or misbecoming in a *Livy* or a *Lucan*."

The truth is, that the imperative or subjunctive mood may be used indifferently with *oro*, and the subjunctive with or without the *ut*, according to the turn of the phrase. The same variety is in our own language. In English we might say, equally well, *Remove, we humbly beseech you, most gracious Sovereign, from your presence and councils for ever, John Earl of Bute, and all the people shall rejoice*; or, *We humbly beseech you, most gracious Sovereign, that you would please to remove, or still more simply, We humbly beseech you, most gracious Sovereign, to remove from your presence and councils for ever, John Earl of Bute, and all the people shall rejoice*. Both are good. Grant this our petition, we humbly beseech thee, oh! Lord, from thy great goodness to this poor people; or, *We humbly beseech thee, oh! Lord, that thou wouldst grant, or, to grant this our petition, from thy great goodness to this poor people*. Give me leave to mention one more instance, to which I am led by the former. *Slay me rather, oh! my God, than make me a William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, I pray thee*; or, *I pray thee rather, oh! my God, that thou wouldst slay me, or, to slay me, than to make me a William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*.

The positiveness of your correspondent is rather disgusting, but if he has any grace left, he will now ask pardon of the manes of the great Romans for having charged them with inelegancies and false Latin. I almost suspect that he is a mere school-boy gone to *Woodford* for
the

the Easter holidays. He may continue there, for I scarcely think it worth his parents while to send him to *Oxford*. He is not yet sufficiently advanced even in school-learning, nor indeed in any way promising enough.

He is “ sorry to see this champion of liberty, Mr. Wilkes, fall into one of the errors of the Popish church, the praying in an *unknown tongue*.” *Latin*, I must own, seems an *unknown tongue* to your correspondent; but I believe there is some little difference between the *latinity* of this prayer, and that of the vulgate bible, or the mass-book. It would be easier perhaps to prove Mr. Wilkes a good Roman, than a good Roman catholic.

He “ begins to fear Mr. Wilkes’s religion is in danger from his residing in France.” Is it his fault that he continues in France? I know how much he longs, and how deeply he feels for England. *Patriam eluxit jam gravius et diutius quam ulla mater unicum filium*. I wish he was at home again, and the bitter enemy of his country and himself abroad. I hope it will not be forgot that the *Marquis of * Squillace* is now in Italy. I do not think France is a country of much religion. The French do not trouble themselves greatly about making profelytes. They are rather employed in the way, which

* The King of Spain had been prevailed upon to dismiss that minister, as generally odious to his people, and the Marquis was then in Italy, but Lord Bute still continued at St. James’s.

the prophet Jeremiah mentions, chap. v. verse 8.
 “ They were as fed horses in the morning,
 every one neighed after his neighbour’s wife.”
 I have no fears for his religion, for I know
 him and *Paris*, where he generally resides. No
faith remains there, but

Th’ enormous *faith* of many made for one,

if I may be allowed to quote that English *pa-
 pist*, Pope, vol. III. page 96. Warburton’s
 octavo edition. I hope THAT *faith* will never
 again be the *court creed* in England, as it was
 too long under the northern race of the Stuarts.
 I pawn my honour that Mr. Wilkes will never
 believe it. He leaves it to those wretches, who,
 under the Brunswick line, endeavour to revive
 doctrines which drove out the Tarquins.

I observed, Sir, a most curious postscript to
 the letter from Woodford.

N. B. “ The King prays in English.”

The language is not material. God under-
 stands all languages. It is important that the
 spirit of the prayer should be for the welfare
 of his people, and the preservation of public
 liberty. It interests us all still more, that the
 practice of the Sovereign should be uniform to
 those two great objects. By such a steady and
 firm conduct only, the name of *George the Third*
 will become sacred to all posterity, with that
 of our heroic deliverer, *William the Third*, and
 the

the amiable Monarch now on the throne will approve himself the

Great Friend of Liberty ; in Kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame.

POPE, vol. iv. p. 147.

I am, Sir, yours,
Et potus, et exlex *.

From a Dublin Journal.

THE following letter is presented to the public, because it is a kind of *state paper*, and gives authentic evidence of an infamous scene transacted by the Scottish minister in the year 1763. The *original*, from which this is printed *verbatim*, was among other papers carelessly tumbled into a sack in Great George-street, and was made a property of for some weeks by the Earls of Egremont and Halifax. It is now in the editor's possession. How he came by it, does not concern the public, but it concerns his character as an honest man to declare, that he did not *bribe any servant to steal it out of his master's house.*

* Hor. Ars Poetica,

Saturday morning, March 26, 1763.

DEAR WILKES,

AS I can't be sure of seeing you in a day or two, I can't help writing a line to correct a mistake which Buller tells me you are under, and which, if true, would give me great concern. He informs me that you lamented my having given some sort of countenance to the terms of the NEW LOAN, which surprises me greatly in a matter where my attention and my practice was just the contrary, and I must have expressed my thoughts strangely to be so misunderstood, if you were present at the times I spoke. I think I can recollect almost the words I used both days, and will repeat them to you. When Sir Francis brought in both the taxes, and the *loan*, (and that was before the exorbitant premium upon the tickets had taken effect,) I said that as to one of the taxes (the *wine*) I was certain it would bring in nothing, that is, cause no encrease upon the general revenue on *wine*, but on the contrary diminish it, and gave my reason. As to the bargain, I thought it a bad one; for that the *treasury* themselves, in the disposition they had made of the *navy bills and ordinance debentures*, supposed the *redeemable four per cents* to be at par, that the *premium* therefore upon this bargain would be whatever the rage for play (when the gamesters would think they were come for the last time

to the table, and with a great deal of money in their pockets) should induce them to give for *lottery tickets*. This might go, especially upon two lotteries, to two, three, or more pounds *per ticket*, (though indeed I did not foresee it would go higher) and then they would give four, five, or may be, six per cent. *premium* for raising a four *per cent. at par*, which was enormous. Upon the second day I desired what I had said upon the former day might be recollected, and in answer to the excuse Sir Francis made from the time at which the bargain was made, I said it was very possible that while so material an alteration between the *preliminaries and definitive treaty*, as the *East India Article*, was depending, it might make the signing of the *definitive treaty* very doubtful, and consequently affect the stocks. But to what purpose was the head of the board of *treasury* of the cabinet council, and admitted to the knowledge of all foreign affairs, but to form his domestic conduct upon that knowledge, and therefore why was so improper a season pitched upon to make the *loan*? This occasioned Fox to declare that the treasury knew the *definitive treaty* was signed at the time of making the *loan*, and at the same time to declare his wonder at the folly of mankind, to give four or five pounds for leave to toss up for ten. In answer to this I replied, that if Treasury knew of the *definitive treaty* being signed, they were inexcusable not to have brought their *loan* to an open subscription, which was the only
sure

sure way to take a test of the temper and folly of the market, and might, at such a time, and for so small a sum, have been done with safety.—And you know Oswald then gave reasons to excuse their not having resorted to open *subscriptions*. This is pretty near the manner in which the whole past. I write in a hurry, but should be very sorry this transaction lay wrong in your honour's mind, especially as you might not be present at the whole both days. I hope you don't go abroad early in next week, and will endeavour to get Dr. Hay and Dr. Butler to meet you here at dinner on Wednesday next, if you stay so long.

I am, dear Wilkes,
faithfully yours,

H. B. LEGGE.

IN the *Continuation of the Complete History of England*, by TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D. is a character of Mr. Wilkes, and an account of the proceedings against him, in which the usual accuracy of that historian is carefully preserved. The following letters will perhaps shew the real, private sentiments of the doctor even now, as well as before lord Bute undertook the Treasury, his doughty champion and countryman, TOBIAS, became the BRITON, or Mr. Wilkes began to skirmish under the banners of the NORTH BRITON.

Chelsea, March 16, 1759.

DEAR SIR,

I AM again your petitioner in behalf of that great chum of literature, Samuel Johnson. His black servant, whose name is Francis Barber, has been pressed on board the Stag Frigate, Capt. Angel, and our Lexicographer is in great distress. He says the boy is a sickly lad, of a delicate frame, and particularly subject to a malady in his throat, which renders him very unfit for his Majesty's service. You know * what matter of animosity the said Johnson has against you, and I dare say you desire no other opportunity of resenting it than that of laying him under an obligation. He was humble enough to desire my assistance on this occasion, though he and I were never cater-cousins; and I gave him to understand that I would make application to my friend Mr. Wilkes, who perhaps, by his interest with Dr. Hay and Mr. Elliott, might be able to procure the discharge of his lacquey. It would be superfluous to say more on the subject, which I leave to your own consideration, but I cannot let slip this oppor-

* A pleasantry of Mr. Wilkes on that strange passage in Johnson's *Grammar of the English Tongue*, prefixed to the *Dictionary*, "H seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable." It was printed, when the *Dictionary* first appeared, and contained a few score instances to prove the falsity of Johnson's remark. It began, "The author of this observation must be a man of a quick apprehension, and of a most comprehensive genius, &c."

tunity of declaring that I am, with the most inviolable esteem and attachment,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate, obliged
Humble servant,

T. SMOLLETT.

Directed to John Wilkes, Esq;

Chelsea, March 24, 1759.

DEAR SIR,

ECCE iterum Crispinus——your generosity with respect to Johnson shall be the theme of our applause and thanksgiving. I shall be very proud to find myself comprehended in your league, offensive and defensive, nay, I consider myself already as a contracting party, and have recourse to the assistance of my allies. It is not, I believe, unknown to you, that Admiral Knowles has taken exception at a paragraph in the Critical Review of last May, and commenced a prosecution against the printer. Now, whatever termination the trial may have, we shall infallibly be exposed to a considerable expence: and therefore I wish to see the prosecution quashed. Some gentlemen who are my friends, have undertook to find out and talk with those who are supposed to have influence with the said Admiral: may I beg the same favour of you and your friends? The trial will come on in the middle of May, and if the affair cannot

cannot

cannot be compromised, we intend to kick up a dust and die hard. In a word, if that foolish Admiral has any regard to his own character, he will be quiet rather than provoke further the resentment of,

Dear Sir,

Your very obliged,

Humble servant,

T. SMOLLETT.

Directed to John Wilkes, Esq;

Chelsea, March 28, 1762.

DEAR SIR,

MY warmest regard, affection and attachment you have long ago secured. My secrecy you may depend upon——when I presume to differ from you in any point of opinion, I shall always do it with diffidence and deference. I have been ill these three months: but hope soon to be in a condition to pay my respects to Mr. Wilkes in person. Mean while I must beg leave to trouble him with another packet, which he will be so good as to consecrate at his leisure. That he may continue to enjoy his happy flow of spirits; and proceed through life with a flowing sail of prosperity and reputation, is the wish, and the hope, and the confident expectation, of his much obliged, humble servant,

T. SMOLLETT.

Directed to John Wilkes, Esq;

Append. VOL. II.

M

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

I Desire you to communicate to the public the following letters, which you may be assured are genuine. I think you should premise, that Captain Forbes, by Mr. Murray's own confession, was concealed for some time at his house, which was the occasion that Mr. Murray too was put under arrest, by order of the marshals of France, and was brought before Marshal Noailles, the senior marshal, at the same time with Mr. Wilkes. Diligent search was made for Captain Forbes, but he had absconded.

Mr. Wilkes was obliged, before Marshal Noailles, to sign a *Parole d'Honneur*, that he would not proceed to any *voye de fait, directe ou indirecte*, with Captain Forbes, and Mr. Murray engaged in the same manner for Captain Forbes, in consequence of which the guards of Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Murray were discharged.

Mr. Forbes has never since appeared at Paris. After the first letter enclosed, which was sent Sept. 7, Mr. Wilkes went several times to Mr. Murray's house, sometimes with Monsieur Goy, sometimes alone, but could never be admitted. Mr. Murray only once called at the Hotel de Saxe, while Mr. Wilkes was absent on a two days tour to Fontainebleau. Mr. Wilkes left Paris the 18th of September. The day before he called at Mr. Murray's house, and, not be-

ing admitted, left word that he should set off for Flanders the next morning.

Mr. Wilkes arrived at Menin the 21st in the morning, and went directly to the Post-house. He found no letter there, either from Captain Forbes or Mr. Murray. He continued at Menin all that day, and the next went again to the post-master, but with no better success. He then left a direction where he was gone, and set off for Dunkirk.

I think, Sir, that you ought to do Mr. Forbes the justice to declare, that it is certain, in the whole of this affair, although he was guilty of much rashness, yet he was not of any rudeness, nor even incivility of expression.

To the Hon. Alexander Murray, Esq;

S I R,

I Have waited with no small impatience, and I believe you will agree with me, that before this *Captain Forbes* ought to have sent to me. You know every thing which has passed between us, and the wild extravagant wish he formed, of fighting me, on no pretence, nor provocation.

I am no prize-fighter; yet I told him that I would indulge him, and as soon as I could. I mentioned to him the affair of Lord Egremont, and the previous engagement I thought myself under. I desired him to bring his second

the same day at noon, and our two friends should settle between us all the particulars of time, place, &c.

I stated the circumstances of the insolence and inhumanity of Lord Egremont, and my resolution of calling his Lordship to account; a resolution not formed yesterday, but what had struck me the second day of my imprisonment in the Tower, as becoming my dignity, and which, at that very time, I had mentioned to Major Rainsford, the Governor.

I had likewise then fixed the hour of his losing the seals, as the period I should call his Lordship to that account; and I am sure that I would have left Paris, or any other place, immediately on receiving news so interesting to myself, so welcome to the nation.

Mr. Forbes undertook, on the same morning, Tuesday, the 16th of August, to return at noon, and to bring his second. You know that he came, but brought no second. Monsieur Goy, my second, attended. If Mr. Forbes had kept his promise, the trouble I am now obliged to give you, would have been unnecessary.

Lord Egremont, to my great regret, greater I believe than that of any other person, has prevented my proceeding farther, and as a Frenchman would say, *il m'a joué un vilain tour*.

I am now therefore most entirely at Captain Forbes's service, and shall wait his commands. I do not know where he is, for he has not ap-

peared at Paris since Tuesday the 16th of August. As your house has been his asylum, I am necessitated to beg you, Sir, to acquaint Capt. Forbes, that I will be at Menin, the first town in Austrian Flanders, on the confines of France, the 21st of this month, and that Mr. Goy will do me the honour of accompanying me; but he only. I shall direct my letters to be sent there, and the moment of my arrival I shall go to the post-house.

No person, but Monsieur Goy, is acquainted with any part of this transaction; he is so obliging as to take the charge of this letter.

Give me leave to acknowledge the personal civilities you have been pleased to confer on me at Paris, and to assure you that

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, Sept. 7.

This is the genuine copy of the letter which was written this day, Sept. 7, to the Hon. Alexander Murray, Esq; by John Wilkes, Esq; and delivered by myself into the hands of the servant of the abovesaid Alexander Murray, Esq;

Paris, Sept. 7, 1763.

M 3

Monfieur Goy wrote the following letter to Mr. Murray, to which he returned no answer, and on the Saturday would not be at home.

S I R,

I Did myself feveral times the honour to wait upon you, but have not been fo happy as to find you at home. I intend to fet off on Sunday morning for Flanders, and fhould be very proud to take my leave of you, therefore hope you will give orders for my being admitted to-morrow, any time the moft agreeable to you.

I am, with refpect, Sir, &c.

P. GOY.

Rue St. Anne, butte St. Roch,
vis-à-vis le Commiffaire.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

I Beg leave, by your paper, to undeceive the public as to the letter printed in the *London Chronicle* of Sept. 18, and faid to have been written by Capt. Forbes to his father. It contains fo many falshoods, that I am fure it muft be a forgery, and a grofs impofition on the world, as well as an injury to that gentleman. The letter fays, Captain Forbes began *that he had heard Mr. Wilkes was a man of honour, and*
had

had hitherto treated him accordingly ; and as he could now hardly believe it, he wanted absolutely to put him to the proof ; whereas Capt. Forbes only declared, he had heard Mr. Wilkes was acknowledged to be a man of courage, and therefore he insisted on his fighting him for writing against his country.

I can assure you, that Mr. Wilkes never said that he was a man of courage, and that he had given proof enough of that in fighting Lord Talbot, and that he would fight no man else till he fought Lord Egremont. These three assertions are untrue. It is equally false that Captain Forbes asked Mr. Wilkes, if he came to Paris to fight Lord Egremont, that he was not to be made a fool of, that he had been now so often at Mr. Wilkes's lodgings, he was resolved he should fight, otherwise the first time he should meet with him, he would treat him as a villain and scoundrel deserved. All this is pure fiction, not one offensive word ever escaped Capt. Forbes ; he seemed to be armed with only two or three short sentences : You have abused Scotland—my country—I insist on fighting.

Mr. Wilkes never declared he was too useful a subject to risk his life. Mr. Forbes's answer is equally invention. Mr. Wilkes never said, that as such things could not be done without witnesses, to come back at twelve o'clock, and to have a friend. Mr. Wilkes never talked of witnesses, but desired Mr. Forbes to bring a second at twelve, who should adjust every thing with

Mr. Wilkes's friend. The letter says, *that Mr. Forbes returned at the hour appointed, and told his friend not to enter the Hotel, that Mr. Wilkes might not have to say, there came two upon him; whereas Mr. Forbes had promised to bring his second, and Mr. Wilkes's was there. Mr. Wilkes returned a little after twelve to the Hotel de Saxe. He met at his own door two gentlemen, who were just come from England, and were delivering their cards to the Suisse. Mr. Wilkes asked them to walk in, where they found Monsf. Goy and Mr. Forbes. They had not been at the Hotel de Saxe a quarter of an hour, when Mr. Forbes abruptly got up, saying he had some urgent business with Mr. Wilkes. The gentlemen then of course directly retired. Monsf. Goy, Mr. Wilkes's second, only remained in the room. Mr. Wilkes never declared that he would not fight any one till he should Lord Egremont; nor did Capt. Forbes say, if he had not the protection of his own house, he would use him like a scoundrel and rascal as he deserved.*

All the rest which follows of what the secretary said, (by which I suppose is meant Monsieur Goy, no other person being present) and Mr. Forbes's declaration, *that the first time he met Mr. Wilkes in the streets, or elsewhere, he would give him a hundred strokes of a stick, as he deserved no more to be used like a gentleman, but as an eternal rascal and scoundrel, &c.* is absolute fiction. Mr. Wilkes desired to know where

where Mr. Forbes lived, who would not tell him, but desired he might be sent to at the coffee-house, opposite to the play-house. The last line of the letter finishes according to the rule in *Horace*, *servetur ad imum*, &c. This happened the 17th and 18th of August, whereas Mr. Wilkes never saw Captain Forbes after the 16th, nor did he appear at Paris after that day.

I hope, Sir, that in justice to Captain Forbes you will detect the imposture, and the printers of the *London Chronicle* ought to ask pardon of that gentleman for inserting, as his, a letter so shamefully false in a variety of particulars.

Having now, Sir, detected some of the more important falsehoods contained in the pretended letter of Captain Forbes to his father, I shall proceed to give you the circumstances of this interesting affair, with the most scrupulous exactness and veracity.

On Monday morning, August 15, as Mr. Wilkes was walking with Lord Palmerston to Notre Dame, a gentleman in the street came up to him, and inquired if his name was Wilkes. The gentleman was answered in the affirmative; upon which he said, Mr. Wilkes wrote the *North Briton*, and must fight him. Mr. Wilkes desired to know what evidence the gentleman had for so round an assertion, that he had in a moment cut very short a dispute, which had been a good while agitating in England, and would not be soon over; that a squabble in the streets was unbecoming a gentleman,

man, and an indecent affront to the laws of the country; that he lived at the Hotel de Saxe, and wished him a good day. Mr. Forbes in the afternoon called at the Hotel de Saxe, and left on a card, C. John Forbes. The next morning he returned about six. He said his name was Forbes, a Captain in the French regiment of Ogilby, which had been broke, or as it is there called, *reformed*. Mr. Wilkes regretted that he had not left on his card where he lived, to have prevented him that second trouble of coming to the Hotel de Saxe, and desired to know his commands. He said that Mr. Wilkes must fight him, because he had wrote against Scotland. Mr. Wilkes asked what he had wrote, and wished to see the papers objected to, or to know what they were. Mr. Forbes replied, You have wrote against my country: your name is Wilkes; do you not write? Mr. Wilkes said, that he did now and then write receipts for tenants, and sometimes on post-nights; but would give no account to Mr. Forbes, nor to any man. Mr. Forbes then asked him, if he would fight him that day. Mr. Wilkes told him, that he would fight him upon his honour; but he believed he could not indulge him that day, for he had a previous account to settle with Lord Egremont, and went into the circumstances of that affair. Mr. Wilkes added, that it was very unfit Captain Forbes and he should talk over alone so critical a business: therefore desired him

to return the same day at noon, and to bring one gentleman for a second along with him; and Mr. Wilkes's friend and second would likewise attend. Mr. Wilkes declared he would leave every particular of time, place, &c. to their two friends, and would abide by their determination. Captain Forbes promised that he would bring his second; but came at twelve alone, and found Monsieur Goy in Mr. Wilkes's apartments. Mr. Wilkes soon after returned, and at his door saw two English gentlemen, as mentioned before. As soon as Mr. Goy, Captain Forbes, and Mr. Wilkes, were by themselves, Captain Forbes insisted on Mr. Wilkes's fighting him that day, and directly. Mr. Wilkes desired him to explain the reasons of such a duel to Monsieur Goy; that he knew nothing of any personal quarrel with Captain Forbes, and reminded him of his promise in the morning to return with a second. Mr. Forbes said, that Mr. Wilkes knew enough; and that he would not explain himself farther. Mr. Wilkes replied, that he would not then enter farther into that affair, his friend being present, and no gentleman on the part of Mr. Forbes. Mr. Forbes then said, that his friend was near, and that he would fetch him. He accordingly went away, in a quarter of an hour returned again alone, and said, he would bring no friend: but Mr. Wilkes should soon hear from him. Mr. Wilkes asked, how he could know that the person he was conversing with
was

was a gentleman, or was Captain Forbes, having never seen him till the day before, and observed, that his coming in such a manner, and refusing to bring a second, had more the air of an assassin, than of a gentleman. Mr. Forbes said, that he was well known to the Prince of Soubize, and then went away.

In the afternoon the Marshals of France sent and put Mr. Wilkes under arrest. Soon after he received a visit from Mr. Macdonald, a Scottish gentleman in the French service; who told him, that he came in the name of the Scots at Paris, to assure Mr. Wilkes, that they entirely disapproved of Captain Forbes's behaviour; and that it was only to be looked upon as the rashness of a young man of three and twenty. Mr. Mackay, who is likewise in the French service, and has the cross of St. Lewis, waited afterwards on Mr. Wilkes, and repeated the same assurances. Mr. Forbes never appeared at Paris after that afternoon, Tuesday, the 16th of August. Diligent search was made, and it was discovered that he had been, for some time, concealed at Mr. Murray's. At last Captain Forbes not appearing, Mr. Murray was taken into custody, and was brought before Marshal Noailles, who is president of the tribunal of the Marshals of France, on Friday afternoon, the 19th, at the same time with Mr. Wilkes; and on their giving their paroles, both their guards were dismissed. When Marshal Noailles asked Mr. Wilkes, what was his quarrel
with

with Captain Forbes, Mr. Wilkes only said, *Monseigneur, je n'ai ni l'honneur ni l'envie de connoitre Monsieur Forbes.* (My Lord, I have neither the honour nor the wish to know Mr. Forbes.) Mr. Wilkes then, in the presence of several French gentlemen, after Marshal Noailles was retired, begged Mr. Macdonald, who is an intimate friend of Mr. Forbes, to assure him, that as soon as the affair with Lord Egremont was settled, if he was alive, he would indulge Captain Forbes, should he chuse to fight him; and that it would be Captain Forbes's own fault if he did not; for Mr. Wilkes would meet him for that purpose any where in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, except the dominions of France.

I am, &c.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

YOU may be assured, that the letter, first printed in the evening paper, called *The London Chronicle*, Tuesday October 25, and said to have been written by Captain Forbes to Mr. Wilkes, is a mere fiction, and that he has never received any letter from Captain Forbes. Lord Sandwich can best explain the motives which induced him, as Secretary of State, to cause Captain Forbes to leave England. Mr. Wilkes was entirely ignorant of that whole transaction,

transaction, and afterwards, on his return to London from Menin, declared very publicly, that through the whole important business, in which he was concerned, he would owe his protection to nothing, but the laws of his country, and his own sword. The account in *the London Chronicle* contradicts itself; for it is there said, “that Capt. Forbes, *the day after* he wrote to Mr. Wilkes, received a letter from Mr. Murray, assuring him, on his honour, that he had never wrote to, nor received any letter from, Mr. Wilkes.”——Whereas, in the very letter printed as Mr. Forbes’s, he calls Mr. Wilkes’s Letter to Mr. Murray a pretended letter. The letter to Mr. Murray is placed beyond dispute, because it rests on the testimony of a third person, a gentleman of honour, Monsieur Goy, who delivered it himself at Mr. Murray’s house. It is remarkable too, that the subsequent letter of Monsieur Goy, which has a relation to Mr. Wilkes’s letter, is not disputed. The expedition used on this occasion is wonderful. The letter said to be Mr. Forbes’s, mentions *The Public Advertiser* of September 28, which was Wednesday. The post did not set out for Paris till the Friday night, as usual; yet Mr. Forbes, wherever he was, receives a letter from Mr. Murray relative to it on the Monday following, the 3d of October. *Why did not Captain Forbes get some friend to deliver the letter to Mr. Wilkes, or to leave it at his house? No account is given*
when

when it was sent, nor by what conveyance. The other particulars mentioned in the letter have already been disproved in your paper. A. B. in *The London Chronicle*, only tells us, that it fell accidentally into his hands, yet he is sure that it is genuine. On the contrary, by every external as well as internal evidence, I will maintain that it is spurious.

I am, &c.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

I Desire, for the last time perhaps, to intrude on you with respect to the stale story of Mr. Wilkes and Captain Forbes, again served up in *The London Chronicle* of Tuesday November 8, in a letter signed Peter Mackay.

It is first an absurdity, that Marshal Noailles's secretary should tell Mr. Murray, "*that there was nothing to say to him;*" for Mr. Murray was taken into custody, and brought to the *Hotel de Noailles* for having concealed Mr. Forbes. It is further absurdly said,—"*when Mr. Murray was going away, and already out of the apartments, upon second thoughts he returned to wait on the Marshal de Noailles in particular;*"—whereas Mr. Murray, according to this very account, was brought by an exempt before Marshal Noailles, who discharged him on his engaging for Captain Forbes—but not being
the

the principal, Mr. Murray did not sign. It is no where asserted that he did——but that he engaged his *Parole d'Honneur* for Mr. Forbes (whom he had secreted before in his house) in the same manner Mr. Wilkes did for himself. Mr. Murray could not otherwise have obtained his discharge.

It is sufficient to observe, that any man acquainted with the process of this kind of business in France, must immediately discover the absurdity of almost the whole account; and the two exempts, as well as Monsieur Goy, can contradict many of the particulars said to have passed at Mr. Murray's house. Mr. Mackay cannot but remember, that he came afterwards to Mr. Wilkes, and excused the conduct of his countryman. Monsieur Goy, and the exempt, who attended Mr. Wilkes, were there at the same time.

I am, &c.

A Letter from Mr. Andrew Baxter, Author of
MATHO, An Enquiry into the Nature of
the Human Soul, &c. †

My dearest Mr. Wilkes,

YOUR letter of December the 12th alarmed me, by hearing you had got such a dangerous fall off your horse. Moderate exercise is good, but dangerous exercise, such as riding a fiery horse, is not commendable; and if you would oblige Mrs. Wilkes, if you would oblige all your friends, and all good men, who conceive great hopes from you, you will be more cautious for the future. We had a terrible instance in the news papers lately of a man spoke wonderfully well of, who got his death by such a fall.—As to altering any thing in the address to you before the *Appendix* ‡, I durst not do

† A false and imperfect copy of this letter was printed in a Scots Magazine.

‡ In another letter he says, “ I have employed my time of
“ late in considering the difference, or controversy, between
“ the English and foreign philosophers concerning the force of
“ bodies moving in free spaces, which in it's consequences
“ spreads far and wide through natural philosophy. I have
“ shewn demonstratively that the experiments brought by the
“ foreign philosophers to establish their new theory, are appli-
“ cable entirely to the English computation, which they beau-
“ tifully confirm and illustrate, and that these learned gentle-
“ men have quite mistaken them. We talked much of this,
“ you may remember, in the Capuchin's garden at Spa. I have
Append. Vol. II. N “ finished

do it without your participation, unless you had suggested something you would have had changed ; and by this time I suppose it is published. If not, I beg you cause change any thing you think proper. I wrote to Mr. Millar, after presenting some copies to gentlemen in London, to send down five copies of it to Lord Blantyre at Edinburgh, to be given to particular friends there, and I wish you would speak to him of it.—As to the state of my disease, unless I would make suppositions contrary to all probability, I have no reasonable hopes of recovery, the swelling, which began at my legs, being now got up to my belly and head. I am a trouble to all about me, especially to my poor wife, who has the life of a slave night and day, in helping me to take care of a diseased carcass.

“ finished the *prima cura* of it in the dialogue way : I design
 “ to inscribe it to my dear John Wilkes, whom, under a borrowed name, I have made one of the interlocutors. If you
 “ are against this whim (which a passionate love to you has
 “ brought me to bed of) I will drop it.

“ In the mean time I shall publish an *Appendix* to the *En-*
 “ *quiry*, which you must give me leave to inscribe to you in
 “ the following manner. Sir, the subject of our conversation
 “ in the Capuchin’s garden at Spa, in the summer of 1745, lies
 “ still by me in the dress it was put in. I have not leisure at pre-
 “ sent to prepare it for the public view. In the interim I send
 “ you the following sheets, as a token of my sincere respect. It is
 “ a pleasure to think on the time we spent so agreeably together. I
 “ am, &c.”

The *Appendix* was afterwards published with the above dedication.

Yet

Yet I may linger on a while, as I can still walk a little through the room, and divert myself now and then with reading, nay, and writing down my remarks on what I read. But I can with sincerity assure you (my most dear Mr. Wilkes) death has nothing terrible to me ; or rather I look upon it with pleasure. I have long and often considered, and written down, the advantages of a separate state. I shall soon know more than all the men I leave behind me ; wonders in material nature and the world of spirits, which never entered into the thoughts of philosophers. The end of knowledge *there* is not to get a name, or form a new sect, but to adore the power and wisdom of the Deity. This kills pride, but heightens happiness and pleasure. All our rational desires, because rational, must be satisfied by a Being himself infinitely rational. I have been long aware that nothing can go beyond the grave but the habits of virtue and innocence. There is no distinction in that world, but what proceeds from virtue or vice. Titles and riches are laid off, when the shroud goes on. But oh ! my dearest friend, I cannot conceal from you a topic of inexpressible pleasure. Punishment itself is pleasant. God does not punish out of anger and revenge, to destroy, as we wrathful men conclude, but to correct and make better. That is the true end of punishment. Boundless punishment would shew incontrollable power, but chastisement in proportion to our faults,

shews the divine perfection of *Equity*, and with a design to correct, not to throw us off, shews mercy. The end of God's punishing us therefore, is our final happiness. Are not these comfortable topics at the approach of death?—— Besides, what is it to be free from the pains and infirmities of the body? Though I am satisfied just now that the weakness of my distressed limbs is as much the immediate effect of the same power and goodness, as their growth and strength was sixty years ago. Dare I add a word without being thought vain? This is owing to my having reasoned honestly on the nature of that dead substance *matter*. It is as utterly inert when the tree flourishes, as when the leaf withers. And it is the same divine power differently applied, that directs the last parting throb, and the first drawing breath. O the blindness of those who think matter can do any thing of itself, or perform an effect without impulse and direction by immaterial power!— As to party philosophers, who are for one side only, and contract a personal dislike to those who are not as stiff, they are to be pitied. I see them making their court to the heads of the party, and thus angling for a little reputation, at second hand. It is astonishing, my dear Sir, that all men are forced to own, that *all matter necessarily resists a change of it's present state, either of rest or motion*; and yet when they come to the genuine consequence of this, to wit, that the Deity performs immediately all that
that

that is done in the material universe, they retract the former self-evident truth, and ascribe to this *resisting substance*, both a self motive and self determining power. I know not one book of natural philosophy, not one, free from this inconsistency. And though I be the only person (for any thing I know) who has endeavoured to establish the particular Providence of the Deity, and shew his incessant influence and action on all the parts of matter, through the wide universe, from the inactivity of this dead substance: yet I hope when the present party-zeal subsides a little, men will come more easily in to own such a plain truth. And from the same obvious principle a great many absurd notions in natural philosophy, concerning *powers in matter*, will be rejected—I own if it had been the will of heaven, I would have gladly lived, till I had put in order the second part of the *Enquiry*, shewing the Immortality of the human soul: But infinite wisdom cannot be mistaken in calling me sooner. *Our blindness makes us form wishes*. I have left seven or eight different manuscript books, where all the materials I have been collecting for near thirty years, are put down without any order, in the book that came next to hand, in the place or circumstances I was in at the time. I took all these papers to Holland with me, thinking to put them in order there; but you know that was impracticable. And since I came home, I have been prevented, either with looking after

country affairs, or want of health. There are a great many miscellaneous subjects in philosophy, of a very serious nature, few of them ever considered before as I know of; but (as I have hinted above) a short time of *separate existence* will make every good man look with pity on the deepest researches we make here, and which we are apt to be vain of.—Thus I have writ you every thing I had to say. It will be kind if you send me a last letter. I wish you and Mrs. Wilkes all possible prosperity. And though I cannot do you any service here, yet I hope our friendship shall never end.

AND. BAXTER.

Whittingham, Jan. 29, 1750.

Letters of Dr. Brewster, Author of an excellent Translation of Persius.

Bath, May 20.

DEAR SIR,
 YOU find me for once somewhat in the case of a fair young virgin, hardly able to withstand your solicitations, they are so warm and engaging, and yet afraid to comply with them, though pleasure must be the certain consequence. But the fair ones, I believe, you have always found at last consenting; and as they are most admirable precedents, so I follow
 low

low their example. It is true, I ought to be ashamed of not complying without reluctance; (in that point indeed the young ladies and I a little differ) but you know the unhappy cause—some time next week then, I shall endeavour to wait on you at Aylesbury.

I scarce know a man in the world, whom I would go farther to see, or to whom I would sooner dedicate my time and myself. You need not, for my temptation, in the account you give me of the wonderful verdure of the rich vale of Aylesbury, and the fragrance of your bean-fields in full blossom, have described Arabia Felix, for I could readily have waited on you in the very deserts.

Dr. *** is the only one whom I know among the faculty, that composes tragedy. His brethren content themselves with barely furnishing subjects for it, widows and orphans.

I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful, and obliged,
Humble servant,

THO. BREWSTER.

DEAR SIR,

THERE is nothing I long for so much, as to be reading a chapter with you, at Aylesbury, in the old black letter. However hurtful you may find it to the eyes, I am persuaded your learned and pious expositions, will

render it highly edifying and comfortable to the heart. I will therefore (God willing) fulfil yet my promise, and wait on you before this summer ends. That I do not set out immediately, I do assure you, is not my fault, but merely my misfortune. Two or three anomalous patients unluckily detain me here at present; and when they will be pleased to release me, upon my word, is more than I can yet tell, or even conjecture. It is a strange thing, that people who have the whole year before them, to be sick in, can find no other part of it, for that purpose, but just the particular time when I should be enjoying the happiness of your company.

Whatever may be the weather at Aylesbury, I have no doubt of meeting with gaiety and pleasure, when I meet with Mr. Wilkes, and am in the mean time, his obliged friend,
and obedient servant,

THO. BREWSTER.

Bath, June 30.

Bath, Jan. 6, 1755.

DEAR SIR,
THOUGH I am sitting down but now, to acknowledge the favour of your letter, I must nevertheless own I received it in due time; even on Christmas-day in the morning. The
contents,

contents, I hoped, would have informed me, that you were soon following: but upon perusal, how grievous was the disappointment! Almost enough to sadden the most joyous of all seasons.

The Royal Society, by taking the steps you mention, may happily once again favour us with a little common sense; which, among all the strange things they have for sometime published, will itself, I should believe, be esteemed the strangest. But the more they reform, the less perhaps they will entertain, which I wish may not be likewise the case of our reforming friend. However if Mr. *** be in earnest so desperately resolved on matrimony, I heartily wish him all the happiness it can afford; and hope you are ready with his epithalamium. This indeed is a season, whose coldness admonishes us all to think of good warm wives. It makes me do so sometimes, among the rest: but a line or two of Horace, on the other hand, a little discourages,

Quæ bellua ruptis,
Cum semel effugit, reddit se prava catenis?

The French of our times, I find greatly surpass the Greeks of Juvenal's. *Natio comoeda est*, even down to their very dogs: who indeed, by your account of those at the Haymarket, seem to be a most extraordinary race of puppies. Methinks it is pity but they should be
well

well principled : and for that good end have governors and preceptors out of hand appointed them. You who have the saving of souls so very much at heart, I wonder you do not recommend them, either to the promoters of Christian knowledge, or to the propagators of the Gospel in foreign parts : who surely would not do amiss to consider, that the greatest of all charities should begin at home.

To the wit and pleasure of this place, I am quite a stranger. For that I must therefore beg leave to refer you to the pen of Mr. ***, our gallant, gay Lothario.

I am ever your's,

THO. BREWSTER.

Burton-Court near Lemster,
July 29, 1758.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter found me under the apple-trees of Herefordshire, where I have now been above these three months, in such a solitude as I am only fit for. The truth is, I am but in a ruinous sort of condition, nodding, as it were, to my fall : and my tremors, at all times bad enough, under the observation of company, are still worse. For these reasons, though the pleasures of Aylesbury have left a very strong impression, yet dare I not accept your
kind

kind invitation to repeat them ; but wishing
you all happiness in all places, am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged,
and affectionate friend,

THO. BREWSTER.

*A Letter of the Reverend Dr. Douglas, Author
of several Pamphlets, relative to the Imposture
of Archibald Bower, and of other Pieces.*

Half-Moon-street, Piccadilly, April 1, 1762.

S I R,

YOU will excuse the trouble I give you,
because it is on an affair of infinite concern
to my character, and I think you have it in
your power to do me justice. A report has been
set about, that I am the author of the * *Ob-
servations on the Spanish Papers*, which, if it gains
credit, will be as prejudicial to my interest, as
it is absolutely unsupported by truth. You may
please to remember, you told me in the Park,
the very day after the pamphlet appeared, *that
you heard I had writ it.* It is become necessary
for me, by the advice of the most respectable
friends, to trace this groundless story to the
fountain head ; and therefore I apply to you,

* See page 1 of this Volume.

begging

begging you would recollect *who told you* I was the author, that so I may be able effectually to stop the progress of a report, which if at first propagated only wantonly, will, I fear, if not traced to its source, in the end have the same bad effects, as if it had come from the most determined malice.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and
most humble servant,

JOHN DOUGLAS.

Winchester, April 6, 1762.

S I R,

I Had the honour of your letter at Basingstoke in my march to this place. When I was last in the foolish circle at the Smyrna, the *Observations on the Spanish Papers* were talked of, and as you know the sages there pretend to infinite sagacity, they were generally given to you, though a few ascribed them to *Mauduit*, the author of the famous *Considerations*. I am entirely satisfied with your authentic assurances on this subject, and on every occasion will contradict so groundless a report.

There is not a man in this country, who more honours your superior literary abilities than I do, nor more warmly wishes, for the dignity of our church, to see them rewarded in an eminent

ment and distinguished manner. I shall be strenuous in contradicting the report, for undoubtedly the author of the *Observations* has no chance of favour from any of the present powers ; and if he is the unlucky *Mauduit*, he has overthrown all the merit he might with some derive from the *Considerations*. I hope that your other friends will exert themselves with the same zeal on this occasion, as I assure you I shall, for I am, with real regard,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

A Letter to the Right Honourable George Grenville, occasioned by his Publication of the Speech he made in the House of Commons on the Motion for expelling Mr. Wilkes, Friday, February 3, 1769.

'Tis all a LIBEL—Grenville, Sir, will say—
 Not yet, my Friend ! to-morrow 'faith it may ;
 And for that very cause I print to-day. }

POPE.

S I R,

THE world is greatly indebted to your indulgence for the publication of your *Speech on the motion for expelling Mr. Wilkes, Friday, February 3, 1769*, and the assiduous labour of the last eight months, to correct and polish the only Ciceronian oration you have ventured to the press. You have in particular helped the invention of *Pensioner Johnson* for many pages in a future *Magazine*, or volume of the *Parliamentary Debates*, and saved his bookseller two or three guineas. The subject, I must own, merited all your care and attention. There is no harangue you ever made in Parliament of so important a nature, except in the single case of *General Warrants*, on which you again enlarge much on the present occasion. The affair of *Mr. Wilkes* interests indeed every Member of the Lower House, and every elector in the kingdom, but a *General Warrant* may carry horror

and cruelty to every family and every individual in the island, for it can be considered in no other light than as a declaration of war against the people at large. Your harangues on that subject in February 1764 might not perhaps be so popular, but they would be still more curious and interesting even than the present *Speech*, only I fear they would take more years than the other has months, to render them in any way palatable to the public. I was in the gallery, Sir, during the whole debate on the third of last February, and I recollect your arguments, which were sensible and cogent, although I do not remember all the *melliti verborum globuli* of the *Speech* published last Monday. The warmth of the colouring, the glowing touches, and soft graces have grown since under your *forming hands*, or those more elegant of a new friend, on whom nature has lavished all the powers of *the sublime and beautiful*, or perhaps they may be the first fruits of the *Grenvillian Family Compact*.

The present production has indeed no small degree of literary merit, and if I did not hear you, I read you through with satisfaction and ease. I afterwards went to see my old friend, the state prisoner, at the King's Bench. I enquired if he had seen your *Speech*. He told me, *that he had read it with great care; that he considered it as a direct act of hostility on your part; that as to the vote you gave in Parliament against his expulsion, he had not the obligation of that vote*
to

to Mr. Grenville; that the SPEECH was crouded with falsehoods; that he had always detested you as a minister, but despised you as a private man; and that he should never think it worth his while to take the least notice of your illiberal abuse. This he declared to be his fixed purpose, and it is well known how invariable he is in all his resolutions. But although Mr. Wilkes determines to pass over this feeble attack of an enemy, who fights only with the weapons of malice and falsehood, I shall not suffer such an injury done my friend to pass unnoticed or unpunished. I now call upon you, Sir, to justify yourself at the candid and impartial, but awful tribunal of the public. The charge will be direct and pointed. Your answer ought to be plain and full.

The injurious treatment Mr. Wilkes has received from you, did not begin with the publication of last Monday. You have formerly acted a most unjust and wicked part with respect to him, although with your natural cowardice and cunning, in a safe and covert manner. After the mock abdication of Lord Bute in April 1763, it was given out *by authority* to the foreign ministers, and to all concerned in public affairs at home, that the King had placed his government in the hands of Mr. Grenville and the Earls of *Halifax* and *Egremont*, who in all matters of moment were to act in conjunction. The famous triumvirate were *ordered* to agree, and at no time to fail concurring in every point of

of importance, but never to open, except like a parish chest, with the three keys together: This happened in the middle of April, and the end of the same month the *General Warrant* signed by *Lord Halifax* issued, not only without any information upon oath, but without the least information whatever, except the publisher's name. You did not indeed sign the *General Warrant*, nor the Warrant of Commitment to the Tower, in which both the Secretaries concurred, because that business was not in your department as First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer; but you advised, approved, and afterwards justified the measure both in and out of Parliament. The whole plan was your own, and every part of it was carried into execution *te consilium, et TUOS præbente DOLOS*. You have in this manner artfully escaped the prosecution, which Mr. Wilkes carried on against the two Secretaries of State, your coadjutors and associates in power, but your guilt is equal. The low cunning which marks your character, saved you here, and has always saved you through life. Your conduct with respect to the late felonious Peace was alike cautious, subtle and well calculated for your own private safety. You quitted the post of Secretary of State, not three weeks before even the Preliminaries of Peace could be signed, and you ridiculously accepted Sir Edward Hawke's present office of First Lord of the Admiralty, because you knew

how base and dishonourable the conditions of the Peace were, and foresaw the probability of the resentment, which a brave, injured people have at length shewn against every person concerned in that treachery. I do not charge the late treaty as your act, but I accuse you as having in the Cabinet and in Parliament justified even the *Preliminary Articles*, although *the East India Company would have been infallibly ruined by a single article of this fallacious and baneful negotiation*, for I will venture to quote the late martyr, the North Briton, No. 45. Afterwards you voted for the *entire approbation* of the Peace of Paris. Lord Bute in the House of Lords gloried in that *public felony* against the people as his act, and indeed *nihil sibi ex ista laude centurio, nihil præfectus, nihil cohors, nihil turma decerpit*. When that scene of iniquity was fully completed, and Lord Bute affected to retire, you quitted your sea-station, and succeeded him in the Treasury, as you did before in the Office of Secretary of State for the Northern Department. You then held the public purse, *Philip Carteret Webb* was your Solicitor and chief agent, and *Carrington* continued King's Messenger and pay-master of the Crown evidence. You talked us to death about *æconomy*. You really practised it in private, while you astonished us with the profuseness of the public expence, and displayed a persecuting spirit and rage against all the friends of liberty, beyond the virulence of the envenomed Scot himself.

There is, Sir, in almost every part of your *Speech* a rancour and malevolence against Mr. Wilkes, which has betrayed you into a variety of gross mistakes, and palpable *falsehoods*. Did you mean *to gratify a private and personal resentment, for the abuse Mr. Wilkes has so illiberally (as you assert) thrown upon you?* page 6. If you did, you have accomplished it at the expence of honour, truth, and your own reputation. The world shall judge. You say in page 10, that *he* (Mr. Wilkes) was tried and CONVICTED *for being the AUTHOR and publisher of the three obscene and impious libels, &c.* You repeat the accusation, page 19, *with regard to the three obscene and impious libels, which were WRITTEN by him.* I have examined your charge with an office-copy of the second sentence passed on Mr. Wilkes, and I find it absolutely groundless. There is not a syllable of *author* or *authorship* in any part of it. The words are, *being convicted of certain trespasses, contempts, and grand misdemeanors, in PRINTING AND PUBLISHING an obscene and impious libel, intitled, An Essay on Woman, and other impious libels in the information in that behalf specified, whereof he is impeached, &c.* I may now appeal to the impartial public, if truth is not here shamefully violated by you. Is this *that justice which is due to every man, and which we ought to be more particularly careful to preserve, in an instance where passion and prejudice may both concur in the violation of it?* page 11. I am afraid we not

only see *passion* and *prejudice*, but the baseness and malignity of a heart, not an atom of which remains uncankered—But perhaps since I have searched, the *Record*, being in the King's Bench, has been *altered*. In that case, and in that only, I am ready to ask your pardon.

The same *false* representation is extended to the *North Briton*, No. 45. You say, *the next article is that of the seditious libel, the North Briton, for which the AUTHOR and publisher was deservedly prosecuted, tried, and convicted, five years ago, page 20, and when he (Mr. Wilkes) WROTE that seditious libel against the King, and both Houses of Parliament, page 9.* Now, Sir, I again appeal to the same irrefragable proof, the *Record of the Court*. That *Record* only states, *being convicted of certain trespasses, contempts, and grand misdemeanors in PRINTING and PUBLISHING a seditious and scandalous libel, entitled, The North Briton, No. 45, whereof he is impeached.* In both cases therefore the accusation, trial and conviction as to the *authorship* are entirely fabricated, or rather forged, by Mr. George Grenville.

There remained, Sir, but one other thing, on which you could try your hand, and it has not escaped you. I mean the *Petition* of Mr. Wilkes the last winter to the House of Commons. Your words are, *it was but a few days ago that I spoke and voted to restrain Mr. Wilkes from entering into the greater part of his PETITION, because the subject matter of his complaint*
had

had been FULLY heard, and the parties to it duly acquitted by the last House of Commons, page 21. A more direct falshood, I believe, never came from the press, or even disgraced St. Stephen's Chapel. I desire to know if the late House of Commons, did fully hear the complaint of the Evasion of the Habeas Corpus, or the CLOSE commitment of their member for three days, without pen, ink, or paper, or the permission of seeing any person but his gaolers, although charged only with a misdemeanor, or the breach of privilege, by serving a member of Parliament with a SUBPOENA. Was either of these questions once agitated in the last House of Commons? The Minority ought to take shame to themselves, that questions of such magnitude never were even mentioned in the House, except once by Mr. Wilkes himself, on the first day of the session, and the only day his ill health permitted him to attend. Many other complaints in his Petition have occurred since, and therefore could not be stated before; such as, that counter-notices, signed summoning officer, were sent to several of his jury only the day before the trials, and that the papers seized under the General Warrant were produced as evidence on his trials. Was either of these circumstances even stated to the late House of Commons, so far from being fully heard, and yet they make a part of this very Petition? You add, that the parties were DULY ACQUITTED by the last House of Commons. This too is a perversion.

O 3

sion. The Journals only say, that *the complaint* (of the imprisonment of Mr. Wilkes's person, the plundering of his house, the seizing of his papers, &c.) *against* those worthy Gentlemen, *Philip Carteret Webb, Robert Wood, John Mone, Robert Blackmore, and James Watson, be discharged,* Journals, vol. 29. page 843. An honest English jury, however, nobly vindicated the rights of the people. They had at heart the liberty of the subject, and despised the example of meanness and treachery given them by the Majority in a place,

Where crowns of freedom, by the fathers won,
Drop leaf by leaf from each degen'rate son.

The same *Mr. Wood* was not *duly acquitted* by a jury of his peers. He was found *guilty*, fined one thousand pounds sterling, and the costs of suit.

You observe, *I cannot agree with those, who think that the papers relative to it (the Essay on Woman) were obtained by those, who prosecuted him in any undue or improper manner. The contrary has appeared by Mr. Wilkes's own evidence a few days ago. That prosecution was begun in another place, and I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT; but in justice to those who were concerned, I must say, that there was not the least foundation for all that calumny that has been propagated with regard to the manner of obtaining them;*

*them; for the truth of which I appeal to the * examination, which the House has so lately made on Mr. Wilkes's Petition upon that subject, page 23. As you have appealed to that examination, and declare there was not the least foundation for that calumny, I shall transcribe the evidence of Mr. Wilkes's servant, Michael Curry, at the bar of the House of Commons, on the last of January 1769, although what he said there is a good deal softened from what he swore at the Mansion-House on the third of August preceding, before he had been softened himself.*

Curry declares at the bar, “ that he had
“ express orders to print only twelve copies,
“ to deliver them to Mr. Wilkes himself, and
“ not to shew any part of them to any per-
“ son whatever; that however he shewed them
“ to *Hassall*, Hassall to Faden, Faden to Kid-
“ gell, Kidgell to Lord March, &c. that one
“ Farmer offered him money, that *Faden* desired
“ a copy, said he would make it worth his while,
“ that Faden strongly repeated, it was to serve
“ some people, who would make it worth his while,
“ that he had many such offers after, that there
“ was a clamour that he should be prosecuted for

* The whole of the examination upon hearing Mr. Wilkes's Petition, faithfully copied from the minutes of the House of Commons, is printed in three Numbers of the North Briton, viz. No. 113, 114, 115, in June 1769.

“ *felony*, (in robbing Mr. Wilkes of that copy ;)
 “ that he applied to see Mr. Wilkes, but was
 “ refused ; that he, Webb, Kidgell, Faden,
 “ Farmer, and others, met at the Horn-tavern,
 “ and other places ; that the report gaining
 “ ground that he should be prosecuted for *felo-*
 “ *ny*, he went to Faden, and surrendered it
 “ (*the stolen copy*) to him, that he went the
 “ same evening with Faden to Webb, that
 “ Webb bid him not be afraid, that he (Webb)
 “ would take care of him, that *he lived in*
 “ *Webb’s house a week together, that he was con-*
 “ *fined there, that they would not let him go out,*
 “ *that Webb sent him to Carrington, who regu-*
 “ *larly every week supplied him with money, that*
 “ Webb said he might depend on being taken
 “ care of, *that Government would take care of*
 “ *him for surrendering the copy, and giving the*
 “ *evidence against Mr. Wilkes, that Carrington*
 “ declared he was *accountable to government* for
 “ the money he paid him, that he saw Lord
 “ Sandwich, who told him that he might
 “ depend on any thing in his power.” Webb’s
 original letters to Hassall were likewise pro-
 duced at the bar, and proved to be his hand-
 writing. In one of them Webb tells Hassall to
 desire Curry to put down in writing what passed—
that they might all concur in one story. These are
 the very words of the *Minutes*. Can a stronger
 offer be made to a servant to rob his master ?
 Does not this give *the least foundation* for the
 public opinion ? It appears Curry did rob his
 master

master of the Essay on Woman, that he sold it to Faden, from whom the Solicitor of the Treasury, *Webb*, with whom Faden was in constant correspondence, obtained it; Lord Sandwich had it from the Solicitor, and then it came into the House of Lords, and the King's Bench, undoubtedly to the more real concern of Mr. Wilkes, than of any man in the kingdom.

During all these proceedings you continued at the head of the Treasury, *Webb* was your Solicitor, and *Carrington* the confidential messenger and pay-master. He declared at the bar, that *the money Curry received came from the King's Treasury Chamber*, and that *Webb* gave him an authority under his own hand for the several sums paid to Curry. Carrington's evidence proves that the money Curry received was *public money*, for which the first Commissioner of the Treasury is accountable. I therefore neither wonder at your negative to Mr. Wilkes's being suffered to go into the greater part of his *Petition*, which respected *General Warrants*, the *Seizure of Papers*, the *Evasion of the Habeas Corpus*, and other enormities of your Ministry, nor at your joining even with the present Administration in the denying him "all such accounts as have been passed, declared, or received from Philip Carteret Webb, Esq; late Solicitor of his Majesty's Treasury, since Midsummer 1762, from the Auditors of the Imprest, or their deputies." Innocence and
honour

honour would have whispered you to second the motion of Sir Joseph Mawbey, and even to supplicate the House, that *all those accounts* might be laid before Parliament ; but conscious guilt, alarmed at the consequences of it, made you tremble and oppose. So much for the conspiracy of Messieurs Grenville, Webb, Carrington, Kidgell, Curry, Hassall, Jennings, Farmer and Faden. *Unspotted names, and memorable long !*

You are pleased to assert, *that Mr. Wilkes was tried and convicted by a FAVOURABLE jury*, page 10. A *favourable* jury, which asked no one question, and only pronounced the single word *guilty*, is absolute nonsense. It is only to be paralleled by Lord Manfield's declaration on the reversal of Mr. Wilkes's outlawry, that *he had the strongest inclination in FAVOUR of the defendant*. You ought to have said, that he was tried by an *illegal* jury, for notices declaring that the trials were put off, signed *Summoning-Officer*, were sent to several of the *legal* summoned jury only the day before the trials, so that no fair jury of his countrymen have pronounced any judgment on him. You knew this circumstance, and therefore were greatly criminal in denying Mr. Wilkes the justice of going into this part of his *Petition*. Was the jury which found Mr. Wilkes guilty of *publishing an unpublished poem*, a *favourable*, or even a *conscientious* jury ?

You

You declare that it was *for a libel certainly not less seditious or criminal than Dr. Shebbeare's*, page 10. What you think *seditious or criminal*, you only can determine. As to the *Sixth Letter to the People of England*, it was charged in the information to be *false*, as well as wicked, &c. and was proved so to the satisfaction of all mankind. Was the word *false* in the information against the *North Briton*, No. 45? The charge of *falsehood* was not made against any part of that paper. If it had, and Mr. Wilkes continued in a state of health to have directed his own defence, he would have *subpœnaed* you to prove various articles in it, particularly that important passage, *the large debt on the Civil List, already above half a year in arrear, shews pretty clearly the transactions of the winter*. Did you learn these *manœuvres* from the great father of corruption, Sir Robert Walpole, of whom you speak with such reverence? You, Sir, were in the House of Commons on the first day of the Session in 1763. Mr. Wilkes there maintained that every line of the *North Briton*, No. 45, was founded on truth. He challenged Lord North, and all the Ministry, to point out a single falsehood. Did his Lordship attempt it? Did you offer a word in answer to so direct and bold a challenge? You did not: you could not. What did the House do? The very Majority accused of that corruption expelled the uncorrupt Senator, whom they thought to be the accuser, and in that manner only justified them.

themselves, avenged *the indignity offered to them by one of their own members*, page 20, and punished *the particular offence committed against them*, page 21. I will venture to ask even you, Sir, who have not entirely forgot, though you wish we should, all your former pleadings at the Old Bailey, whether indeed a short paper, which did not contain one line untrue, is equally *criminal* with a volume, which scarcely contained a single truth, which traduced the *Revolution*, aspersed the memory of King William III., grossly vilified King George I. and II., and *bastardised the whole royal family*. Is the *North Briton*, No. 45, with the long list of hard ill-founding adjectives, *malicious, seditious, scandalous, &c.* equally *criminal* with such a paper? Lord Mansfield declared in Westminster-Hall, that *Dr. Shebbeare, by that LETTER, approached the nearest to High Treason, without actually committing it, of any paper he ever read*. The trial was in 1758, yet so short a time afterwards as during your administration in 1763, this man was pensioned, and still continues in the pay of government. I shall only mention one other particular on this subject, to shew how disingenuous you are in every the minutest circumstance. When you state how much more severely Dr. Shebbeare was treated than Mr. Wilkes, you mention that the Dr. was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned, but you carefully conceal from us, that his fine was but 5*l.* Mr.

Wilkes

Wilkes was fined 500 l. only for the *North Briton*, No. 45.

I agree entirely with you, Sir, that the *motion for expelling Mr. Wilkes was not unexpected*, page 5. It had been long foreseen, and was very generally known after the first week of the last session. When Mr. Fitzherbert's visit to the King's Bench proved ineffectual, and Mr. Wilkes's *Petition* to the House of Commons was presented on the following day, it was understood that he was marked out as an immediate sacrifice, that the minister's power was held, even for the winter, by the tenure of carrying two points, which the Court had at heart, *the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes*, and the paying the enormous debts of the Civil List. The last was not half so earnestly urged as the former, for much additional ill humour and anger against that gentleman had been conceived, from his rejecting every intrigue and negociation, male and female, for his pardon, and repeatedly declaring to a great man's agent, when he was desired to name his own conditions, that he never would accept a pardon, unless it came *entirely unclogged, and unconditional*, and that he would owe it only to his Sovereign's grace and favour. Such an unconquerable spirit of freedom, even in prison, and the just defence of his own innocence, were not, and never will be forgiven. They will create him difficulties and distresses from the same quarter, with which he will struggle as long as he lives.

You

You declare, that *had Mr. Wilkes ventured to return home, whilst you had the honour to be entrusted with the executive powers of the state, he should not have remained out of custody four and twenty hours, without submitting himself to the justice or the mercy of the King, whom he had so grievously offended*, page 49. Such is the wretched cant of ministers, whenever they are attacked themselves, but the imposture is too stale to pass. It is impossible to suppose the King was *grievously offended*, because the Ministers were treated according to their exceeding demerits, when at the same time the utmost *reverence* was shewn to his sacred character. In that very paper he is said to be a *Prince of so many great and amiable qualities, whom England truly reveres*, and it is added, *the personal character of our present amiable Sovereign makes us easy and happy that so great a power is lodged in such hands*. Might not therefore the North Briton, No. 45, after such justice done to the character of the Sovereign, safely say of Ministers, *The Scotch Minister has indeed retired. Is HIS influence at an end? or does HE still govern by the THREE wretched tools of his power, who, to their indelible infamy, have supported the most odious of his measures, the late ignominious Peace, and the wicked extension of the arbitrary mode of Excise?* but the Ministers, and Mr. Grenville in particular, one of the *three*, were indeed justly, as well as *grievously offended*; and therefore he again in his *SPEECH*, very indecently introduces

duces the sacred person of the King to avenge his own private, and personal quarrel. Neither the *justice* nor the *mercy* of the King were in any part of the business once compromised. The very cause of all this dire discord was merely

Junonis gravis ira, et inexsaturabile pectus,
Quam nec longa dies, pietas nec mitigat ulla.

But let me ask, did you not, Sir, advise and support Lord Bute's two favourite measures, the *Peace*, and the *Excise*, and did not the most grievous and oppressive part of that duty on Cyder and Perry continue till the too short-lived administration of the virtuous Lord Rockingham. The subject was then indeed at length relieved, but the *Petitions* of the City of London to the King, and to the other branches of the legislature, were presented during Lord Bute's Ministry, in which whole period, and the subsequent triumvirate, the oppression continued. This could not have happened but from the wicked artifice of Lord Bute, to insinuate at first to his Master the necessity, and of you afterwards to persuade the continuance of that *Excise*, by which *the private houses of every peer, gentleman, freeholder, and farmer, were made liable to be entered and searched at pleasure by an insolent exciseman.* I shall state the conduct of Henry IV. of France on a similar occasion. The example will carry the greatest weight, for it is given us by confessedly the most brave, humane,

humane, magnanimous, and gallant gentleman of all modern princes, whose godlike deeds and sad fate still draw tears of gratitude and pity from every lover of his country in France. It will shew how happy a Prince is with a wise and honest Minister, like *Sully*, and how much to be lamented when in the power of one, who *wants wisdom*, like Lord Bute, or *affection for the people*, like Mr. Grenville. That King had been persuaded to lay an additional duty on wine, to be levied much in the way of your late *Excise*. The people in general murmured exceedingly, and the parliament of Paris refused to register the new edict. The King was at Fontainebleau. It became necessary to hold a *lit de justice*, that the Sovereign in person might cause the edict to be registered in this Court of Parliament, as it is always called in France. He therefore came to Paris, but was received by the people, whom he tenderly loved, in so cold a manner, and with so profound a silence, contrary to what he had ever known, that he could not avoid exclaiming to Sully, *Mon ami, pourquoi est-ce qu'on ne crie, Vive le Roy?* Sully honestly explained to his Majesty the nature of the projected new tax, and the general discontent of the people, upon which the King only said, *Mon ami, retournons-nous*, and immediately went back to Fontainebleau. The edict was never registred, nor the tax collected. The foolish pageantry of the *lit de justice* was succeeded by a most affecting scene, by the loudest acclamations

tions, by the tears and blessings of the whole grateful capital. Such was the conduct of the great Henry IV. ; and similar would undoubtedly have been that of George III. on occasion of the City's *Petition* to him against the *Excise*, if the Favourite, or his Minister, had really resembled Sully, or even the portrait of him drawn for Mr. Grenville by the author of *the present State of the Nation*, or for Lord Bute by the Chevalier D'Eon, in the *Considerations Historiques et Politiques sur les Impôts*.

You endeavour as much as you can to take off the odium of *General Warrants*, by observing that they have had *an hundred years practice*, under the eye of the greatest lawyers, before the supreme courts of justice, without being ever questioned in one single instance, page 9. You did not advert, that you were paying Mr. Wilkes the highest compliment, as the first person, who dared to oppose the long usurped powers of government, and to withstand the greatest lawyers as well as most arbitrary Ministers, who had braved all their menaces, and laughed to scorn their threats of vengeance, in order to redeem his countrymen from oppression and slavery, to restore the true principles of law itself, and to enforce the most important article in MAGNA CHARTA. *Nullus liber homo capiatur, vel imprisonetur, aut disseisiatur de libero tenemento suo, vel libertatibus, vel liberis consuetudinibus suis, aut utlagetur, aut exulet, aut aliquo modo destruatur; nec super eum ibimus, nec*

super eum mittemus, nisi per legale judicium parium suorum, vel per legem terræ, ch. xxix. The present Lord Chancellor declared from the Bench, “ that a *General Warrant* is unconstitutional, illegal, and absolutely void, and “ that he should always consider it as a rod of “ iron for the chastisement of the people of “ Great Britain,” and his Lordship judicially condemned the *Seizure of Papers*; but you, Sir, long prevented any Parliamentary censure in either case, although you knew that such was the usage of our ancestors in all points of that magnitude, when the public liberty was concerned; and till Lord Rockingham’s time we do not find the least mark of the disapprobation of *General Warrants*, or the *Seizure of Papers*, in the House of Commons. You went farther, as if you were determined not only at present to justify, but to encourage such atrocious practices in future times. While you was First Commissioner, you obtained an order, which is entered in the books of the Treasury, that all expences *incurred, or to be incurred*, on account of the North Briton, No. 45, or the Essay on Woman, should be paid by the Treasury, so that it is probable the surviving Secretary, Lord Halifax, for having dared to issue the *General Warrant*, will at last, by your abuse of the power of office, only suffer public ignominy.

All the circumstances peculiar to the apprehension of Mr. Wilkes under the *General Warrant*

rant

rant you entirely omit in your *Speech*. Was it forgetfulness that you did not mention that the *General Warrant*, under which Dr. *Shebbeare* was apprehended, issued during the late war with *France*, and the other by which Mr. Wilkes, and forty-eight other persons, were seized, in the time of profound peace? In your comparison of Mr. Wilkes's case with that of the Doctor, you forgot to tell us, that in the critical moment of a war with our most inveterate and insidious enemy, the *Sixth Letter to the People of England* was calculated to inflame the nation by a daring assertion even in the title page, "that the present grandeur of *France*, and the calamities of this nation, are owing to the influence of Hanover on the councils of England," and that the *North Briton*, No. 45, only told the people that Lord Bute, Mr. Grenville, and the other Ministers, had betrayed the interests of the nation at the *Peace*, had put a badge of slavery on us by a new and odious *Excise*, and were every hour abusing the misplaced confidence of the most amiable Monarch in the world? You likewise purposely omit the civil treatment Dr. Shebbeare experienced in the late reign, and all the circumstances of wantonness, oppression, and cruelty exercised against Mr. Wilkes. You did not chuse to contrast the Doctor's case with what a member of Parliament experienced in the present reign, and with the orders given by your brutal brother-in-law and colleague, the late

Earl of Egremont, *to drag him out of his bed at midnight.* Was Dr. Shebbeare kept for three days a *close* prisoner, without pen, ink, paper, or or friend, or relation, permitted to come near him? Was he not very early, after his apprehension, carried before Lord Mansfield, and admitted to bail, without the least difficulty, or any enquiry into the plain defectiveness of that *General Warrant*? But Dr. Shebbeare had only injured the King and the nation: Mr. Wilkes was supposed to have attacked the Ministers, and known to hate the *Favourite*. I believe Dr. Shebbeare is the *only* person, who has been apprehended by a *General Warrant*, since Mr. Wilkes became a public man. He had no acquaintance of any kind with the Doctor, nor was he then better informed than the rest of the public, what kind of warrant had issued on that occasion. The affair of Mr. Arthur Beardmore has been misrepresented. The warrant against him for several numbers of the *Monitor* was made *special*, but directed the seizing of his *books and papers*. Mr. Wilkes knew Mr. Beardmore personally, went to visit him at the Messenger's house, and endeavoured to persuade him to bring an action of false imprisonment and damages for himself, his clerk, books, papers, &c. against Lord Halifax. This Mr. Beardmore absolutely refused at that time. The transaction was in November 1762. As soon as Mr. Wilkes was released from the Tower in May 1763, he began the legal process against
the

the two Secretaries, the Under-secretary Mr. Wood, &c. After the opinions of the Courts of Law were known, and Mr. Wood found guilty, Mr. Beardmore commenced his actions, and succeeded without any difficulty on the ground already made. It appears therefore to be the cause of liberty, which Mr. Wilkes had at heart, and that he did not act from the least personal resentment. I think it more than probable, that without his cool perseverance and firmness, neither *General Warrants* nor the *Seizure of Papers* had been judicially condemned to this hour. I shall only further add on this head, that when all his papers were seized, not a line marked the least trace of any correspondence with the enemies of England, or of liberty. He came pure from that illegal test, and almost unhurt from that robbery *by authority*. He has no relations at Rome in the service of the Pretender, nor other dangerous correspondents at Paris or Madrid. There is perhaps an excuse for the levities of those papers, from the contagion of great examples at that time and age, and their never being seen before but by a few friends, men of enlarged and liberal minds: but what apology is sufficient for the First Commissioner of the Treasury suffering his solicitor and agent *Webb* to retail such private papers to declared enemies, for his permitting the publication of family anecdotes, and the general circulation of many things at all times improper for the world, at that time

highly injurious to the gentleman, on whom the robbery was committed?

You are pleased, Sir, to declare that *you cannot give your assent to the proposition, which has been made to you (for expelling Mr. Wilkes) because if you did, you should thereby commit a capital injustice—and that it is not conformable to the usage and law of Parliament—or to the unalterable principles of natural equity—but a new and dangerous mode of proceeding, unsupported by any precedent or example in the records of Parliament, pages 11 and 12.* I am glad to find you at length return to the *law and usage of Parliament*, and I desire you to explain your conduct with respect to this gentleman, on the most important case in this age, relative to the very existence of the Lower House. The world, Sir, condemns you for having in your Ministry betrayed the rights of the Commons to the Sovereign, in a great dispute between the crown and the people. I need not, Sir, tell you that by the law of Parliament *a matter of privilege takes place of every thing.* Mr. Wilkes had determined to complain to the House of Commons on the very first day of the session 1763, that almost every privilege of Parliament had been violated in his person, that he had suffered an unjust and rigorous imprisonment, a seizure of his papers, &c. &c. He had before the meeting of Parliament waited on Sir John Cust, as Speaker, and acquainted him, that a complaint of various breaches of privilege would be

be made as soon as he took the chair. He came down early to the House, and secured a place very near the Speaker. The instant, in which Sir John Cust stepped into the chair, Mr. Wilkes rose and began his complaint of violated privilege. There was not a doubt that Mr. Wilkes first rose from his seat, and even on that account he ought first to have been heard, but the partial Speaker over-ruled him, and pointed to Mr. George Grenville, who as Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that he had a message from the King. You, Sir, on your part, insisted on your message being first delivered and proceeded upon before a matter of violated privilege. In this you knowingly gave a most dangerous wound to the liberties of the people, for no man is better acquainted than you, that the existence of the freedom of a House of Commons, and consequently of their constituents, depends on privilege. It was evident that the whole of Mr. Wilkes's business would turn on his complaint of privilege being heard before the royal message. It is known that this finesse on your part was concerted with Sir John Cust before the complaisant Speaker took the chair. “ Now nothing in
“ the world could have given a stronger proof
“ of the exercise of this right (*of privilege*),
“ than the giving a preference to the com-
“ plaint of their own member to a message from
“ the Crown ; whereas, nothing could seem-
“ ingly invalidate this right more than the pro-
P 4 “ ceeding

“ceeding upon the royal matter before that
 “of their member, and especially, if there
 “should be not only a doubt, but a *certainty*,
 “*that his was first moved.* Upon the principle
 “that privilege is to take place of every thing
 “else, nothing is of so much consequence to
 “the community, as the relief of its represen-
 “tatives, from an unjust violence; they can-
 “not do their duty as a Parliament without
 “it; for the Parliament cannot be free, every
 “county, city, and borough cannot have its
 “deputy without it.—Too much respect can-
 “not be shewn to the Crown by any man, as
 “an individual; but it ill suits with the duty
 “of representatives of the people to be swayed,
 “by any motives of personal respect, to part
 “with a jot of their own independency and
 “dignity in their parliamentary capacity”——

A Letter concerning Libels, Warrants, &c.
 Sixth Edition, page 97. I will venture to de-
 clare, that your conduct on this occasion, was
 not only a breach of your trust, as a represen-
 tative of the people, but is *unsupported by any
 precedent or example in the records of Parliament,*
 page 12. *I may safely challenge the gentlemen, the
 most knowing in the Journals of this House, to
 produce a single precedent of a similar nature,* page
 13. I cannot help asking you in your own
 words, *shall you then, who are the immediate de-
 legated guardian of that liberty and constitution,*
shall you SET THE WICKED EXAMPLE, and
attempt to violate them to gratify your passions or
your

your prejudices? page 38. Former times have not produced a man of such daring and complicated guilt, as to give up in a House of Commons the rights he was sent there to support, to plead for an infamous *Peace* and an oppressive *Excise*, to advise a *General Warrant* and a *Seizure of Papers*, and at last to cross the Atlantic by a few capital, arbitrary strokes, to destroy the constitutional rights and commerce of his fellow-subjects in America, yet most preposterously talking of *the disobedience of the Colonies*, page 40.

You venture to assert, “*that the paper relative to Lord Weymouth’s Letter was complained of in the House of Lords, as a gross and impudent libel, WHICH IT CERTAINLY IS, against a Peer of the Realm, and one of his Majesty’s principal Secretaries of State*, page 18. Your idea of a libel we may guess from your early studies at the Bar, from your former pleadings at the Old Bailey, from the malignity of your natural temper, but above all, from your many years intimacy with Lord Mansfield. I do not mean to go into the large field of the nature of a libel, at a time, *when truth stands trembling on the edge of law*. I only maintain that *falsehood* is of its very essence and first concoction. It is therefore incumbent on you, to shew that truth is violated in the paper you call a *gross and impudent libel*, for a *true libel* has the sound of a strange absurdity to the ear of every man, who is not a modern lawyer or courtier. I affirm
with

with Mr. Wilkes, that there is not the least mixture of falshood, or even a dash of error, in that paper, and that the business of St. George's Fields on the 10th of May 1768, was a premeditated, inhuman, and cowardly massacre of fourteen innocent persons, for which the people, after having made various fruitless applications for justice on earth, cry aloud to heaven for vengeance. As to its being a *libel against a Peer of the Realm, and one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State*, there is no privilege in a court of honour or conscience below, nor of justice above, for such foul deeds in any man. The higher the station of the criminal, the greater is the offence, and the more exemplary ought to be the punishment. The same observation extends to the Irish Lord, who afterwards in cold blood could approve and applaud the Massacre, and, prostituting the authority of office, and the name of his Sovereign, write a letter of thanks to merciless ruffians, in the stile Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick did to the most brave and generous troops in the world, after the glorious day of Minden. Is a libel greater against Lord Barrington, because he is *Secretary at War, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council*, when there is not the least misrepresentation of what he has done? or is this very letter to you, which is undoubtedly a libel as much as the North Briton, No. 45, is this letter a libel more criminal, because you too still continue *of his Majesty's*

Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, when you are conscious every word bears the stamp of truth? The only remark, which the impartial public will make on such an occasion, is very natural. It is to lament that the Privy Council, and the great offices of state, are now filled by such men.

You justly observe, that the Administration have found out an *easy and summary method for the punishment of those, who shall libel Ministers of State*——and you say of the House of Commons, *We have enough to do, too much I fear, to maintain our own authority and dignity unimpeached*, page 20. I join entirely with you in your fears, but not at all in your hopes. The *authority and dignity* of no assembly or body of men can be preserved, who have committed a *capital injustice*, as you declare in your *Speech*, page 11, and afterwards you assert, they have gone contrary to *the law of the land, the law and usage of Parliament, the spirit of our constitution, and the general principles of natural justice*, page 39. Such men surely deserve neither a natural, nor a political, existence. They must necessarily and immediately *fall into the lowest state of humiliation and contempt*, page 53. The *dishonour and odium* of it (the expulsion of Mr. Wilkes) will cleave to that assembly, which ought to be the constant object of public reverence and affection, page 53. Since the day, when they committed this *capital injustice*, which affected not only the rights of their own Member, but the franchises

franchises of those who sent him thither as their representative, page 13, they have advanced with Tarquin's ravishing strides to our ruin. They have arrogated to themselves the right of choosing a member for the first county in England, against the consent of the majority of the Freeholders. Mr. Wilkes foresaw and foretold the progress of their usurped power. The day after the vote, which you truly call a *capital injustice*, he told his Constituents in print, "If Ministers can once usurp the power of declaring who *shall not* be your representative, the next step is very easy, and will follow speedily. It is that of telling you, whom you *shall* send to Parliament, and then the boasted Constitution of England will be entirely torn up by the roots." Alas! Sir, his words were too prophetic. *The Constitution of England is torn up by the roots.* The nation returns the eccho from every part of the island. The people have carried this truth to the foot of the throne, and earnestly solicited the dissolution of the present Parliament, in order to restore the Constitution, and with it a general confidence in the Legislature. All other remedies they have declared must be fruitless and ineffectual. This likewise, Sir, has been your doctrine for many months, but have your actions corresponded with the pompous professions of zeal and public spirit you made to almost every man you saw through the whole summer and autumn? Let me ask, where was Mr.

George

George Grenville at the respectable meeting held *for this purpose* at Aylesbury? It was your duty, on so important an occasion, possessing a very considerable property in the county, to attend, and to support what you thought not only right, but of absolute necessity. Your brother, Mr. Henry Grenville, who has not an acre of land in Buckinghamshire, attended, and the meeting had the sanction of Lord Temple's presence. As to the weak and flimsy excuse of your being a *Privy Counsellor*, you ought to have joined at Aylesbury in the Petition to the King first, as having great landed property in Buckinghamshire, and afterwards, if you were called upon at St. James's, to have advised your Sovereign, being sworn of his *Privy Council*, a consistency of conduct, if you valued that praise, would have induced you to submit your opinion to his Majesty, of the propriety and fitness of yielding to the general wishes of a loyal and affectionate people. Lord Verney, a *Privy Counsellor*, acted in this sensible and spirited manner in your very county, and I am satisfied would be equally faithful to the true interest of the King and the nation, even in the Council Chamber; but I fear *you* meditate a *second* desertion of your best friends, and, notwithstanding all outward appearances, are bargaining again secretly with the worst enemies of your country at home, who still enjoy the full confidence of their master.

You

You assert that *the respect and reverence due to the Parliament, and the confidence reposed in this House (of Commons) are visibly diminished*, page 40. and in another part you observe, that *the House of Commons have enough to do, too much you fear, to maintain their own authority and dignity unimpeached*, page 20. I fear indeed they have more to do than they will be persuaded to do, but I am sure not more than they may, if they will, very easily and expeditiously accomplish. The way to *maintain their authority and dignity unimpeached*, is a very plain path. It is to follow the general voice of their constituents, of the people at large. The nation wishes an effectual place and pension bill, which would only leave in either House of Parliament the *few necessary* servants of the Crown in the revenue, in the public offices, in the army and navy, bills to restore triennial Parliaments, to destroy the mode of proceeding by *information*, to establish a fair and equal representation of the people in the Lower House, to give to the public the revenue of all sine-cures, or to sink the places themselves, but above all, at this critical period, to establish a *commission for taking and stating the public accounts*, not to be appointed by the House of Commons only, and consequently to end with the session, but to be erected by Act of Parliament, to be composed of the most able and honest men in the nation, as well as in the two Houses, with full powers,
and

and to continue sitting till the great work was finished. When such an *Act* passes, we shall find the *public defaulter of unaccounted millions* no longer able to trifle with, and insult an injured nation. No more *Privy Seals* will then stop the course of public justice. We may likewise hope soon to see the settling of the accounts for your *two Treasurieships of the Navy*. These things would soon restore both the public confidence, and the public credit. With such aids the hands of government would be strengthened, and the Exchequer, instead of being drained and impoverished, as of late in the most shameful manner, be recruited and replenished. It was surely not only ridiculous, but highly oppressive, that a nation so exhausted as this, should, after paying you nobly for a number of years successively at the Boards of Trade, Admiralty, Treasury and Navy, be obliged to give some thousands a year to your *little Georgy boy*, as Teller of the Exchequer, even before he could tell the number of his fingers. What an age and country do we live in, when *you* could make your boast of what a noble provision you had got from the public for your *little Georgy boy*, after creating a ministerial fortune for yourself, and such a man as *Lord Holland* could obtain reversions for his family to the third generation, when he had raised, by having the nation's money in his hands, a fortune superior to that of many sovereign Princes?

I agree

I agree with you, Sir, *that Mr. Wilkes is now become an object of popular favour, nor is that popular favour confined to this capital, or to it's neighbourhood alone, but is extended to the most distant parts of the kingdom, page 40; but I totally differ with you in what you assert, that he is indeed unhappy, because he is guilty, page 8, or that he has not been the most oppressed and injured man this age has seen, page 9.* I know his innocence, his perfect love of liberty, and his generous, disinterested plans for the public. I believe him, although in prison, not *unhappy*, for he looks forwards, and

Dares proudly boast, he feels no wish above
The good of England, and *his country's love.*

Even you allow that he actually possesses that favourite wish of the excellent patriot and poet *Churchill*, the noblest reward virtue can receive, *the love of his native England.* I hope too *that* enjoyment will follow him to the grave, as it did his incomparable friend; and I believe it, for the steadiness of his conduct through life will, I am persuaded, ensure to his last moments, and to his memory, the same glorious applause he now receives from a free and sensible people. He cannot but be *happy* even in the King's Bench, for he has received there the most endearing marks of esteem and gratitude from his own county of Middlesex, and from the whole nation. While alive, those honours have been lavished on his name, which
Envy

Envy rarely suffers to be paid but by posterity, and only to the lovers of their country, and the guardians of public liberty. I do not wonder that he is a favourite with his country. He loves his country with the enthusiasm and disinterestedness of a Roman, beyond private friendship, personal regard, or family attachment. He has stood forth with his person, pen, and purse, in support of our most valuable rights. He has never weighed danger in the nice, golden scales of Lord George Sackville. He has borne the most cruel persecutions with dignity and fortitude. He has sacrificed every consideration of fortune and private interest to his master passion, the love of England. It has been *his glory* to stem the torrent of arbitrary proceedings, and to oppose all illegal precedents of power among us. Born with the spirit, but not to the fortune of Hampden, he has suffered more, and gone greater lengths to the distress of his own private affairs in the service of the public than any man in this country. You say *that he has not been the most oppressed and injured man this age has seen.* Will you then tell us of another, a friend of liberty, and of the Brunswick line, whose ruin has been planned and resolved by all the three great powers of the state, calling to their aid the first criminal law-court of the kingdom, each acting in their separate capacity with the utmost degree of violence and rancor? Will you mention another, who has been *thrice* punished for the same pretended of-

fence, and that only a *libel*, first in the House of Commons, then in the King's Bench, and a third time in a new House of Commons? Will you tell us of somebody, whose house has been robbed by their own servants, at the instigation of the agents of the Treasury, and a parcel of idle verses, feloniously taken from him, made a state crime to keep him a year in prison, and to punish him by a heavy fine? Have even the solicitors and agents of the Treasury employed the very worst means to arrive at the worst ends imaginable against any other man? Will you give us another instance of such a close and rigorous confinement in the Tower, such a general plunder of all private papers, such tricks about *records* and *jurymen*, such a proscription at home, tedious exile abroad, *unjust* out-lawry, repeated expulsions, fine and imprisonment? In short, will you tell us of any man, who has suffered all this only for attacking such a favourite as Lord Bute, and such a Minister as Mr. Grenville? To compleat your embarrassment, will you please to find me a y where a being as guilty and vindictive as the first, or as mean and despotic as the last?

You tell us that *the Officers of the Crown* — had at last recourse to the shameful expedient of stipulating with Mr. Wilkes himself, the terms upon which he would consent to be taken into custody. To follow that precedent you (the House) ought now at least to ask him, upon what terms he will consent to be EXPELLED. Perhaps, if properly applied to, he

may condescend to this request as graciously as he did to the former, and as voluntarily as he surrendered himself a prisoner, when he was taken with impunity out of the hands of the officers of justice——pages 50, 51. Such a language of insult has seldom been held to a House of Commons, even in the most turbulent times. But the fact is falsified by you, to serve your inference from it. There was no stipulation whatever between the Officers of the Crown and Mr. Wilkes. He gave two days' notice to the Sheriff's Officer to come to his apartments at a fixed hour in the morning, with the writ of *capias utlagatum*, and declared that he would attend the Officer, as his prisoner, into the Court of King's Bench. While he was waiting in the Chancellor's room adjoining to the Court, the Attorney General came out, and asked him, *if he was really in custody*. Mr. Wilkes answering that he was the Officer's prisoner, the Attorney General delivered his *Fiat* for the *Writs of error* into Mr. Wilkes's own hands. This is the exact state of the fact. Mr. Wilkes entered into no stipulation of any kind with the Officers of the Crown. As to his *expulsion* on the third of last February, I think it greatly to his honour, that he has not from the first, on that or on any occasion, solicited the vote or support of any Member in the House, or great man out of it. He left every gentleman to his own sense of duty to his country, and relied entirely on a clear and good cause. As to private

vate foibles, I hope he possesses great virtues enough to compensate for them, and I shall only add, that he may apply what a very eccentric genius of this age has said of himself, “ My
 “ own passions, and the passions and interests
 “ of other men still more, have led me aside.
 “ I launched into the deep before I had loaded
 “ ballast enough. If the ship did not sink, the
 “ cargo was thrown over-board. The storm
 “ itself threw me into port.”

You approach us sometimes with all the appearance of fairness and candour, but you have only the appearance. You urge against Mr. Wilkes's expulsion, *let not your prejudices, let not your just resentments against the conduct and character of the man, who is now the object of your deliberation, prevail upon you to ground any part of your proceedings upon such destructive and fatal principles, page 37 ;* and you say, *I have not changed my sentiments relative to Mr. Wilkes, of whom I continue to think exactly in the same manner as I have long done, page 40.* I know Mr. Wilkes is very indifferent as to your *sentiments* of him, or on any point whatever. You are not one of his constituents, as you tell the world in this *Speech, if I had been one of the electors for the county of Middlesex, page 30.* In almost every matter of public concern, he must see that your judgment has been both false and absurd. I will examine but one case, but it shall be very capital ; I mean the Peace of Paris, which you so *entirely approved.* I will try
 it

it by your favourite rule of *æconomy*. I desire you would inform us, if all the new territories together, which we retained after a war of such prodigious expence, afford now a sufficient revenue even to defray their own establishments, so far from paying the interest of the very debt, which we contracted to make those conquests. Yet we know that *Martinique*, or *Guadeloupe* alone would have greatly assisted, if not indemnified, us in point of revenue, and that it entirely depended on your friend, the enemy of England, the *Scottish* Peace-maker, over whom you had *then* so great influence, to have secured us one, if not both, of those rich and important islands. What a wretched bargain then in point of revenue, as well as glory, did you plan and approve? What a specimen have you given of your public *æconomy*? Shall we again indignantly hear you declaim on the pitiful, paltry savings of a few pounds at home, and only in cases where you are not yourself concerned? I will however do you the justice to declare, that I never heard, nor do I believe, *you* received any part of the amazing sums of French gold, for which all Europe is convinced that our most important conquests in the last war were sold to the ancient enemy of these kingdoms. Will you please, Sir, to state the balance of the clear revenue and necessary disbursements of the few territories we retained at the Peace, and to favour us with these accounts in the next pamphlet your ingenious

friends *Wheatly*, *Lloyd*, or *Knox*, digest from your crudities for the public. I beg however, they may be more accurate than any one calculation in the *Considerations on the Trade and Finances of this Kingdom*, or, *The present State of the Nation*. If they are not, I venture to prophecy, that the public-spirited author of the *Observations on the present State of the Nation*, the only man since the age of *Cicero*, who has united the talents of speaking and writing with irresistible force and elegance, will again detect your gross errors, and even serve you up to the public, notwithstanding all the parade of the present hasty and ill cemented *political friendship*. I advise you not to trust much for your security to such a mere phantom. The *Temple of Friendship* at Stowe should teach you the short duration and perfect futility of all state connections, founded merely on plans of ambition. You well know that before it was covered in, and your Uncle, the old Marshal *Cobham*, had time to place only the ten busts on their pedestals, no three of those *political friends* would willingly have continued a quarter of an hour together in that, or in any other, room. The *Temple of Concord and Victory* rose under your elder brother's happier auspices, and I sincerely hope that the Goddess of *Concord*, if she has indeed inspired her *three new votaries* with public spirit, as well as private harmony among themselves, will lead them soon to *Victory*, as among the Romans the

Temple

Temple of *Virtue* led to that of *Honour*. The statue of *Libertas Publica* in a niche of this Temple ought to remind you, Sir, that freedom is the birth-right of *every* subject of this empire, British, Irish, or *American*. If the *Grenvillian Family Compact* means to defend that, Great Britain, America, and Ireland, will join them: if it means only possessing the most lucrative offices of the state, and sharing the national plunder, the *public concord*, which now reigns through the whole empire, will be all-powerful without them, for there is at last, as *Lentulus* says in *Cicero*, *CONCORDIA et conspiratio omnium ordinum ad defendendam libertatem*.

Your *private sentiments of Mr. Wilkes*, whether you have changed them, or not, page 30, can be of no consequence to him, except from the value he sets on your opinion. I believe *that* is now not to be guessed. His real worth or demerit, will be estimated not from the fulsome praises of some, nor the virulent abuse of others, to which he seems equally indifferent, but from his own conduct, and the steady pursuit through life of those national objects, which he has declared to have always in view. Posterity will judge him with impartiality. Real, intrinsic merit, no more than happiness, can be perfectly ascertained on this side the tomb. The nation hailed the fair, auspicious morn of *Pulteney* and *Pitt*, and gloried in their bright meridian lustre, but with anguish beheld the melancholy, setting sun, *shorn of his beams*,

and now an eternal night of oblivion has closed upon them both.

After letting us guess what you think of Mr. Wilkes, you kindly favour us with a part of your own character. It is drawn modestly, but we may be sure not unfavourably. You tell us of yourself, *if I know my own failings, REVENGE and CRUELTY are among the vices to which I am the least inclined*, page 7. I remember likewise that in the winter of 1762, you declared repeatedly in the House of Commons, *that you had no AMBITION nor AVARICE to gratify*. The most difficult, Sir, as well as the most important science in the world, is confessedly *self-knowledge*. You have gone half-way, as you declare, in this arduous pursuit. You let us know what you are not. You need not tell us what you are. Mr. Grenville is not *revengeful*, nor *cruel*, nor *ambitious*, nor *avaricious*! He tells us so himself. Can any man doubt it? If such a man exists, let him ask *Mr. Wilkes* his opinion of the two first qualities, and *Lord Bute* of the two last. Although they agree in no *one* other point, I dare say they *now* do in these *four* as to *Mr. Grenville*. I regret that you have delineated only so small a part of that happy composition, which makes your admired character. The next *Speech*, I trust, will furnish the rest, and you may as justly give yourself the *negative* praise of not being

Laborious, heavy, busy, bold and blind.

You

You observe that Mr. Wilkes asked the evidence at the Bar, Mr. Barlow, *whether the precedents quoted by Lord Mansfield* (about the ALTERATION of the RECORDS) were not all taken from the STAR CHAMBER, page 43. He certainly had a right to ask that question, and he did it, I think, very properly; for I have read in a book, written by the greatest lawyer of this age, “I challenge this sophist to produce one *“adjudged precedent of such an alteration.”* Postscript to a Letter concerning Libels, Warrants, &c. p. 114. No such *adjudged precedent* has hitherto been produced, yet you, Sir, concurred with the Majority last winter in voting, that the *alteration of the records was according to law and justice, and the practice of the Court of King’s Bench.* As to *precedents*, there are certainly many of almost every kind in the Courts of law, but those only have authority with mankind, which are in themselves just, and are made by wise and honest men in times of public tranquillity and happiness. No precedent therefore, drawn from the *Star Chamber*, can now have authority. The Court of Star Chamber itself was *absolutely dissolved, taken away, and determined*, and I wish your friends would remember that the same Statute declares, that *from henceforth no Court, Council, or JUDICATURE SHALL HAVE, USE, OR EXERCISE THE SAME, OR THE LIKE JURISDICTION.* This very *Act* passed in the glorious Parliament, or rather Synod of Gods, which met in November
ber

ber 1640, and in a manner *contrary to every precedent in the Journals*. The bill was only *once read, and never committed* in the House of Commons. Clarendon expressly tells us, “that
 “important bill (for taking away the Court,
 “commonly called the Star Chamber) was
 “never read but once in the House of Com-
 “mons, and was never committed; which I
 “believe was never before heard of in Parlia-
 “ment.” But the *entire inclination* of the nation, which he mentions, made the House, to gratify the people, dispense with their forms, of which they are undoubtedly the masters, notwithstanding the jargon you, and the late Clerk, Mr. *Jeremiah Dyson*, teaze them continually with on this subject. Had you both lived in that age, which I devoutly wish for the sake of this, you would, I believe, have opposed first the very ground of *that* bill, as built on the public liberty, and then obstructed it’s rapid progress, merely from the stale, unmeaning pretence of want of form, with which such triflers eternally perplex men of real business, and this, I think, probably you would both have done in spite of the earnest wishes and general impatience of a whole nation, which you are used to hold of small importance.

I have now, Sir, gone through the most material parts of your *Speech*. If I have treated you with severity, recollect that *you have deviated from the honourable and noble office of speaking the truth*, page 8, and the venom so plentifully and malignantly

malignantly diffused through your *Speech* against Mr. Wilkes, that I was vindicating truth and a friend, and that you were not content with advancing many direct falsehoods against him in the House of Commons, but by the present publication have spread them through the nation. One word on the late *Grenvillian Family Compact*, and I release you. I mean only the *three* brothers: all the rest of the family are *ossa innominata*. I love the amiable character, and I honour the abilities and public virtue of Lord Temple. I really believe him a friend of the people. I hope to see early, clear, and essential proofs of this from his Ministry, if ever the powers of government are entrusted to him. If he hesitates, or delays, he will lose the favourable opinion I love to indulge of his patriotism. As to the two other contracting parties, I think of Lord Chatham as his brother Temple did in the years 1766 and 1767, and of Mr. Grenville as his Lordship did in the years 1763, 1764, and 1765. The *Grenville Family* have indeed been too much like a *Scottish Family* for many years. If one brother has at any time been quite right, another has always been as wrong, for he has been diametrically opposite. If one has been violent in opposition, another has regularly kept the balance of power, even by supporting every measure of government, and filling some lucrative office. But it is really time, Sir, to put an end to all your silly, peevish bickerings, and uninteresting,

ing, private, family disputes. The public has laughed long enough at your many girlish quarrels and reconciliations, and now expects Lord Temple to take the lead. If *you* are the Minister, I shall tremble lest the sceptre of America should be wrested out of my Sovereign's hand, or the horrors of a civil war ensue between Great Britain and her Colonies. But Lord Temple, I hope, is determined to do justice to the rights of every subject of this wide-extended empire, to give us fresh securities for our invaded liberties, to espouse the cause of the people, and to settle by his weight and authority the jarring private interests, as well as to control the mad schemes of ambition, and the selfish views, of the whole *brotherhood*. On no other terms can the *Grenvillian Family Compact* gain the power of the Court with the support and the confidence of the Nation; for both the Court and the Nation *domum timent ambiguum, Tyriosque bilingues*.

I am, &c.

Nov. 4, 1769.

To the P R I N T E R.

I Desire you to do Mr. Wilkes justice against the virulent abuse of a letter-writer in the Public Advertiser of last Thursday, who signs *Pro Lege & Rege*. He says, "Intoxicated with
" the favour of the Middlesex electors, he (Mr.
" Wilkes)

“ Wilkes) assumes an insolence equal at least
“ to that of the *Duke of Guise*, (when with
“ forty thousand men at his heels he accosted
“ his Sovereign) and declares that he is *with-*
“ *out a wish to encroach on the fair claims of*
“ *the Crown*. I must read over the words
“ again. They are, as I have written them;
“ and that he was ready to make any submission
“ to the ———, which was even hinted from
“ authority; that is, from the ———, for he
“ never would make application for a pardon
“ to a Minister. Is it possible that any gentle-
“ man, that any man, who has the least re-
“ gard for the dignity of his ———, for the in-
“ terest and honour of his country, can with
“ patience hear Mr. W. put himself upon a
“ footing with the ——— of Great Britain, and
“ talk of treating with his ——— in a candid
“ manner, for he has *no wish to encroach on the*
“ *fair claims of the Crown?* Who is Mr. W?
“ &c. &c.” I answer, he is the person whom
the freeholders of Middlesex freely and *una-*
nimously chose their representative, in opposi-
tion to every kind of ministerial influence, with-
out a single bribe, supported by no proud con-
nections, and attacked by all the low tools of
power, and the whole administration.

The letter-writer ought to have quoted the
first part of the sentence. Mr. W. in the ac-
count published of the conversation between
the placeman and him, says, “ he was em-
“ barked to defend the rights of the people,
“ which

“ which he would do at any risk, *always with-*
 “ *out a wish to encroach on the fair claims of the*
 “ *Crown.*” He has just before mentioned his
 seat in Parliament. Surely, Sir, nothing could
 be more proper than such a declaration from
 the *Member* for Middlesex to a professed *cour-*
tier; and I think it was then almost necessary,
 after the repeated falsehoods thrown out of the
 republican schemes of Mr. W. and his friends,
 and their designs against the King and the mo-
 narchy. Such a declaration, made to such a
 man, seems to me well-timed, as it was guard-
 ing against the foolish, as well as malevolent
 lies of many hirelings of the Ministry. Is the
 letter-writer so ignorant of our history, as not
 to know that *Members*, in some former reigns,
 have more than formed *wishes*, have proceeded
 to digest very deep plans, and to perpetrate very
 violent *actions, designedly to encroach on the fair*
claims of the Crown? and is Mr. W. to be
 abused for declaring in a private room to a place-
 man, that he is *even without such a wish?*

The letter-writer says, “ Is it possible that
 “ any gentleman, that any man, who has the
 “ least regard for the dignity of his King, for
 “ the interest and honour of his country, can
 “ with patience hear Mr. W. put himself upon
 “ a footing with the King of Great Britain?”
 I desire to know if Mr. W. is putting himself
 upon a footing with the King of Great Britain,
 when he expressly declares in the same sentence,
he had been, and should be, ever ready to MAKE

ANY

ANY SUBMISSION TO THE KING, *which was even hinted from authority.* Is this too an insolence equal to that of the *Duke of Guise*?

Why will the letter-writer, at this time, carry us back to a part of foreign and French history, big with horror and cruelty, when the second century after those tragical events is now nearly elapsed?—But I will follow him. The *Duke of Guise* was assassinated by the express command, or, if you please, *by authority of the most Christian King, Henry III.* in the month of December. The first of August following that King himself was assassinated. He fell a victim to the revenge of the *Ligue*, which retaliated on the King's own person, the deliberate murder committed by his order on a subject. All Paris, and indeed almost all France in tears on that occasion, shewed how highly the *Duke of Guise* was honoured and beloved by the people. The Monarch died unregretted and unwept.

*No pitying heart, no eye afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.*

Gray.

It is remarkable, however, that the unthinking part of mankind *generally* pay a slavish deference to the memory of the deceased assassin, if he was a crowned head, whereas the vulgar and ignoble villain has always the *Sambenito-coat* put on him, both by the historian and the priest, and is consigned by them to the fiercest flames. We read endless execrations against Clement and Ravallac; but the assassin of the
Duke

Duke of Guise is treated as a good *Christian King*. Another of the *sacred crowned heads*, one of the *Lord's anointed*, a Prince it is pretended likewise should be named with veneration, is *Charles IX.*; although, according to the French historian *Mezeray*, at the *massacre of St. Bartholomew*, with his own hand he *canardoit ses sujets avec sa grande arquebuse à giboyer*, killed his (*Protestant*) subjects like wild ducks with his great fowling-piece, as they fled from the blood-thirsty catholic ruffians, employed by that King and his mother, *Catherine of Medicis*, to assassinate the people, whom he had sworn solemnly to defend and protect.

THE following *Resolutions* of the House of Commons passed during the Administration of the Marquis of Rockingham.

Martis, 22^o die Aprilis 1766.

Resolved,

That a *General Warrant* for apprehending the author, printer, or publisher of a libel, is illegal; and if executed on the Person of a Member of this House, is also a Breach of the Privilege of this House.

Resolved,

That the *seizing* or taking away the papers of the author, printer, or publisher of a libel,
or

or the supposed author, printer, or publisher of a libel, is illegal; and that such *seizing* or taking away the *papers* of a Member of this House, is a Breach of the Privilege of this House.

Veneris, 25^o die Aprilis 1766.

Resolved,

That a *General Warrant* for seizing and apprehending any person or persons being illegal, except in cases provided for by Act of Parliament, is, if executed upon a Member of this House, a Breach of the Privilege of this House.

NOTES on a few PASSAGES of Mr. CHURCHILL's Works.

No. I.

Epistle to WILLIAM HOGARTH.

THE Scottish minister had been attacked in a variety of political papers. The North Briton, in particular, waged open war with him——Some of the numbers had been ascribed to Mr. Wilkes, others to Mr. Churchill, and Mr. Lloyd. Mr. Hogarth had for several years lived on terms of friendship and intimacy with Mr. Wilkes. As the Buckinghamshire regiment of militia, which this gentleman had the honour of commanding, had been for some months at Winchester, guarding the French prisoners, the Colonel was there on that duty. A friend wrote to him, that Mr. Hogarth intended soon to publish a political print of the *Times*, in which Mr. Pitt, Lord Temple, Mr. Churchill, and *himself*, were held out to the public, as objects of ridicule. Mr. Wilkes, on this notice, remonstrated by two of their common friends to Mr. Hogarth, that such a proceeding would not only be unfriendly in the highest degree, but extremely injudicious; for such a pencil ought to be universal and moral, to speak to all ages and all nations, not to

be dipt in the dirt of the faction of a day, of an insignificant part of the country, when it might command the admiration of the whole. An answer was sent, that neither Mr. Wilkes nor Mr. Churchill were attacked in the *Times*, though Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt were, and that the print would soon appear. A second message soon after told Mr. Hogarth, that Mr. Wilkes would never think it worth his while to take notice of any reflections on himself, but when his friends were attacked, he then found himself wounded in the most sensible part, and would, as well as he could, revenge their cause; adding, that if he thought the North Briton would insert what he should send, he would make an appeal to the public on the very Saturday following the publication of the print. The *Times* soon after appeared, and on the Saturday following, No. 17. of the North Briton. If Mr. Wilkes did write that paper, he kept his word better with Mr. Hogarth than the painter had done with him.

When Mr. Wilkes was the second time brought from the Tower to Westminster-hall, Mr. Hogarth skulked behind in a corner of the gallery of the court of Common Pleas, and while the Lord Chief Justice Pratt, with the eloquence and courage of old Rome, was enforcing the great principles of *Magna Charta*, and the *English Constitution*, while every breast from his caught the holy flame of liberty, the painter was employed in caricaturing the person of the

man, while all the rest of his fellow-citizens were animated in his cause; for they knew it to be their own cause, that of their country, and of its laws. It was declared to be so a few hours after, by the unanimous sentence of the judges of that court; and they were ALL present. The print of Mr. Wilkes was soon after published, *drawn from the life by William Hogarth*. It must be allowed to be an excellent compound caricatura, or a caricatura of what nature had already caricatured. I know but one short apology to be made for this gentleman, or, to speak more properly, for the *person* of Mr. Wilkes; it is, that he did not make himself, and that he never was solicitous about the *case* of his soul (as Shakespeare calls it) only so far as to keep it clean and in health. I never heard that he once hung over the glassy stream, like another Narcissus, admiring the image in it, nor that he ever stole an amorous look at his counterfeit in a side mirror. His form, such as it is, ought to give him no pain, while it is capable of giving so much pleasure to others. I believe he finds himself tolerably happy in the clay cottage to which he is *tenant for life*; because he has learned to keep it in pretty good order; while the share of health and animal spirits, which heaven has given him, shall hold out. I can scarcely imagine, he will be one moment peevish about the outside of so precarious, so temporary a habitation, or will ever be

be brought to own, *Ingenium Galbæ male habitat : Monsieur est mal logé.*

No. II.

*Unhappy Stuart ! harshly tho' that name
Grates on my ear, I should have died with
shame,
To see my King before his subjects stand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand ;
At their commands to hear the Monarch plead,
By their decrees to see that Monarch bleed.*

Gotham, book ii.

SYDNEY and Milton have considered the death of Charles I. in a very different light, as a sacrifice to the justice of his country. In the *Memoirs of A. Sydney* is a letter of the *Earl of Leicester* to his son, in which is the following passage, *It is said that a minister, who hath married a Lady Laurence, here at Chelsea, but now dwelling at Copenhagen, being there in company with you, said, " I think you were none of the " late King's judges, nor GUILTY of his death," meaning our King. " GUILTY !" said you, " do you call that GUILT ? why, it was the " justest and bravest action that ever was done in " England, or any where else," with other words to the same effect.*

Eam animi magnitudinem vobis, ô cives, injecit Deus, ut devictum armis vestris & dediti-

tium regem *judicio inclyto* judicare, & condemnatum punire primi mortalium non dubitaretis. Post hoc facinus *tam illustre*, nihil humile aut angustum, nihil non magnum atque excelsum, & cogitare & facere debetis——amore libertatis, religionis, justitiæ, honestatis, patriæ denique charitate accensos, *tyrannum puniisse*.

Joannis Miltoni, Angli, pro populo
Anglicano defensio.

Cicero's words, relative to the death of *Cæsar*, may well be applied to the second of our *Stuarts*. Milton says, in another place, that he was IPSO NERONE NERONIOR. *Istius gloriosissimi facti conscientia—omnes boni, quantum in ipsis fuit, CÆSAREM occiderunt. Aliis consilium, aliis animus, aliis occasio defuit: voluntas nemini.*

Cic. Phil. 2. c. 12, 11.

It was the favourite maxim of *Brutus*, that *those who live in defiance of the laws, and cannot be brought to a trial, ought to be taken off without a trial*. He therefore first planned, executed, and justified, the death of *Cæsar*. The conduct of the English nation with regard to *Charles I.* is still clearer. His death can never be pretended to be an *assassination*. Our genius shudders at a practice, too frequent among our polite neighbours. The *King* had a *legal*, solemn trial, attended with all the fairness, and even candour,

candour, which the circumstance of a people, still in arms for their liberties, could permit.

The maxim of *Brutus*, which I have mentioned, is strongly enforced by the poet in the following spirited lines, now before me in his own MSS.

Proud *Buckingham*, for law too mighty grown,
A patriot dagger prob'd, and from the throne
Sever'd it's minion ; in succeeding times
May all those Fav'rites, who adopt his crimes,
Partake his fate ; may ev'ry *Villiers* feel
The keen, deep searchings of a *Felton's* steel !

No. III.

OCTOBER, who the cause of FREEDOM join'd,
And gave a SECOND GEORGE to bless mankind.

Gotham, Book i.

This excellent Prince, on many occasions, ventured his life in the cause of *liberty*. His distinguished bravery at the battles of *Oudenard* and *Dettingen* was frequently the subject of the unsuspected praise of our inveterate enemies, the *French*. He was always a steady friend to the *liberties* of mankind, and like the former Princes of his house, and of the *Nassau* line, kept a watchful eye over the *Bourbon* family, well knowing their rooted enmity to our religion and government, and their long meditated

schemes for grasping at *Universal Monarchy*. He often checked the restless ambition of *France* in it's mad career, by the most firm, wise, and successful measures. At his death, he left us in possession of the capitals of the *French* in *Asia* and *America*, and of many other important conquests there, as well as in *Europe* and *Africa*, the greatest part of which we lost soon after by a stroke of his *grandson's* pen, which proved more fatal to *England* than all the swords of all our enemies.

It is justice to the memory of the late King to declare, that he no less endeavoured to make his people free and happy at home, than to carry the glory of the *British arms* to the highest pitch every where abroad. During his reign, the *laws* were respected and obeyed. *Liberty* and *Justice* sat with him on the throne. The execution of *Earl Ferrers* impressed all foreign nations with the greatest idea of the sacredness of our laws, and the protection they afford the meanest subject, under a *firm* and *mild* Sovereign. It was likewise believed, that if the *Court Martial* on *Lord George Sackville* had given the sentence which all *Europe* expected, the *justice* of his late Majesty would have ordered it to have been carried into execution.

The poet knew, and deeply felt the obligation, which a nation has to such a Prince. He pays it, when he cannot lie under the suspicion of flattery, at a time, when it was seen that no man could so effectually make his court as by vilifying

vilifying the memory of our late Sovereign, and tearing the laurels from his tomb. In this task numberless mercenaries were employed, but it is a sufficient answer to a *legion* of them, that in the *first* address of the *House of Lords* to the *present King*, it is observed, that *his Majesty's PREDECESSOR*, *through his whole reign*, *never once suffered the rights of any one of his subjects to be violated*. After the demise of the crown, will there be found any *Lord* prostitute enough, will there be a *Sandwich*, to move such a paragraph in the first address to his *present Majesty's SUCCESSOR*?

I hope to be excused, when I add, that the praise, which the late King now receives, is a tribute of public not of private gratitude. It comes from the meanest of his subjects, who looks back with rapture on the first thirty years of his own life, because they were passed in his *native country*, in the *land of liberty*, when the Prince on the throne loved and cherished it. The poet is removed from the melancholy scene, which has followed. His tears no longer flow for his dear country——his country weeps for him—I will only add in the words of *Cicero*, *NOSQUE malo solatio, sed nonnullo tamen, consolamur, quod ipsius vicem minimè dolemus—immo hercule, quia sic amabat patriam, ut mihi aliquo deorum beneficio videatur ex ejus incendio esse ereptus.*

No. IV.

NOVEMBER, who at once to grace our earth,
SAINT ANDREW boasts, and our AUGUSTA's
birth.

Ibidem.

SAINT ANDREW always means the patron
of Scotland and Scotsmen. AUGUSTA is the
Princess Dowager of Wales. In the *TALE OF*
A TUB, Jack says, *It was ordained some few days*
before the Creation, that my NOSE and this very
POST should have a rencounter, and therefore na-
ture thought fit to send us both into the world in
the same age, and to make us fellow-citizens.

Sect. II.

No. V.

But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all man-
kind,

Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whose mercies, like Heav'n's dew refreshing
fall

In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd, we find it in our own.

Night.

This

This is undoubtedly the handsomest compliment which has yet been paid to his present Majesty. It was published in honour of a young King, very early in his reign, from the same motive, and with the same view, that we are used to commend our children for those qualities we are most anxious they should acquire, but in which we find them most deficient. The English, *at that time*, entertained the fondest hopes of being happy, under the government of a Prince, who was born in their country, and it was natural to imagine, would have had a predilection for them, though *a general love and charity to all his subjects*. A few months put an end to these pleasing hopes, for every *Englishman* of any great talents, or consideration, was disgraced; Mr. Pitt, Mr. Legge, the Dukes of Newcastle and Devonshire, &c. The hydra of party, under a popular and successful administration, had for some years lain languid, and seemed at length to be gasping for life. In an evil hour the young King extended his friendly hand, raised its dying head, and gave it a vigour and strength, which it had never before known. The Sovereign became only the first party-man in his kingdom. Lord Bute established his own omnipotence through every department of the state. When his brother, Mr. Stewart Mackenzie, returned from abroad, he waited directly on the King. His Majesty's first compliment to him was, *Sir, I am glad to see you. I have now a SECOND friend here.*

The

The political sentiments of our poet may be guessed from a variety of strokes of irony in other parts of his works. There is a fine sneer in the third book of the *Ghost*, which was published at a time, when every loyal subject was daily lamenting, that so good a *son* could forget that he was the *common father* of his people.

In youth a pattern unto age,
 So chaste, so pious, and so sage,
 Who true to all those sacred bands,
 Which private happiness demands,
 Yet never lets them rise above
 The stronger ties of public love.

The following passage likewise can scarcely be mistaken.

But when, in after times (be far remov'd
 That day) our Monarch, *glorious and belov'd*,
 Sleeps with his fathers, should imperious fate
 In vengeance, with fresh *STUARTS* curse
 our state, &c.

The Conference.

And towards the conclusion of the third book of *Gotham*, the poet exclaims,

————— To prevent
 The course of *Justice* from her fair intent,
 In vain my nearest, dearest *FRIEND* shall
 plead,

In

In vain my *MOTHER* kneel, my soul may
 bleed,
 But must not change—When *Justice* draws
 the dart,
 Tho' it is doom'd to pierce a *Fav'rite's* heart,
 'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim —
 I know it duty, and I feel it fame.

The King generally called Lord *Bute* his
FRIEND, and he disposed of every thing un-
 der the crown in a more absolute manner than
 any *Favourite* had ever done. The nation de-
 manded *Justice* on him for the late treacherous
 peace, but the interest of the *King's MOTHER*,
 and a corrupt *Majority* in Parliament, have
hitherto saved his head.

No. VI.

His words bore sterling weight, nervous and
 strong,
 In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Rosciad.

This is certainly the just praise of *Quin*: no
 man ever pronounced the English language
 with such full propriety and energy. He was
 himself so conscious where his strength lay, that
 he gave out *proposals to read Milton's Paradise
 Lost* on the modest terms of *two guineas* each sub-
 scriber. He taught his present Majesty to read
 and to speak in public with true grace and dig-
 nity. He has been entirely neglected, though
Sheridan,

Sheridan, who had not half his merit with the public, and none at all personally, with respect to any of the Royal Family, has obtained a pension. *Dr. Francis Ayscough*, the King's Preceptor in the learned languages and in humanity, who had been many years clerk of the closet to his father, Frederick Prince of Wales, experienced the same treatment. In the latter case, however, it cannot be alledged, that the public had received any kind of advantage from the preceptor, or, in the old phrase, had any *benefit of clergy*. The King did not think himself obliged to fulfil any of the promises made by his Father; and if poor *Ayscough's* grey hairs were not thought worthy of a mitre, if they came with sorrow to the grave, here is not fair subject of complaint, nor pretence of *ingratitude*, that *marble-hearted fiend*, which sits on every throne, and clings round the heart of every Sovereign—except of England.

No. VII.

As *Mansfield* wise, and as *old Forster* just.

Rosciad.

This is the first time we meet with the name of *Lord Mansfield* in our author's works. The notes on the fourth book of the *Ghost* will give his character at large. He does not make his first appearance in any way to his advantage, for he is only celebrated for *wisdom*, while another

ther bears away the palm of *Justice*, which is the most indispensable duty of a judge. The setting the two characters so near, in the same point of view, is delicate satire, though likely to escape every cold and insipid critic, who cannot find any rule in *Aristotle* or *Bossu* to justify it.

Sir Michael Forster, one of the judges of the *King's Bench*, an excellent lawyer, and a friend to the liberties of the subject. His *Reports of Crown Cases*, is one of the few law books which every gentleman ought to read. It contains the first principles of our constitution, enforced with clearness and strength.

No. VIII.

Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a Nun,
At *Medmenham* lies, by backward Monks undone,
A nation's reck'ning, like an alehouse score,
Whilst *Paul the aged* chalks behind a door,
Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up;
Dashwood shall pour, from a Communion
Cup,
Libations to the Goddess without eyes,
And Hob or Nob in Cyder and Excise.

The Candidate.

Medmenham, or as it is pronounced *Mednam*, Abbey, is a very large house on the banks of the Thames near Marlow in Buckinghamshire.

It

It was formerly a convent of Cistercian Monks. The situation is remarkably fine. Beautiful hanging woods, soft meadows, a crystal stream, and a grove of venerable old elms near the house, with the retiredness of the mansion itself, made it as sweet a retreat, as the most poetical imagination could create. Sir Francis Dashwood, Sir Thomas Stapleton, Paul Whitehead, Mr. Wilkes, and other gentlemen to the number of twelve, rented the Abbey, and often retired there in the summer. Among other amusements they had sometimes a mock celebration of the more ridiculous rites of the foreign religious orders of the *church of Rome*, of the Franciscans in particular, for the gentlemen had taken that title from their founder, Sir Francis Dashwood. *Paul the aged* was secretary and steward to the order. Mr. Wilkes had not been at the Abbey for many months before the publication of this poem in 1764.

No profane eye has dared to penetrate into the English Eleusinian mysteries of the chapter room, where the Monks assembled on all solemn occasions, the more secret rites were performed, and *libations poured* forth in much pomp to the BONA DEA. I shall only venture to relate what many mortal eyes have seen, and *sit mihi fas audita loqui*.

Over the grand entrance was the famous inscription on Rabelais' Abbey of THELEME, *Fay ce que voudras*, and at the end of the passage, over the door, *Aude, hospes, contemnere opes*. At
one

One end of the *refectory* was Harpocrates, the Egyptian God of silence, at the other the Goddess Angerona, which seemed to imply that the same duty was enjoined both sexes.

The garden, the grove, the orchard, the neighbouring woods, all spoke the loves and frailties of the younger Monks, who seemed at least to have sinned *naturally*. You saw in one place——*Ici pâma de joïe des mortels le plus heureux*——in another very imperfectly——*mourut un amant sur le sein de sa dame*——in a third——*en cet endroit mille baisers de flamme furent donnés, & mille autres rendus*. Against a fine old oak was

Hic Satyrum Naias victorem victa subegit.

At the entrance of a cave was the Venus, stooping to pull a thorn out of her foot. The statue turned from you, and just over the two nether hills of snow were these lines of Virgil,

*Hic locus est, pars ubi se via findit in ambas :
Hac iter Elyzium nobis : at læva malorum
Exercet pœnas, & ad impia Tartara mittit.*

On the inside over a mossy couch was the following exhortation,

*Ite, agite, O juvenes ; pariter sudate medullis
Omnibus inter vos ; non murmura vestra columbæ,
Brachia non hederæ, non vincant oscula conchæ.*

The favourite doctrine of the Abbey is certainly not *penitence*; for in the center of the orchard was a very grotesque figure, *and in his hand a reed stood flaming, tipt with fire*, to use Milton's words, and you might trace out,

P E N I T E N T O

non

P E N I T E N T I.

On the pedestal was a whimsical representation of Trophonius's cave, from whence all creatures are said to come out melancholy. Among that strange dismal group, you might however remark a cock crowing and a Carmelite laughing. The words——*gallum galinaceum & sacerdotem gratis*——were only legible *.

Near the Abbey was a small neat temple, erected to Cloacine, with the inscription, *This chapel of ease was founded in the year 1760*. Facing the entrance on the inside,

*Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,
Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.*

The following letter, printed in the St. James's Chronicle about the time of the publication of

* Omne animal post coitum triste est, præter gallum gallinaceum, et sacerdotem gratis fornicantem.

the *Candidate*, will enable the reader to give a shrewd guess at the GODDESS WITHOUT EYES, to whom Sir Francis Dashwood not only *poured out libations* from a *communion cup*, but actually built a temple in his gardens at West Wycombe.

S I R,

I Am just returned from a tour into Buckinghamshire, which has afforded me much pleasure. The noble prospect from *Cliefden House* enchanted me; and I was in raptures with the many elegant beauties of Stowe. As an Englishman, I was particularly pleased that all the great patriots and heroes of my country, Alfred, King William the Third, Hampden, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. receive *there* that just tribute of praise, which this nation, while it remains free, will continue to pay to superior virtue. At Stowe, both antient and modern virtue are enshrined with grateful magnificence. Not only good taste, but patriotism, are conspicuous in that delightful paradise, the favourite abode of the virtues, graces, and muses. STOWE, however, has so often been described by abler pens, that I shall dwell no longer there, though I never leave it without the most sensible regret.

I returned by West Wycombe, and passed a day in viewing the villa of Sir Francis Dashwood, now Lord le Despencer, and the church he has just built on the TOP of a very steep hill, for the convenience and devotion of the

town at the BOTTOM of it. I must own, the noble Lord's gardens gave me no stronger idea of his virtue or patriotism, than the situation of the new-built church did of his piety. Some churches have been built from devotion, others from parade, or vanity. I believe this is the first church, which has been built for a prospect. The word *memento* in immense letters on the steeple surprized and perplexed me. I could not find the *mori*, or perhaps the other word was *meri*, from the practice as well as the precept of the noble Lord. As to the elegance of the Latin, his Lordship has embarrassed himself as little about that, as he has about the elegance of his English. *Memento meri* is besides more monkish, and therefore more becoming St. Francis. This conjecture, that the other word on the outside must be *meri*, is farther strengthened by the magnificent gilt ball at the top of the steeple, which is hollowed and made so very convenient on the inside for the celebration, not of *devotional*, but of *convivial* rites, that it is the best Globe Tavern I was ever in. Yet I must own that I was afraid my descent from it would have been as precipitate, as his Lordship's was from a † high station, which TURNED HIS HEAD too. I admire likewise the silence and secrecy, which reign in that *great globe*, undisturbed but by his

† The Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

jolly songs, very unfit for the profane ears of the world below. As to secrecy, it is the most convenient place imaginable; and it is whispered, that a not unimportant political negotiation was here begun by the noble Lord himself with Messrs. Wilkes and Churchill. The event will shew the amazing power of his Lordship's oratory; but if from perverseness neither of those gentlemen have yielded to his wise reasons, nor to his dazzling offers, they both did justice to what he calls his *divine milk punch*.

The church on the top of the hill is not the only temple here erected by the noble Lord. There is another in the gardens at West Wycombe, dedicated to ==, the Egyptian Hieroglyphic for the reverend Tristram Shandy's TETRAGRAMMATON, the four favourite * * * *. To this object his Lordship's devotion is undoubtedly *sincere*, though I believe now not *fervent*, nor do I take him at present to be often *prostrate*, or indeed in any way very regular in his *ejaculations*. In this point his Lordship is consistent, for he keeps up the same public worship in the country, to which he has been accustomed in town. There was for many years in the great room at the King's Arms Tavern, in New Palace Yard, an original picture of Sir Francis Dashwood, presented by himself to the Dilettanti Club. He is in the habit of a Franciscan, upon his knees before the Venus of Medici, and his gloating eyes fixed, as in a trance, on what the modesty of nature seems most desirous

firous to conceal. The *communion cup* in his hand, which is filled to the brim, tells us the object of his devotion, for it has the words MATRI SANCTORUM in capitals. The *glory* too, which till then had only encircled the sacred heads of our Saviour and the Apostles, is made to beam on that favourite spot, and seems even to pierce the hallowed gloom of *Maiden-head thicket*. The public saw, and were for many years offended with so infamous a picture, yet it remained there, till that club left the house. As to the temple I have mentioned, you find at first what is called an *error in limine*; for the entrance to it is contrived to shadow out to us the entrance by which we all come into the world, and the door is made to represent what some idle wits have called *the door of life*. It is reported that on a late visit to his Chancellor, Lord Bute particularly admired this building, and advised the noble owner to lay out the 500 l. bequeathed to him by Lord Melcombe's will for an erection, in a *Paphian* column, to stand at the entrance, to be made of Scottish pebbles.

In these gardens no bust even is to be found of Socrates, Epaminondas, Hampden, or Sydney, but there is a most indecent statue of the *unnatural satyr*. At the entrance to the temple I have mentioned, are two urns sacred, not to a *Lucretia* and a *Sempronia*, but to the *Ephesian matron*, and to *Potiphar's wife*, with the inscriptions, *Matronæ Ephesiæ Cineres*, *Domine Potiphar Cineres*. These urns, containing the

body

holy ashes of the great and virtuous dead, are, with a happy propriety, doubly gilt, though not quite so strongly as that at Hammersmith, supposed to hold the ashes of the celebrated female, who died the wife of *George Bub Dodington, Esq*; afterwards *Lord Melcombe*. This gaudy urn quite dazzled the eye, and was placed on a proud column by the poor, forlorn, disconsolate husband, undoubtedly *conjugialis amoris solamen simul & monumentum*. You ascend between the urns of *Potiphar's wife* and the *Ephesian matron* to the top of the building, which is crowned with a particular pillar, designed, I suppose, to represent our former very upright state, when we could say *fuimus tories, fuit ingens gloria*, and it is skirted with very pretty underwood, the *Cyprian myrtle*, &c. the meaning of which I could not discover.

The house contains nothing remarkable, except on the grand stair-case, a very moral painting of a maid stealing to her master's bed, laying at the same time her fingers on her lips.

On my return I had the pleasure of seeing the noble Lord's japanned coach; but while I was observing his new motto, in Gothic letters, *Pro Magna Charta*, the mob grew riotous, and were hallooing, LIBERTY, PROPERTY, AND NO EXCISE. I therefore chose to make the best of my way to the Park. I found there a very odd thing, which I intended to present to the society of antiquaries. It is a gold sleeve button, with IHS and the sign of the cross enamelled

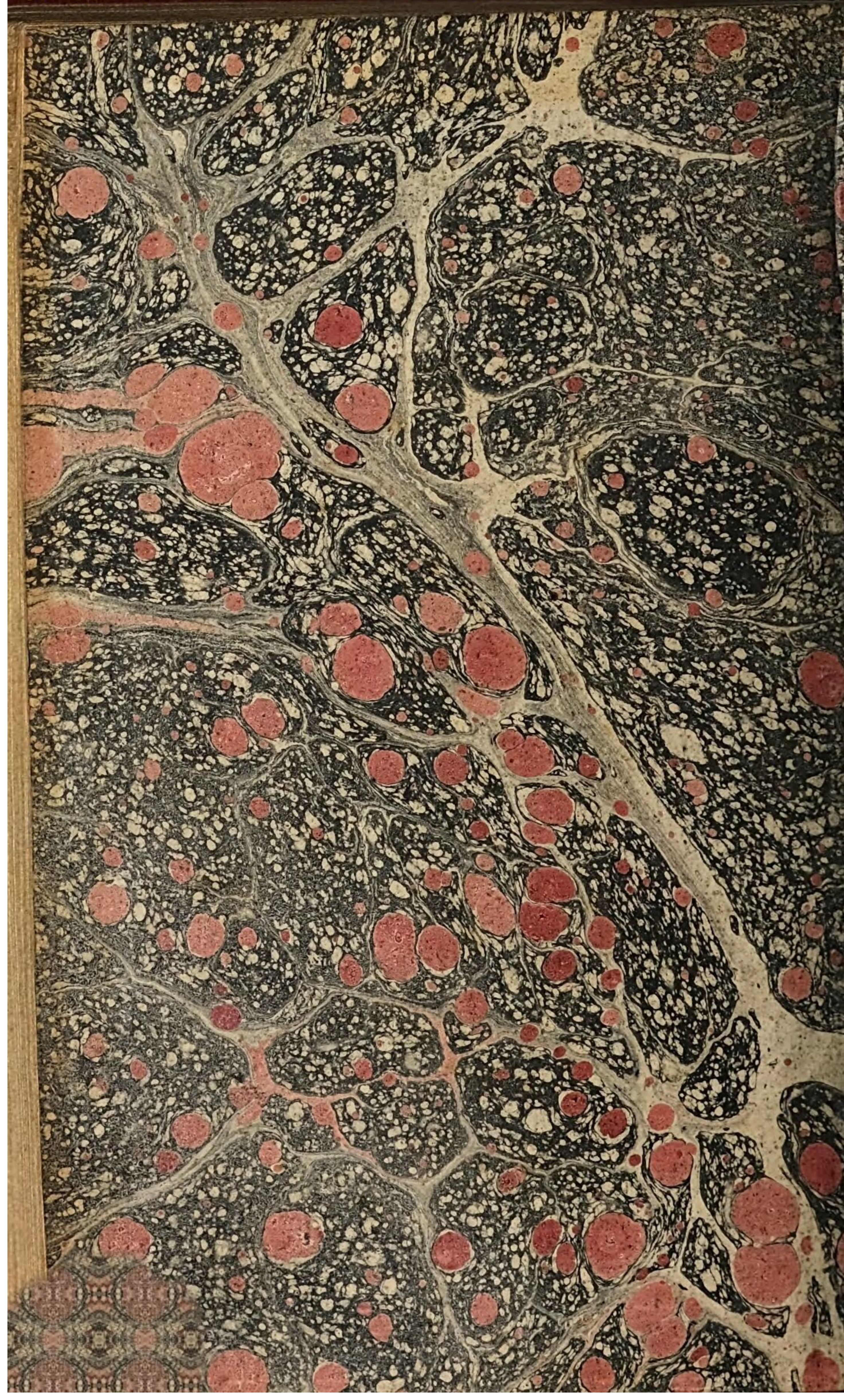
melled on it. I guessed that it belonged to some concealed brother of the society of Jesus, but a servant in † *green* claimed it as the property of his Lord, and said that it was a part of the *pontificalia* worn by his master, when he officiated on the great festival days of high laugh at certain mysteries. I therefore gave it up to him, and retired to my inn, full of astonishment, that any man should take so much pains, and be at so great an expence, only to shew a public contempt of all decency, order, and virtue.

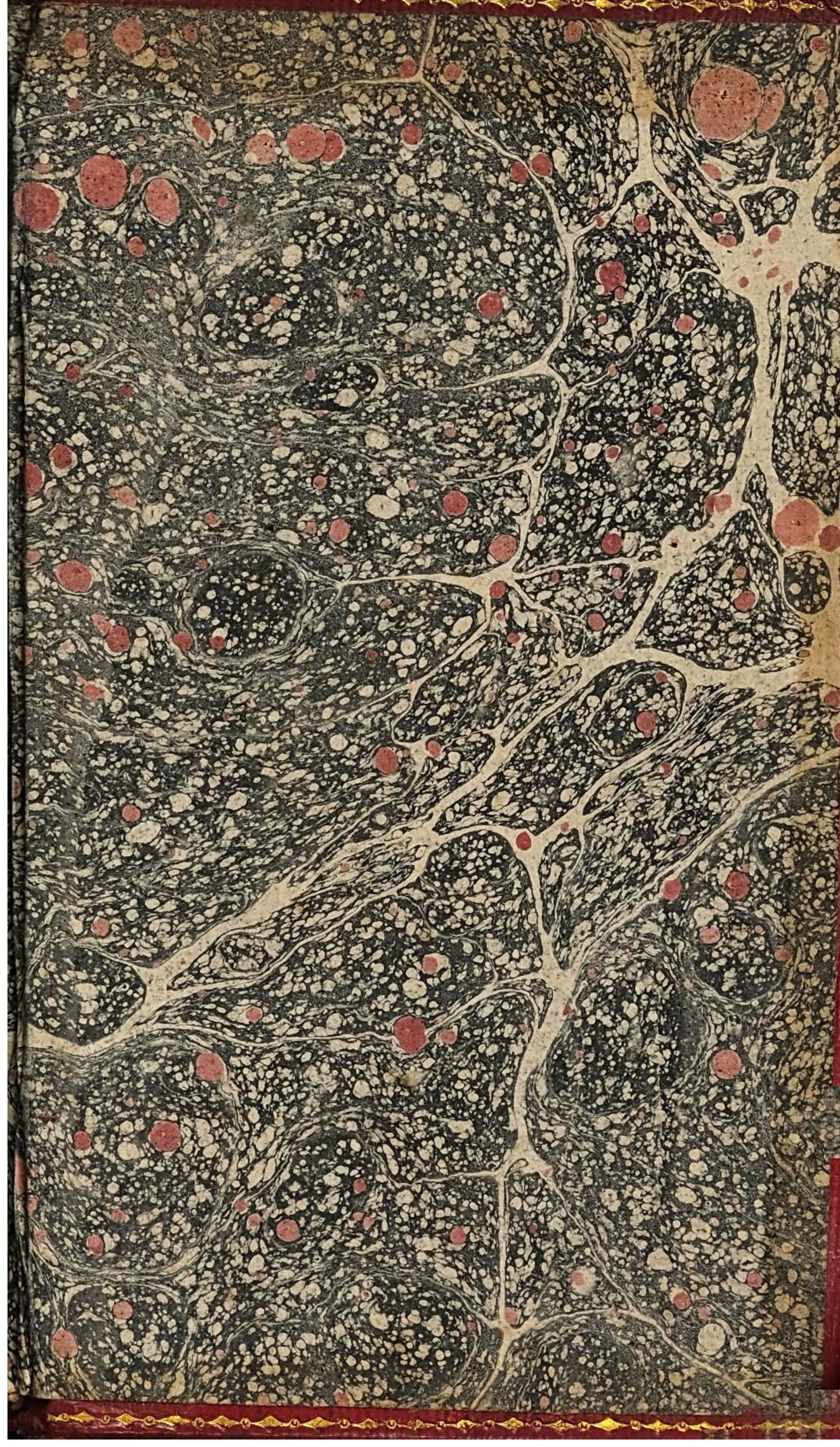
I am, &c.

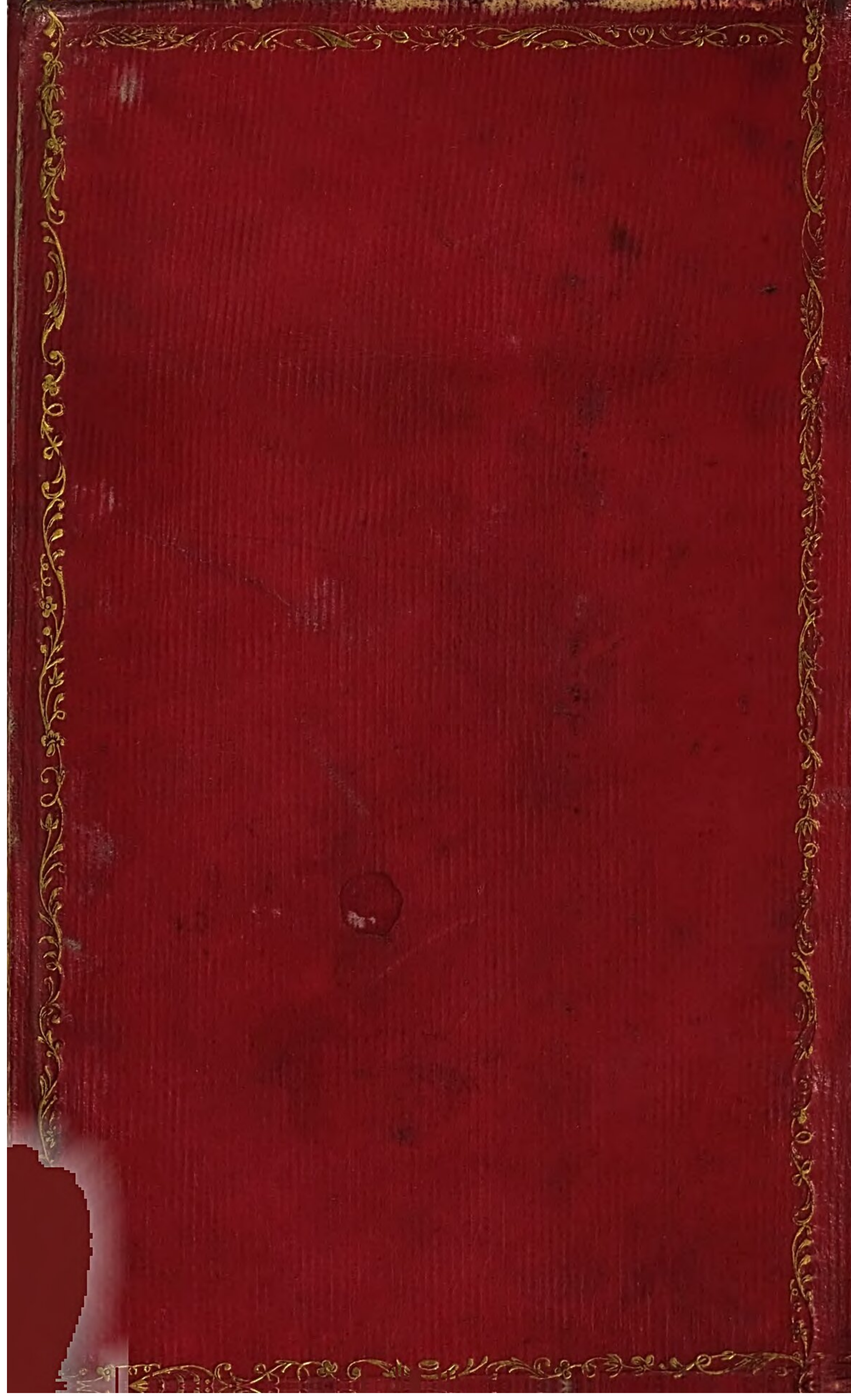
† The livery of Lord Le Despencer.

END OF THE APPENDIX.

CONTINUATION







Wilkes, John

<<The>> North Briton

Bd.: 4

London 1772

Bamberg, Staatsbibliothek -- Misc.hist.o.28-a(4
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11741218-0